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THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.

BY

ALFRED HENRY HUTH.

"I am dead;
Thou livest: report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied."

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

SECOND EDITION.

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PREFACE.

DUTY and gratitude oblige me to acknowledge the great and valuable assistance I have received from nearly all of Buckle's friends and acquaintances. Two points, not valueless in an estimate of Buckle's character, have been brought out by this kindness to me. The first, that before he had published a line of his work, those, to whom he wrote, invariably kept even the most trivial of his notes; and secondly, so great was the friendship which he inspired, that in nearly every case the mere mention of his name after his death was sufficient introduction between those of his friends who had not made each other's acquaintance during his lifetime. The alacrity and kindness I have experienced, and the trouble many—I may say most of my correspondents—have put themselves to in the search for letters, is another instance of friendship, which has lasted eighteen years beyond the grave. I

am particularly indebted to Lord Kintore, Lord Kimberley, Lord Hatherley, and Lady Reay; to Mrs. Grey and Miss Shirreff; to Major and Mrs. Woodhead; to Mr. John Buckle; to Buckle's heirs, Dr. and Mrs. Allatt, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, and Mr. Hutchinson; to Mr. Alex. Hill Gray; to Major Evans Bell; to Miss Rogers; to Miss Wheatstone; to the heirs of Mr. Parker; to Mr. Henriquez; and to the late Mrs. Grote; who have all given me the utmost assistance in their power, in letters, oral communications, and in notes.

The previous sketches of Henry Thomas Buckle's life have been few in number, and but sketches. The most important of them are, an article in Fraser's Magazine *for September,* 1862, *one in the* Chess Player's Magazine *for February,* 1864, *one in the* Atlantic Monthly *for April,* 1863, *a letter in the* Athenæum, *by the Rev. J. A. Longmore, and a biographical notice by Miss Helen Taylor, prefixed to Buckle's* Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works, *of which an important part was contributed by Miss Shirreff. To Miss Taylor all admirers of Buckle and of learning owe a debt of gratitude. I have compared the manuscript and print of Buckle's* Posthumous Works *with some attention; and, though I have been able to detect a few misprints, and doubt*

perhaps the necessity of omitting some articles, I can conscientiously say that the task is admirably done; the arrangement, short of entirely melting up separate articles, could not have been better; while no one who has not seen the MS. can fully appreciate how great that labour was which she has so freely and gratuitously bestowed, and by which she has accomplished so brilliant a success.

There was yet another to whom I am indebted, who now is but a memory on earth. A linguist, a scholar, acquainted with every branch of knowledge, and unrivalled in his own, Henry Huth took a particular pleasure in the society and speculations of Buckle, while common sympathies and mutual regard soon cemented a warm friendship between them. It was natural that he should take an interest in the biography of so great a friend, and in the work of a son: but only those who knew him could appreciate what delicate and generous a help it was his pleasure to supply. A premature death, when these pages were almost ready for the press, has spoiled the reader of the benefit of his revision, me of any pleasure in its publication.

ALFRED H. HUTH.

December, 1879.

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THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.

CHAPTER I.

IF biography be a form of literature of any worth, then surely the story of the life of Henry Thomas Buckle needs no apology. His works have been translated into French, German, Spanish, Dutch, and Russian, and have, in addition, been reprinted in America; his first volume went through three editions in a little over three years, and yet before this he had never printed one line. There is hardly another instance in history of so great a leap from complete literary obscurity to the highest pinnacle of literary fame. From the east and the west poured inquiries as to the antecedents of the gifted author, his fame was noised abroad, and in a few years there was hardly an educated man in the world who did not know his name, and what he had done.

Nor was this, as is so often the case with those who start forth suddenly into the full blaze of popularity, a mere fleeting honour, due to a happy chance, and doomed to wane and die in the course of a few years; it was a reputation as surely as it was slowly founded, owing nothing to circumstances of the day, and only recognized on a sudden, because Buckle possessed so high and rare a pride that he would rather postpone his work twenty years than endanger an otherwise certain fame by premature publication. So far from being due to a happy conjunction of chances, it was founded on but a part of what he was ready to do, and would have done in a few years more, had he not been prevented by an early death; while so far was it from being ephemeral, that not only has it become impossible to write any large historical work without a reference to the *History of Civilization in England*, but reviews and magazine articles on his works had not ceased to appear fifteen years after he was in his grave, while there is hardly a speech or newspaper article on any large social subject which does not contain his name. Nay, I have even seen it in the telegraphic news of the *Times* more than once, and within the last few years.

Buckle's family had long resided in London. There was an ancestor of his, a Sir Cuthbert Buckle, who was Lord Mayor in 1593, and originally came from Bourgh, in Westmoreland. His

father was Mr. Thomas Henry Buckle, a partner in the firm of Buckle, Bagster, and Buckle, large ship-owning merchants, who traded more especially with the East Indies. In 1811, Mr. Thomas Buckle married Jane Middleton, of the Yorkshire Middletons, by whom he had three children, two daughters and a son, Henry Thomas Buckle, who was born 24th November, 1821,[1] at Lee, in Kent, while his parents were on a visit to his father's only brother and partner, Mr. John William Buckle. They soon afterwards returned to their residence, which was then, according to a common custom of merchants at that time, not far removed from the place of business, in Mark Lane, and situated in a quiet part of the City, a fine large corner house, No. 2, Hammett Street. Shortly afterwards the family removed to 35, Mecklenburg Square, a corner house also; and here they remained up to the death of Buckle's father.

Young Buckle was an exceedingly delicate and feeble infant; and as a child, though always full

[1] Curiously enough, Buckle has himself made a mistake as to the date of his birth. In a letter to Mr. Theodore Parker, he says he was born in 1822. (See Weiss' *Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker*, vol. 1. p. 468, London, 1863.) In a letter to Mr. Henry Huth, from Jerusalem in 1862, he correctly states his age. A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* says that in conversation in February, 1862, "he spoke of his age as thirty-eight." (See the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1863, *Personal Reminiscences of the late Henry Thomas Buckle*, p. 495, note.) The entry of his baptism may be seen at St. Botolph's, Aldgate, May 17th, 1822.

of fun, cared little for children's games or children's books. Doated on by his mother, he returned her love with all the wealth and ardour of his warm and affectionate heart. "His great delight," says his sister, "was to sit for hours by the side of his mother to hear the Scriptures read." But although his mother bought him books without end, he felt no interest in any of them but Shakespeare, Bunyan, the *Arabian Nights*, and *Don Quixote*,—"books," says Buckle,[2] "on which I literally feasted." Up to the age of eight, indeed, he hardly knew his letters. He then took up the *Arabian Nights;* and Shakespeare he began at fifteen, and used to pass hours reading and crying over it. In after-life he spoke of these as *all* works of genius, and remarked that it was curious no others seemed to move him. They constituted almost the whole of his reading up to the age of eighteen.

Under the advice of Dr. Birkbeck—"that good and wise man," as Buckle calls him in grateful memory—he received no education likely to tax his brain. His parents sent him to school, indeed, as a change from home, to Dr. James Thomas Holloway, Gordon House, Kentish Town, but with instructions that he should learn nothing unless he chose, and should on no account be whipped. It is needless to say that young Buckle did not

[2] Weiss, *Life, &c., of Th. Parker*, vol. i. p. 469.

choose. In the class in which he was placed, he learnt nothing beyond what fell, as it were, into his head; but either from having nothing else to do, as I presume, or owing to the spirit which animates all clever boys to learn whatever is not taught to them, he watched the geometrical and algebraical demonstrations on the black board, and after a time got so interested that he went up to the master after the class was over, and surprised him by asking an explanation of one or two points which he had not been able to follow. Upon this, it appears that he was allowed to join the class, for he returned home with a first prize for mathematics. So unexpected a distinction pleased his father so much that he asked him what he would like best as a reward? "To be taken away from school," was Buckle's reply; and his parents, probably as much frightened as pleased at what he had done at school, granted his request.

He left school in his fourteenth year, with a very scanty stock of knowledge, which he showed off at the request of the servants in the kitchen. Standing on the table, he recited in Latin the Lord's prayer, and creed, and then did the same in French, translating afterwards sentence by sentence. He ran riot through the house, only two rooms, occupied by his parents, being sacred from his assaults. On one occasion, for instance, he turned every chair and table in the kitchen over; gave his

nurse's daughter a pea-shooter, and had shooting matches with her; and on another occasion when he went to call on his old nurse, turned everything there topsy-turvy, romped about, threw the daughter's cat out of the window, and finally walking with them down the street, sang, and was generally uproarious, seizing fruit from the open shops, and behaving so as to make them quite afraid that he would get into trouble.

But though, physically, he was as naughty a boy as ever a mother could wish; mentally, he was kept as quiet as was possible. His mother even taught him to knit in order that he might have some occupation which was not mental, for, compared with other boys, Buckle was unable to do anything with his hands. He never followed any of those boyish hobbies, such as carpentering, boat-making, &c., &c., and cared nothing for boyish games. He even disliked associating with boys; but, on the other hand, talked with grown-up people whenever he had a chance. His chief game at that period was "Parson and Clerk," which he used to play with a cousin of his, a boy of about his own age, in which Buckle would always preach, and, according to his mother, with extraordinary eloquence for a child. Perhaps he learned this art from his attendance at Exeter Hall, a place he used to frequent from the age of fourteen with his mother, who, at one time, had been surrounded with persons

holding strict Calvinistic opinions, and had been brought over to their views. Her son naturally took great interest in what interested his mother—"The natural docility of children," he remarks,[3] "renders them for the most part ready to believe all that they are told; and to youth, just bursting into manhood and ignorant of the wiles of the world, there is something singularly captivating in the idea that they are espousing the weaker side." Religion and politics were the boy's chief topics of conversation; in the latter, of course, siding with his father, who was a strong Tory, but he went beyond mere theory, and took a strong interest in the elections. With his father too he loved to talk, for he was a well-read man, had been educated at Cambridge, as his father before him, and was fond of reciting from Shakespeare to his family of an evening.

After young Buckle had been home for some time, his family made another attempt to send him away for education. He went to a private tutor's, and there, though he never seemed to learn his lessons, he was always foremost. His health, however, failed, and again he had to be taken home. As he grew older, he began to read the newspapers, and, notwithstanding his early Tory bias, "his earliest efforts," says Miss Shirreff, "took the shape of speculation on free trade, the principle of which

[3] *Fragments on Elizabeth*, Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works, vol. i. p. 417.

he seemed to have seized as soon as it was presented to him, in the discussions then rife in all the newspapers." "On one occasion, he even grew so excited on the subject as to sit up at night to write a letter to Sir Robert Peel, which, however, he had not the courage to send."

As his health was now again restored, and he was seventeen years of age, his father thought it high time he should begin a profession, and placed him in his own office. "Mrs. Buckle," says Miss Shirreff, "more than once described to me her dismay when she found it impossible to move her husband from this resolution." It was indeed a wise one; and one, that only a mother convinced of her son's great capabilities, who implicitly believed that his was a mind above the ordinary, and longed for the day when she should be congratulated by all the world on being the mother of such a son, would have opposed. To see him buried alive in an office was too dreadful, and young Buckle himself went there with the greatest repugnance. Years afterwards he looked back with disgust to the time he had passed in that place; nor is it wonderful that it should have had no attraction for a boy already nearly eighteen, accustomed to do very much as he liked, and with so active a mind, considering that the first six months is a period of punctual idleness or of a kind of work which is simply mechanical. Nevertheless, referring to this

period in after-life, he did not think the time he had passed there, wasted. It had given him a certain idea of business, which is better acquired by even a few months' presence in an office than in any other way; just as seeing a few chemical experiments actually performed will teach more than the most persistent reading without it can do.

His father was now sixty-one years old, and had been suffering for some time from consumption. His disease, his age, and, to a slight extent, the difference of views held by himself and his wife on religious matters, made him grow retired and absent-minded. There was no real estrangement; for the Calvinism of Mrs. Buckle, owing to her charming and womanly nature, did not interfere with her kindliness, gaiety, and affection. She herself, indeed, suffered much from her cold and rigid beliefs, so foreign to her tender nature. "The intense suffering caused by this, she could hardly look back upon with calmness, even at the distance of half a lifetime. Views full of terror and despair, with their wild visions of vengeance and condemnation, which have shattered the grace of many a noble mind, wrought into hers a deep-seated misery which no external circumstances could alleviate, and which only passed away when she had conquered her own freedom through years of thought and study."[4] He, on the other hand,

[4] Miss Shirreff, p. xxv of Buckle's *Misc. and Posth. Works*, vol. i.

was a staunch Churchman. He would sit alone over his port the whole evening, reading a good deal, but chiefly theological works; which, perhaps, helped Mrs. Buckle to a juster appreciation of true Christianity. He used to pass his nearest relations in the streets without noticing them, so absent did he become. One day he slipped on the curb outside his door, and broke his arm. This accident, though not serious, took an extraordinary hold of his morbid imagination. It gave a shock to his already tottering health, and he firmly believed that he would never recover. Four weeks afterwards he died, on January 24th, 1840; his last words being addressed to his son when he called him to his bedside a few minutes before his death: "Be a good boy to your mother." Young Buckle was immediately seized with a fainting fit, and taken out of the room. For some months after he had to be attended by his physicians, and had frequent attacks of fainting, with great prostration, and only recovered his strength after a long stay in Brighton, whither the family went on the death of Mr. Buckle. Soon after, Mrs. Buckle was advised both for herself and her son, to try entire change of scene and climate, and in July, 1840, she, her son, and her unmarried daughter left England and remained a year abroad.

Left in independent circumstances by his father's death, and with no one to urge him to continue in

business, he of course never returned to the office. It was a great event in his life, but for him it was no other change than this: had he had a taste for and remained in the business, he would probably have become as famous as he afterwards became in a higher line. For a man of genius, the work in any profession will demand his highest industry and highest powers. For the man of mediocrity, the work of a merchant or of a scientific man is equally open; and whether he takes up the one or the other, in neither will he attain celebrity and in neither will he fail. If he has interest; if his father be a scientific man with scientific connexions, or if his father be in business with business connexions, success is tolerably certain in either, the only difference being that the merchant's is generally the most paying profession. The description,—

> Hear him but reason in divinity,
> And, all-admiring with an inward wish
> You would desire the king were made a prelate:
> Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
> You would say—it hath been all-in-all his study:
> List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
> A fearful battle render'd you in music:
> Turn him to any course of policy,
> The gordian knot of it he will unloose
> Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
> The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
> And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
> To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences,—

is a eulogy which, though, of course, not applicable at this period, was very applicable in later life. Practical men, physicians, merchants, lawyers, all testified that he could certainly attain high distinction in their own professions; while his power of oratory, of logical arrangement, and warm and fervid eloquence has been manifest before the public.

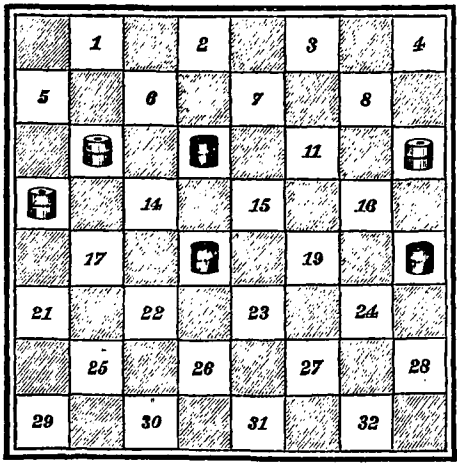
The idea of his history was already conceived, "dimly indeed, but still the plan was there," as he says himself in a letter to Theodore Parker;[5] and he now set about its execution by ardently devoting himself to the study of the literature and languages of the countries through which he passed with his mother and sister. They left London for Antwerp, and thence went travelling about to Brussels, Liege, Bruges, &c.; spent the summer at Baden-Baden, Wiesbaden, and other German towns. Then they went on to Switzerland, and so down to Italy, visiting the lakes. In November they spent a month at Florence, and thence went on to Rome, where they took lodgings and remained up to the beginning of April, 1841. Wherever they stopped Buckle engaged masters for the language; but soon found that he could teach himself the grammatical part much more easily than he could learn from them, and only required the services of his masters for practice in conversation and for pro-

[5] Weiss' *Life, &c.*, vol. i. p. 469.

nunciation. In this task, however, he was never very successful, speaking foreign languages with a strong English accent, though fluently and correctly. Nor did he miss any opportunity of studying the character and customs of the people in whose country he travelled, and at the same time of improving himself in conversation with them; a habit which gained him the valuable acquaintance of the historian Hallam, whom he met while travelling on the Rhine. Mr. Hallam being in some difficulty on account of his ignorance of the German language, Buckle interpreted for him. They got into conversation, and the acquaintance soon ripened into an invitation to the young man to call on his return to London. At Rome again, where he studied Italian with another young Englishman, the latter was greatly astonished at his powers: so much so, that he wrote home an account of him, and how, do what he could, it was impossible to keep pace with him.

From Italy they posted back to France, and took up their quarters for about six weeks in a flat in the Rue de Rivoli. Here, besides studying, Buckle used frequently to play at chess, a game in which he already showed very considerable power and depth of combination. He played Kieseritzki at the Café de la Régence, and even the redoubted St. Amant himself. Each of these masters gave him a pawn; but each was beaten. Later, when

he again visited Paris in 1848, he again engaged Kieseritzki on equal terms: and taking these games with former ones, beat him. Buckle was proud of his skill in *all* games not dependent on manual dexterity. It was in Paris that, while watching a game of draughts outside a café, he told the players who had just drawn it, that it might be won by white in three moves. They, who knew nothing of him, would not believe him; upon which Buckle made a bet, and won it. The exact position I do not know, but it was something of the same kind as given in the annexed woodcut.[6] At Boulogne they stopped again for a few weeks on their way home; and, not satisfied with the languages he was already studying, here he began to learn Russian.



During these travels, his sister observed that he seemed to care very little for the various galleries,

[6] White 12 to 16; Black 20 to 11*; White 9 to 14; Black 10 to 17*, or 18 to 9*; when white wins.

and not at all for music; indeed, he never accompanied his mother and sister to the opera. Once only in his life did he enjoy it, and that was when Franz Liszt played, a performer of whose influence Heine gives some account, and by whom he is put before all others with the single exception of Chopin: "With this single exception," says Heine, "all other performers whom we have heard in countless concerts this year are only performers—brilliant merely in their power of manipulation over the wood and wire. But when Liszt plays the piano fades utterly from our thoughts, we no longer think on difficulties overcome,—our souls are bathed in music."[7] That Buckle should have enjoyed music on this occasion may induce us to pause a little before we put down a want of sensibility to the influence of this art entirely to a deficiency of musical feeling. Is it not more probable that in such cases it is due to the imperfection of interpretation? A man of fine feeling will always feel shocked at a coarse daub of a picture, even if he have no artistic education. In the same way, many a man will feel the beauty of a Raphaël, a Titian, or a Rubens, who utterly fails to interpret the ill-drawn forms of an early master. There is, moreover, no doubt that music is the most unnatural of all the arts. Music, painting, sculpture, and poetry, are unnatural in

[7] H. Heine, *Sämmtliche Werke*, Hamburg, 1862, vol. xi. p. 329.

proportion as they are idealized; and of this the first is most, the last is least so. Hence it is that though in literature all the world is one, in poetry they are less united, and so on in an increasing series until we get to music, which is entirely different. We can follow the philosophy of the Chinese; but their music we would rather be without; we admire the poetry of the Arabs, but shrink from what they most admire in music; and they too read our books as we read theirs, and fly from what we call music, as we fly theirs. In our own society there are twenty men who admire a picture to one who really enjoys music; more who admire fine sculpture than a picture, and more again who enjoy literature than any art; and, were any further proof necessary of this order of development in the arts, we should find it in their history in the various nations. Who can tell but that Drew, Watt, and Hunter, Scott, Niebuhr, and Arnold, Johnson and Dryden, Burke, Pitt, Fox, Lord Holland, and many others, who all disliked the music of their day, and, indeed, could hardly tell one note from another, might not have enjoyed music if better interpreted; or at all events, if they had lived in a later age when music will be further advanced? As a rule, music was mere noise to Buckle, and he could not tell one tune from another. Once he thought he *did* recognize an air for *God save the Queen;* but it turned out to be

Rule Britannia. There are several notes on the subject in his *Commion Place Book*, such as: "Some idiots will whistle tunes correctly. Georget mentions an idiot seven years old who had an extraordinary facility for learning the airs of songs * * * Luther tells us that the Devil cannot bear music." And again, in the note on the life of Arnold, he has, "Lord Brougham says of Fox and Lord Holland, 'music was positively disagreeable to them both; a remarkable instance of Shakespeare's extravagant error in a well-known passage of his plays.'" And when this passage of Shakespeare was quoted against him by Mrs. Woodhead, he retorted, "Yes, but see in whose mouth Shakespeare puts it, the mouth of a silly youth."

From this journey he returned very much altered. From a somewhat narrow low-churchman and Tory, he had become a free-thinker and a radical—the first change probably produced in Germany; and the latter, possibly, by his reading, his view of foreign interference and despotism, and his residence in Paris. He had begun his education thus by himself, and had full confidence in his self-educating powers. He might have gone to the university, but certainly an English university at that time was the last place he would have thought of going to. In his History [9] he observes: "What a war Locke would wage against our great

[8] For Example, Arts, 277, 2211.

[9] Vol. i. p. 246.

universities and public schools, where innumerable things are still taught which no one is concerned to understand, and which few will take the trouble to remember. * * * We often find what are called highly educated men, the progress of whose knowledge has been actually retarded by an education by which their reading has deepened their prejudices instead of dissipating them."

We might have had a much fuller account of this most important period of his life had he not destroyed the letters he wrote to his mother. For in his diary is the entry under January 23rd, 1855: "Read and destroyed some old letters of mine, written fifteen years ago." Captain Kennedy, who made his acquaintance in June, 1841, says: "I remember, in that early time of our acquaintance, being struck by the bold originality and grasp of thought, the variety and extent of general knowledge possessed by the pale, delicate-looking stripling, who might have passed for a year or two younger than he really was. He was an omnivorous reader, no book of any kind seeming to come amiss to him; and he had the power, accorded to few, of plucking out, as it were, the heart of a book by doing little more than turning over the pages, with here and there an occasional halt. I remember his borrowing of me *Burder's Oriental Literature*, a two volume octavo, of anything but light reading. He brought it back next day,

whereon I remarked that I supposed it did not interest him? He said he had read it, and began to expatiate on its contents in a way which satisfied me that he, at any rate, knew more about them than I did." [10]

The first entry that we have in his diary is on the 15th October, 1842, as follows: "Being this day settled in my new lodgings, No. 1, Norfolk Street, I determined to keep a journal of my actions—principally, for the sake of being able to review what I have read, and consequently to estimate my own progress. My reading has, unfortunately, been hitherto, though extensive, both desultory and irregular. I am, however, determined from this day to devote all the energies I may have, solely to the study of the History and Literature of the Middle Ages. I am led to adopt this course, not so much on account of the interest of the subject—though that is a great inducement—but because there has been comparatively speaking so little known and published upon it. And Ambition whispers to me the flattering hope that a prolonged series of industrious efforts, aided by talents certainly above mediocrity, may at last meet with success. To return, however, to my journal. I rose this morning at half-past seven, and from eight till nine was occupied in unpacking

[10] "Mr. Buckle as a Chess Player." In the *Westminster Papers*, vol. vi. p. 24. No. 62, for 2nd June, 1873.

and arranging my books, clothes, &c. At nine I breakfasted, and after that commenced this journal which, what with writing a letter to Mr. S * * * and doing other little matters, occupied my time until half-past ten. From half-past ten till half past twelve I read 'The History of the Middle Ages,' published in Lardner's 'Cyclopædia,' two volumes, first to thirteenth page—referring at same time to Hallam, as also to Hawkins' little work on Germany for verification of dates. This brings me from the invasion of Clovis in 496 to the murder of Sigebert by Fredegonde in 575. I have at the same time made copious abstracts of the times alluded to. In Lardner's 'History' Clotaire is called the *second* son of Clovis (see p. 11, vol. ii.) and Hallam says he was the *youngest* (p. 3, vol. i.). Hallam is doubtless accurate, as, besides his high reputation, the 'History' published by Lardner show signs of great carelessness in such small things as a vowel cut off from a name, as *Fredegund*, instead of Fredegonde, &c., and another great blemish is that the authorities are rarely or never given at the bottom of the page in support of an alleged fact—and besides all this, his style is heavy and apparently laboured."

This entry is very interesting, as it fixes the date of the plan mentioned in a note in his chapter on Spain.[11] "At one time, I had purposed tracing

[11] *History of Civilization in England*, vol. ii. p. 137, *note* 337.

the history of the municipal and representative elements during the fifteenth century; and the materials which I then collected, convinced me that the spirit of freedom never really existed in Spain." It is very possible, indeed, that we may here trace the influence of Mr. Hallam (with whom and his promising son, Buckle became very intimate), in fixing his wavering purpose on a particular point. But it is very evident from the entry in the diary, that this history would have had a strong smack of the "History of Civilization," nay, that it included germs which must inevitably grow, until he saw with despair the horizon receding as he advanced, and was compelled, unwillingly and sick at heart, to restrict himself within limits which could but feebly express his bold views and wide sweep of generalization. Even now, however, he could not restrict himself to the period upon which he had made up his mind to write. Ten days after the above entry was made, he looks back on what he has done:—"The sketch then of the History of France during the Middle Ages has occupied me just ten days—but then on one of those days I did not read at all [on account of a thick fog]—and, besides that, I am now in better train for reading than I was at first. So that I think, on an average, I may say eight days will suffice in future for each history. It is my intention to go first in this hasty and superficial way through European History of the Middle Ages,

and then, reading the more elaborate works, make myself as much a master of the subject as is possible, considering the meagre information we at present possess." The works he had been reading on the subject were, besides those already mentioned, Gibbon and Lingard upon these times. The "more elaborate works" were doubtlessly such books as State Papers, Plays, Privy-purse Expenses, Ballads, or, in a word, the usual authorities used by such writers as Hallam and Macaulay, and absolutely necessary to any one who intended to write on the manners of the people, the state of science, and the state of the country, so as to place a sort of living picture before his readers of Europe during the Middle Ages.

As soon as he had finished with France, he went on to Germany. "Wednesday, 26th October, 1842.—Did not breakfast till ten. From half-past ten to half-past eleven finished my chronological abridgment of French History—and from half-past eleven till a quarter to one looked superficially through the Histories of Italy and Germany during the Middle Ages, to determine which would be the most advisable to read first. I have determined upon Germany." But two days afterwards he began the study of Italian History conjointly with that of Germany. On October 31st, we find him taking up Russian again, which he had begun at Boulogne. "At present," he says, "I know of the

Russian language absolutely nothing." He had a lesson on the Tuesday, "entirely confined to reading. In pronunciation I find greater difficulties than I could have believed possible to have existed in any language—I am, however, determined to conquer them." He studied every day to November 12th, soon after which date he went to Boulogne to stop with his mother, who had taken a house there. Here he continued his Russian by himself, and took lessons in German conversation: bought, besides, a Spanish and a Portuguese grammar, tried to get a Dutch grammar, but in vain; played whist nearly every evening, and returned to London at the beginning of December. During this absence he had apparently given up his lodgings, for on his return, he went to stay with his married sister, Mrs. Hutchinson, in Albany Street, where he had a room fitted up with bookshelves for his private use.

His chief relaxation was chess, to which he gave the greater part of his afternoons, and he also played whist very frequently. Indeed, he was a first-rate player of all games of mental skill. Captain Kennedy says that already in 1841, his chess play was exceedingly strong; and Buckle considered his whist play even better than his chess. The following extracts from his diary will give some idea of what he did:—"Went then (four o'clock) to the club, and played three games with Mr. Fonblanque, of which I won two. Dined at a

coffee-house, and afterwards played a match game with Mr. Tuckett, giving him the pawn and move, which was drawn. He is nine to my seven."[12] And again:—"Feeling unwell, went to club, where I played five games with Mr. Thrupp, all of which I won; and one with Mr. Dennis, which I also won. Dined at coffee-house, and went to divan, where I played two games with Mr. Rogers," to whom he gave odds, and by whom he was beaten.[13] It was here that he generally played, when he was in town, going there nearly every evening.

Captain Kennedy, of all his friends the one most capable of giving an account of Buckle's play, says: "Nature had gifted him with a superlative aptitude for the game of chess, and he brought the powers of a rare intellect—clear, penetrating, and sagacious beyond that of most men—to bear upon it. His imagination was that of the poet, 'all compact,' but subservient to the dictates of a logical judgment. His combinations accordingly, under such guidance, seldom, if ever, exhibited a flaw, and were characterized by exactitude of calculation and brilliant device. He excelled in pawn play, which he conducted with an ingenuity and deadly accuracy worthy of the renowned pawn general, Szen. He gave large odds, such as Rook and Knight, with wonderful skill and success, appearing to have a sort of intuitive know-

[12] *Diary*, 16th December, 1842. [13] *Diary*, 28th January, 1843.

ledge of a strange opponent's chess idiosyncrasy, which enabled him precisely to gauge the kind of risks he might venture to run. The rendering of heavy odds, as every experienced chess-player knows, necessitates hazardous and unsound play on the part of the giver. These contests of his at odds, were always full of interest and entertainment to lookers-on, and a gallery two or three deep often surrounded his board in the Strand Divan, where it was his 'custom in the afternoon' to recreate himself with his favourite game. I have occasionally seen roars of laughter elicited from the spectators by the crestfallen aspect of some poor discomfited Rook-player, who, with much care and solicitude, having obtained, as he fondly believed, an impregnable position, had suddenly found his defences scattered like chaff, and himself accommodated with a mate, after the sacrifice, by his keen-witted opponent, of two or three pieces in succession. Whether winning or losing, Mr. Buckle was a courteous and pleasant adversary, and sat quietly before the board, smoking his cigar, and pursuing his game with inflexible steadiness."

It must be acknowledged, however, that if Buckle's temper in chess was so perfect, he avoided giving it too severe a trial. "On one occasion," says Captain Kennedy, "when he was asked the ground for his refusal to play with an extremely slow player, whose tediousness had obtained him

the cognomen of 'the Telegraph,' Mr. Buckle, in his own peculiar sententious manner, gave utterance to the following reply: 'Well, sir, the slowness of genius is difficult to bear, but the slowness of mediocrity is intolerable.' It is said, but with how much truth we know not, that from the time when this speech was reported to 'the Telegraph' he was notable for fitful and hurried play."[14]

Although there are about a hundred and fifty of his games in print, it would be unfair to Buckle's powers to judge them by these; for, as Captain Kennedy justly points out, "besides the fact that his best games did not get into print, chess was only a recreation to him, and, unwilling to occupy his valuable time with the study of new variations in openings or printed games, he almost invariably opens in his later published games with the safe Giuoco Piano, when he has the move, and irregularly as second player." "At one time," continues the captain, "I have reason to think that he did not even possess a chess-board. I had been dining with him at his house at Oxford Terrace, and asked him, after dinner, to look at a position in some game which interested me. After searching awhile, to my surprise and amusement he produced an ancient little backgammon-board, on which we set

[14] *Westminster Papers*, vol. vi. pp. 23, 24; No. 62, for July 2nd, 1873; and vol. i. p. 10, No. 1, for April, 1868.

up a tall shaky family of red and white bone chessmen, much too large for the board." [15]

Much time was besides given to reading catalogues, and in walking all over London, searching for and buying books, which, though cheap, cost him a considerable part of his income. As an instance I give the following: "Bought Caird's 'Life of Charlemagne,' whole bound, very neat, 1 vol., 2*s.* 6*d.*; Crabb's 'History of Common Law,' 1 vol. 8vo, bds., 4*s.*; Barrington on More's Ancient Statutes, 1 vol. 8vo, calf, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Mills' 'Travels of Theodore Ducas,' 2 vols. 8vo, in boards, only 2*s.*; also Johnson's 'Memoirs of John Selden,' one vol. 8vo, new bds., uncut, portrait, only 2*s.* These two last books were bought at Stocklers', who, when he *has* anything to sell, is extremely cheap." [16] Again: "Went to Bohn's, in York Street, Covent Garden, where I purchased Watts' 'Bibliotheca Britannica,' a rather scarce work, for which I paid seven guineas." [17] "To Holywell Street, to look among the bookstalls there, but only bought a copy of '[The] History of Helvetia,' two vols. 8vo, for which I paid 1*s.* 6*d.* !!!" [18] He was not content with going about the bookstalls, but made comparative lists of the books he wanted from booksellers' catalogues, with the prices,[19] and bought also at Sotheby's.[20]

[15] *Ibid.* vol. vi. pp. 23, 24.
[16] *Diary*, 16th Jan., 1842.
[17] *Diary*, 7th Dec., 1842.
[18] *Diary*, 17th Dec,, 1842.
[19] *Diary*, 11th Jan., 1843.
[20] E. g. 26th Jan., 1843, ib.

In this way he went on steadily reading on the history of the Middle Ages, buying books, and playing chess.

On the 7th March, 1843, he writes: "Began my Life of Charles I.," which he worked at daily up to 3rd April with but three days' intermission. It is probable that this paper has been destroyed or incorporated with the *Fragments;* for though there is an article on Charles I. extant, for several reasons I cannot think with Miss Taylor that this may be the article in question.[21]

He was thus engaged when his mother and sister came up to town, the latter being about to

[21] Buckle's *Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works*, p. xv. My reasons are as follows:—

1. The book in which the extant Life of Charles I. is written is dated "Boulogne, July, 1849."

2. It consists of a series of disjointed notes from Edward VI. down to Anne, in which there is no indication of any interpolation, or of the Life of Charles having been written before the previous articles.

3. It refers back to 'my life of James I.' But there is no indication in his diary of 1842—1843 of this work.

4. It refers to Jacob's *Precious Metals*, which he only read eight years later.

5. It took twenty-four days to write; but the extant article consists of but three small folio pages.

6. The extant article is nothing in the nature of a narrative, and does not mention Buckingham's death. But his diary has the entry: "Continued Charles I., which I have now finished down to the death of Buckingham in 1628, *the first epoch.*"

7. The fragment on the reign of Elizabeth is quite different from the notes on the reign of Elizabeth which occur in this volume. Hence we may infer that the Life of Charles I. was of the same kind.

be married, and on April 4th suddenly determined to accompany the former, who was going on to Boulogne, and afterwards travel on through Holland. He first bought a Dutch grammar and dictionary, and then informed his mother he would accompany her, "at which she was, of course, much surprised." Though but a few years ago, the description of their journey will give us some idea of the advance we have made in locomotion since that day. They started from London Bridge, and arrived at Ashford in two hours and a half, from which place they posted to Dover, and arrived at six, after another three hours and a half on the road. They were there told that the steamer would leave next morning at 11.30, but were woke up early and told that the steamer having arrived earlier than was expected that morning, it would start again at nine o'clock. The tide being out, they had to put off in small boats, and only arrived in Boulogne, "after a stormy and miserable passage of five hours." With characteristic energy, however, Buckle found a Dutch master the very next day, though he had not yet recovered from the effects of the voyage; but a day or two after he fell ill, and remained so for some weeks. Here his journal unfortunately breaks off, but we learn from other sources that he returned to London soon after he recovered, as he had made up his mind to travel on the Continent, and knew that it

was almost necessary, if he wished to be received in society, that he should have been presented at Court.

On 17th May, 1843, he was presented by Lord Roden at a *levée* held by Prince Albert at St. James's Palace; and the following June he landed at Hamburg with one travelling companion. There he chanced to put up at the same hotel as Lord Kimberley, who was journeying through Hamburg at the time, and they soon became acquainted. The latter's first opinion of Buckle was, that he was terribly conceited; but he soon began to see that there was much justification for the unbounded confidence he showed in his own powers. His old Tory views had entirely disappeared, and he was a thorough radical, which he long afterwards remained, even going so far as to dislike the Whigs. His old religious views had also been thoroughly changed, and he was now reading Strauss. And, finally, the plan of his *History of Civilization* was already more than "dimly perceived," it was fully sketched out. His habit was to sit up late at night reading; he used to smoke much, and was a great talker, eager to discuss anything and everything. The two parties joined and travelled on together. To Berlin Buckle had brought a warm letter of introduction from Staunton, whom he had beaten in a match of three games, in which that great player had given

him the odds of pawn and move; and there he engaged and beat Bessel, Scherpe, Kossak, Häusler, v. Carisien, and Hanstein. The greatest players of Berlin, Bledow and Heydebrant, only just succeeded in beating him, and they both acknowledged his extraordinary powers.[22] From Berlin they went on to Magdeburg and Dresden, at which place Lord Kimberley left him after they had been there two months.

Wherever Buckle travelled, he used to go about and mix with the people as much as possible. At Dresden, after watching some chess-players at a Café, he was invited by one of them to play. The man played carelessly at first, but soon paid more and more attention to the game. At last he was beaten. He got up, and made a profound bow: "Whoever you are," he said, "you should only play with our best players." Buckle did, and soon won quite a reputation there. He even created some jealousy, and heard that one of the well-known players had gone about saying that Buckle was too inferior a player for him to engage with. Buckle immediately posted up a large placard challenging that gentleman to a game for five hundred dollars. The man never appeared in public again while Buckle was at Dresden.

He travelled thence through Austria on his way

[22] See the *Schachzeitung*, Berlin, 1846, pp. 87, 88; 1848, pp. 305, 306; 1862, pp. 194, 195.

to Italy, but met with an adventure on the frontier. The cautious and enlightened customs officer whose business it was to examine his luggage, paid special attention to his books, among which they came upon Copernicus' *De Revolutionibus Orbium Cœlestium.* This dangerous work was promptly confiscated in spite of Buckle's protests and explanations. They did not care *where* the revolution was; they had their orders, and their orders were, to confiscate all books of a revolutionary tendency, whether political works or not. He much enjoyed telling this story, and was amply repaid by it for the loss of his book.

Of his second stay in Italy we have no record beyond an anecdote which shows how his name was already well known to European chess players. He was watching a game outside a Café at Rome, as was his wont, when one of the players on the conclusion of the game asked him to play. This man, seeing that he was an Englishman and very young, proposed a scudo as the stake. Buckle assented. "Or perhaps a couple of scudi?" he added. Buckle agreed. "Well, perhaps it would make a better game if we were to play for five scudi?" Upon this Buckle began to get angry, and said, "I'll play you for a hundred scudi if you like." The man was quite taken aback, and asked him his name? "Buckle." "How do you spell it?" He was told. "Ah, Booclay!" he

said, "then I won't play with you." We know, also, that he went as far south as Naples; for he used to relate that when he went inside the Blue Grotto at Capri, the boatmen refused to take him out unless he paid them more than he had bargained for. He handed them his purse; but, when he got back to Naples, he took the trouble to prosecute the men, and got them punished—a result they had hardly counted upon.

During the whole of his travels he diligently studied the language and literature of the countries in which he happened to be. At Munich, where he stopped longest on his return from Italy, he besides studied Hebrew, with a Rabbi. The picture gallery was one of his great resorts, and here he used to take his luncheon and pass hours gazing at the pictures and trying to think himself into the whole idea of the master. We may be sure that the galleries of Italy had not been unvisited, for he owned, that despite the beauty of colouring in the pictures, he preferred form to colour, and this opinion he never altered till he travelled through Egypt and the desert. There, watching the glorious tints of the distant mountains of Arabia, across the gulf of Akaba, the intense blue of the water, the yellow sands, and perhaps the coral, and many beautiful shells strewn along the shore, the memories of the treasures of sculpture in Italy were vanquished, and he bowed to the superior

power of colour. It was his habit to sit up late at night, reading, with a wet towel round his head; and on one of these occasions he was frightened for the first, and only time in his life. It was about two o'clock in the morning, and he had been reading for several hours wholly absorbed in his book. The room was dark but for the two candles which burned on the table before him. Suddenly he became aware of something on the opposite side of the table; and, looking up in that hesitating, doubtful way one does when absorbed in something else, he saw a figure all robed in white gazing full in his face. Before he had time to think he shrieked aloud, and thus woke the landlady whose somnambulic figure it was that had just frightened him.

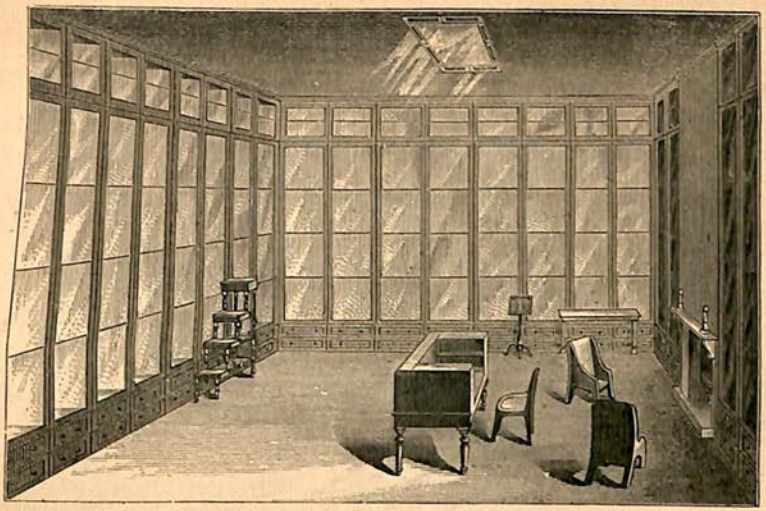
At last he fell ill of rheumatic fever and his mother came out to nurse him, and on his recovery, they travelled home together by way of Holland. On the journey, Buckle, who was always eager to improve himself and to talk, entered into conversation with a Dutch fellow-traveller. The man at first explained that he did not know English; but afterwards found out that Buckle was speaking Dutch, the pronunciation of which he had hardly yet mastered, although he knew the language perfectly well. He kindly explained to Buckle where his faults lay, and they then got on better together.

The question of a profession naturally presented itself to Buckle as soon as he arrived home; the first consideration being that it should not absorb the whole of his time, but should give him sufficient opportunity to prosecute his studies in history. This was not an easy thing to find, for he well knew that once thoroughly engaged in a profession, very little time is ever left for studies on other subjects. However, he at last decided in favour of the bar, for, even in the full swing and hurry of practice, he hoped, in the long vacation to find time for further study; and, moreover, the preparation for the law would be a preparation for his other work. He accordingly consulted his cousin, Mr. John Buckle, in whose ability and judgment he had throughout his life the greatest confidence; but he strongly dissuaded him from taking this step on the score of his delicate constitution; pointing out to him that with such bad health, he would be certain to break down just when he had achieved success in his profession; and so cogent did his arguments seem to Buckle, that he gave up all idea of it, and devoted himself entirely to his reading. He also frequently played chess; but symptoms of overwork showing themselves, his cousin again persuaded him to give chess up, with the exception of occasional games for relaxation; and again Buckle followed his advice, though it did not prevent him from

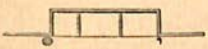
taking this form of relaxation almost every evening.

His second sister having married about this time, his mother took a house in London, in order that she might live with her son; though London never agreed with her, and, year after year, she was confined to her room the greater part of the winter with bronchitis and asthma. The house was No. 59, Oxford Terrace; not very large indeed, but having a room built out at the back about thirty feet square, which suited Buckle excellently well for a library. This room was shut off from the rest of the house by a small passage-room and four doors,[23] and being lighted only by one window, in addition to the skylight, gave plenty of wall space for bookcases. Little by little every available space was covered; the cases had a piece added on all round, which made them reach from floor to ceiling, even the space over the door was covered, and the books overflowed until there was not a room in the house, from the bedrooms to the butler's pantry, that had them not. He calculated that 22,000 volumes had been in his library; but as he used to sell those he did not want, there were only about 11,000 in his library when he died. His table was fitted up with shelves all round, so that he could have all the books he wanted around him when he was

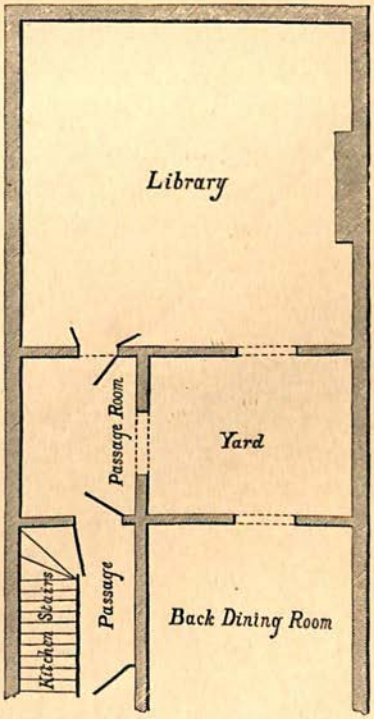
[23] See the annexed plan.



Library Window



Section of
Library Skylight



To face p. 36, *Vol. I.*

adding references to his *History*. Every book, moreover, was numbered and catalogued, so that not only could he find any work he wanted at once, but he could send his servant for it.

For fourteen years he worked here unknown to the literary world ; and, unfortunately, we have no record of his life until the year 1850, when his *History* was already partly written, beyond the few chess games which have been printed. That they were no idle years, we may infer from the *History* itself; but still more from the fact that he read nearly all the books he had—that is, about three volumes daily—besides writing in every important book an epitome of its contents, learning more languages, and practising style. He always read pencil in hand, and when he had finished the book, wrote out in ink from his pencil notes what he wished to remember. These, again, when they were notes on a book that he wished to "master," as he called it, he used to read frequently. Sometimes he read and re-read a book twice or thrice, though his memory was so excellent, and his industry in note-taking so great, that he had not to do this very often. His system in reading was not to follow the book, but the subject. He would, for instance, in reading the history of England, not read a single work right through, but an important period like the age of the Rennaissance in one work, say Hallam, then in Lingard, then in

another, then go on to read the despatches of Ambassadors, then the lives of the great men of that age in various biographical dictionaries, until having viewed the subject from every stand-point, and turned it over in his mind, he was "saturated," as he called it, with that period, and would go on to the next. At the same time he might have another subject in hand, such as physiology, which he would study in the same manner; and perhaps a couple or so of languages.

By the year 1850, the total number of languages he knew was nineteen; namely,—

1. English,	7. Dutch,	14. Maorian,
2. French,	8. Danish,	15. Russian,
3. German,	9. Walloon,	16. Anglo-Saxon,
4. Italian,	10. Flemish,	17. Hebrew,
5. Spanish,	11. Swedish,	18. Greek,
6. Portuguese,	12. Icelandic,	19. Latin,
	13. Frisiac.	

All of them distinct languages, as he observed, though some of them are similar to each other. The first seven he knew well, and could converse in them or write them with ease. With the rest he had a sufficient acquaintance to be able to read them without trouble; and, indeed, he never cared for a knowledge of any language excepting as a key to its literature. Their real value was this; for as to talking them, one might travel through Europe with only a knowledge of French. "The

vanity of people is so great that they will always talk to you in your own language, if they have but a smattering of it," he said. Of a man, who was pointed out to him at Cairo as very learned, because he knew eight languages, Buckle asked, "Has he done anything?" "No." "Then he is only fit to be a courier."[21] And this same carelessness of knowledge of languages, excepting as a means of knowledge, induced him to read foreign works, when possible, in translations; because it could be done quicker, and, in the case of German, with its horrible type, saved the eyes work, while the original could easily be referred to when it was necessary.

But though he accumulated such vast stores of knowledge during these few years, his ambition was too great to allow him to write anything for immediate publication. Ambition, burning ambition, was his chief characteristic; and no idle vanity would induce him to write anything his maturer age might condemn, as so many great writers have done and repented in vain. "I made up my mind when I was a boy," he said, "that whatever I took up, I should be first in. I would rather be first as a shoe-black, than second in anything else." Dr. Johnson said, "A man should write soon; for, if he waits till his judgment is matured, his inability, through want of practice, to express his conceptions, will make the dispro-

[21] *Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1863, pp. 494, 495.

portion so great between what he sees and what he can attain, that he will probably be discouraged from writing at all." [25] But Buckle guarded against this by his greater industry. Though naturally gifted with a clear and logical style, he would not trust to nature on so important a point. Without a good style he thought no book of any value, because no book written in a bad style will find many readers, and until new truths are popularized they are of no value. He accordingly studied it daily for four hours a day during a considerable part of this period; reading a few pages of Hallam, or Burke, or any other master, and then he would sit down to write the same thing in his own words. He would then compare the two, and find out "where it was that I wrote worse than they." [26] He read besides the best French authors for the same purpose; and, so great was his industry that although the regular study occupied him only a few years, he never considered that he had attained perfection, but continually studied how to write better. Even after the publication of his first volume we find the following entries in his diary: "read Burke for the style;" "made notes on style from Whately and H. Spencer;" "Began to read Johnson's English dictionary to enlarge my vocabulary;" and, "read Milton's Prose

[25] Boswell's *Life*, Croker, London, 1848, p. 658.

[26] *Atlantic Monthly*, for April, 1863, p. 494.

works, for the style—especially for the vocabulary."[27] "It was a valuable lesson," says Miss Shirreff, who knew him a few years later, "to hear him dissect an ill-constructed sentence, and point out how the meaning could have been brought out with full clearness by such and such changes." And the result of all this was, that he formed a style so perfectly clear and flowing that the reader is irresistibly carried along with the writer.

He composed always in the forenoon, "walking about the room, sometimes excitedly, his mind engrossed in the subject, until he had composed an entire paragraph, when he sat down and wrote it, never retouching, nor composing sentence by sentence, which he considered had a tendency to give an abrupt jerky effect to what is written. Traces of this, he thought, might be found in Macaulay's style."[28] When dissatisfied with what he had done, he would rather re-write it altogether than attempt to alter the text as it stood; and great parts of his history, more especially the brilliant perorations to the various chapters, were written more than once before they took their final shape. Hence it is, that in his writings there is not a laboured passage, and none of that mannerism which, though it may charm, is apt to tire the

[27] *Diary*, 1859, March 16th; September 9th and 12th; October 25; November 22nd.

[28] *Atlantic Monthly*, for April, 1863, p. 495.

reader. It produces the exact effect required and no more. Here and there it rises, indeed, to fervid eloquence, seemingly without effort, by contrast with its ordinary plain and unornamented form, like a first-rate actor who reserves his voice until required for the passion of the piece, and always rather by the choice of apt words and suitable imagery, than by the rhythm and cadence of long and foreign words. Is there a finer passage in the English language than his peroration to the chapter on Spain, where he contrasts her torpor and self-satisfaction with the progress and competition in other states? We are led up in a few words to a view of the hurry and bustle, the dazzle of new discoveries, the restlessness and noise of the greater part of Europe, when he suddenly breaks off just at the summit of our excitement to point at sleeping Spain. Could anything, again, be more tender than his passages on Burke, or (to turn to his essay) on death? Anything more sad than his apology to the Reader at the end of Chapter IV. of his second volume? Anything more severe than his denunciation of the Scotch clergy, and of Mr. Justice Coleridge? It was this that made his attacks so galling, and gave him the power to punish. What he said of Sir John Coleridge, for instance, was not new; it had all been said before in Mr. Holyoake's pamphlet.[29] But the one having

[29] Though Buckle did not obtain his facts from that pamphlet,

fulfilled its office is forgotten, while the other will live for ever, a monument to liberty and to his power of style.

Hard as he worked during all these years, they were the happiest of his life. Then he could indulge the "hopes that belong to that joyous and sanguine period of life, when alone we are really happy; when the emotions are more active than the judgment; when experience has not yet hardened our nature; when the affections are not yet blighted and nipped to the core; and when the bitterness of disappointment not having yet been felt, difficulties are unheeded, obstacles are unseen, ambition is a pleasure instead of a pang, and the blood coursing swiftly through the veins, the pulse beats high, while the heart throbs at the prospect of the future."[30] His chief enjoyment in life was reading, although he did not despise sensual enjoyments, which should never be left out altogether, as he points out in his *History*,[31] but only subordinated to the general weal, and, if possible, to intellectual enjoyment which is so much more exquisite to those who can appreciate it, albeit

and, indeed, did not see it until some time after his Essay was published.

[30] *History of Civilization, &c.*, vol. ii. p. 328. London, 1861. Throughout this work I shall quote from this edition of the second volume, as the only one its author revised; and from the 1858 edition of vol. i. as the last the author revised.

[31] Vol. ii. p. 400.

they are few compared to the immense number of those who can live happily with mere sensual enjoyments. "There are two things," he said, "for which I never grudge money—books and cigars." And on the former he spent about 300*l.* a year, only buying them for the subject, since he did not care to spend money on mere luxury when there were so many calls on his limited income necessitated by his delicate state of health. On cigars he could not have spent very much; for in later life he used to smoke very little, and when he was a young man he used to smoke pipes as well as cigars. In Germany he smoked their national pipe, of which he had a large collection; and in March, 1843, he notes in his diary that he went to a shop in Cromer Street, "where I saw the process of pipe-making and ordered a *gross* of clay pipes." He afterwards found, however, that he could no longer smoke pipes; and it was only when he travelled in Egypt and tried the long shibook with mild latakia, that he again took to them. "Those who delight in the exquisite flavour of tobacco," he writes in his *Common Place Book*,[32] "and above all those who have experienced its soothing influence over an irritated brain, may form some idea of the enthusiasm with which it was welcomed by all classes." And this "soothing influence" was so necessary to him that he never

[32] *Posthumous Works*, vol. iii. p. 529, Art. 64.

would accept an invitation to any house where he might not smoke. One cigar after breakfast, one before dinner, and one in bed, when he used to read some light book to compose his thoughts and prevent an exciting train of speculation, was his usual allowance; and he said that he could neither read, write, nor talk, if forced to forego his smoke; or, Miss Shirreff adds, if he was forced to overpass by much his usual hour for indulging in it.

But though he never denied himself a book that he wanted, nor a good cigar, he was exceedingly careful (some charitable people say, miserly) with his money. He himself points out in his notes on Queen Elizabeth the difference between avariciousness and parsimony. "It has been a common charge against Elizabeth that she was avaricious. But those who bring that charge confound parsimony with avarice. She was parsimonious, and in this she only did her duty in saving the money of her subjects, a duty which it would be well if sovereigns of the present day would imitate, instead of squandering a large part of the resources of the country in petty amusements not fit to occupy the leisure of a girl who has just emerged from the nursery. Camden truly says, 'The truth is she was provident and frugal to a great degree, and scarce spent anything but in the necessary support of her royal character, the defence of her king-

dom, or the relief of her neighbours.'"[33] And we may say of him: the truth is he was provident and frugal to a great degree, and scarce spent anything but in the necessary support of his literary character, the defence of his health, or the relief of his neighbours. To accuse a man of not dealing properly with his money, is not only an impertinence because it is no business of the accuser to decide how another man's money should be spent; but it is a blunder, since the accuser can never know what the man's expenditures and charities are. Hard indeed must be the heart that, seeing the miseries in this world, will not attempt to relieve them; and, though most men of sense know that charity does harm except in special cases, yet few men of ordinary sensibility can do such violence to their feelings as thoroughly to act up to their knowledge. It was in talking on this subject that a friend of his accidentally heard of some of his charities. When he was accosted by a beggar in the streets, he said, I ask his name and address; in nine cases out of ten they gave me false ones; but though the slums and narrow streets I had to visit were very disagreeable, yet the pleasure of giving bread to a starving family in the tenth case repaid me many times over for all my trouble. These charities took nothing from his time, for he made it a rule to walk seven miles in the course of the day, what-

[33] *Posthumous Works*, vol. iii. p. 619.

ever the weather might be, and therefore had plenty of opportunity for this and for other business.

His income was not large, and perhaps never exceeded 1500*l.* a year. He was therefore obliged, if he wished to live comfortably, to live economically. No one understood the real value of wealth better than he; it "is a real and substantial thing, which ministers to our pleasures, increases our comfort, multiplies our resources, and not unfrequently alleviates our pains." "We constantly hear of the sinfulness of loving money; although it is certain that, after the love of knowledge, there is no one passion which has done so much good to mankind as the love of money."[34] He was very accurate in his accounts; and not only invested his own money, but gave his friends good, and, as they found, valuable advice on the subject. To one friend, for instance, who has kindly sent me some reminiscences, he explained the necessity for persons with fixed incomes to be saving. For the value of money is constantly diminishing, while the cost of living as constantly increases; and hence the necessary expenses increase as the power to meet them decreases. Every prudent person should therefore lay by so much of his income as will suffice to maintain its purchasing power. He himself paid cash for everything he bought, and was

[34] *History of Civilization, &c.*, vol. ii. pp. 311, 404.

careful to get discount. Once, indeed, when he had bought a new carpet from a man who had promised him discount for cash, and then asked for the whole sum, Buckle quietly returned the unpaid bill to his pocket, and told them to call for payment that day two years. At one time he used to go to the butcher himself to select his meat, and see his steaks cut. He said he had "cultivated" an attention to cookery, and, certainly, was a first-rate judge of good and bad, though a moderate eater. He only ate toast on Mondays, because on that day the bread was more than one day old; but his servant had to bring up the toasting-fork into the dining-room and make the toast as required. No woman, he said, could make tea until he had taught her; the great thing was to have it very hot, the cups, and even the spoons should be warmed. The tea was to stand a little longer when the tea caddy was rather full, to allow time for the leaves to unroll; but at the bottom of the caddy there were more broken leaves, and hence so much time need not be allowed. "It's the only time my servants are afraid of me," he said, "when I am at my meals." And he might have added, "before my meals, when they are unpunctual." Indeed, he prided himself on the cultivation of his senses as well as his intellect; and on his practicality as well as his speculative powers; though he despised those "whose knowledge is almost confined to what passes

around them, and who, on account of their ignorance are termed practical men."[35] Yet still more did he grieve that 'genius' should always be associated in the minds of men with a want of knowledge of the world. "As yet," he says, in his Review on Mill's *Liberty*, "As yet, and in the present early and unformed state of society, literary men are, notwithstanding a few exceptions, more prone to improvidence than the members of any other profession; and being also more deficient in practical knowledge, it too often happens that they are regarded as clever visionaries, fit to amuse the world, but unfit to guide it." He looked upon the profession of letters as so high, that it was disgraced by this too common failing and lost the power that was due to it, and good for the world, provided that failing was amended. Hence his admiration for Mill, who not only was a great thinker, but a practical man. Much more does he say on this subject, both here and in the *History of Civilization*, but most of all does he inveigh against the complacency with which men of genius, "the salt of the earth," run into debt and accept pensions. The very existence of literary pensions is an insult to literature. "In a merchant, or a tradesman, such a confession of recklessness [as Comte's] would have been considered disgraceful; and why are men of genius to have a lower code than merchants or tradesmen? * * * *

[35] *History of Civilization*, &c., vol. ii. p. 310.

To break stones on the highway is far more honourable than to receive such alms." And he practised what he preached. But on the other hand no charge could be more untenable than avarice in his case, when he might have made several thousand a year by writing essays like Macaulay (he had actual offers of 5*l.* a page for anything he chose to write), or those ephemeral articles which are written by men whom necessity or desire of gain compels to write regardless of their reputation.

At a time when he taught his servant to bind his tattered books for him in brown paper, he made repeated offers of money to some friends, which, though never accepted, were none the less earnestly reiterated. "I do most earnestly hope," he says, "that no inducement will make your husband go home too soon, and would you and he, my dear friends, pardon me if I remind you that the offer which I made to him last summer still remains open, and always will do so. Your husband must be amused and have all his home comforts in travelling, or else he will not reap the full benefit of the change. I know, I *feel*, that he will get quite well and strong, and that you will be as happy as heretofore, but for this expense is inevitable, and you have no brothers or father to apply to. Why, then, will you not let me do what will be not the *least inconvenience* to me, and only cost me the signing of a paper. Let me pay 100*l.* to

your bankers, and to show that it is a mere matter of business, and to prevent your husband feeling under any obligation to me, I will take his written promise to repay me in five years from this date. I should have proposed this before, but I felt a delicacy in repeating my former offer. But now that Dr. —— has given this new and, I firmly believe, sound opinion, I cannot avoid suggesting what will add to your comfort and not diminish mine. Even if you both determine again to refuse it for the moment, will you clearly understand that, if it is likely to be useful, you are to write to me, and you will give me a pleasure far greater than any you have ever yet conferred on me."

One of the chief causes of his careful economy, in later life at all events, was the resolve not to marry before he had 3000*l.* a year. "I expect so much in my wife," he once said, "that I cannot look for money too;" and with his ideas on education he considered he would not be justified in marrying on less. He would not have sent his children to school except for the benefit of association with their fellows; he would have taught them himself by word of mouth. In the words of Recha—

> "Mein Vater liebt
> Die kalte Buchgelehrsamkeit, die sich
> Mit todten Zeichen ins Gehirn nur drückt,
> Zu wenig."

And thought as Sittah :—

> "So hängt
> Sich freilich alles besser an. So lernt
> Mit eins die ganze Seele."[36]

As was exemplified in the case of the two boys whom he took with him to the East. His sons should learn to swim and to fence, either might save their life. But above all they should travel. Travelling was the greatest educator, as it was also the most expensive.

But although he was right in this, as far as his future sons were concerned, it was as regards himself the great mistake of his life. Already, at the early age of seventeen, he had fallen in love with a cousin, but found that she was unluckily engaged to another cousin. The fortunate rival was challenged to a personal combat, but, however it resulted, the lady's destiny does not appear to have been altered thereby. About this time he fell in love with another cousin, a noble-hearted, generous girl, above the common in understanding, with a very large fortune, and with a liking for him. It is truly sad to think that this marriage, so suitable to both parties, and so important for him, should have been prevented by the gross folly and superstition of the world ; a superstition that he also was probably imbued with at the time, or he would never have submitted to it. The two cousins had been

[36] Lessing, *Nathan der Weise*, Act v. Sc. vi.

thrown much together, but as soon as their respective mothers noticed their growing affection, inspired by the false and immoral idea that marriage between cousins was harmful, everything was done to discourage it. It is not my business here to point out what a world of mischief such opposition, as every other opposition to the due exercise of harmless personal liberty, has caused; that I have done elsewhere;[37] but the result in this case was that his mother's death left him alone, unaccustomed to loneliness, with no one by his side able to alleviate so terrible a loss.

His diary only begins again with the 21st March, 1850.[38] His book was begun before this date, for we have the entry, "From 9.30 to 12 wrote my BOOK;" and he was hard at work studying physiology and botany. He bought a microscope, and went to Kew with Dr. Lewis (whose lectures he attended) "to botanize;" and also attended the lectures on the physiology of animals and vegetables, by Mr. Brande, at the Apothecaries' Hall. At this time his mother, whom, by the way, he always called by her Christian

[37] *The Marriage of Near Kin.* London, 1875.

[38] But in such a manner that it is almost impossible to believe but that some of it, at least, has been lost. It opens without a word of introduction, and just as subsequent volumes begin. If other volumes of the diary existed, we have lost with them all account of the course of his reading and of his movements at a period concerning which there is no supplementary information by letters, the only correspondent who has letters in his possession written during this period, that I know of, having refused to allow me to see them.

name, appears already to have been a real invalid; for, during a tour in Brittany, he writes, "Walked from 2.45 to 3.45, Jenny and I together—so that she can now walk famously." They had gone on this tour alone; and a few extracts from his diary will show what chiefly interested him. He began, as he always did when about to travel, by reading up on the subject a quantity of guide-books, tourist's books, and historical and archæological works. They started from Paris to Orleans, where he "walked about that curious old town," and saw the museum, "which contains a very curious collection of antiquities found in Orleans—among these things two very singular forks." Thence they went to Blois, where he saw the castle, "which is very interesting." Through Tours to Saumur, whence he "walked about one and a half miles and saw a Druidical Dolmen. It is curious and singularly complete, being in this latter respect much superior to Stonehenge, though not so large. On our return we went to see the Museum in the Hôtel de Ville, where there are some flint knives (supposed to be Druidical), found near the Dolmens. They reminded me of the description given by Prescott of the knives with which the Mexicans cut up their victims." To Angers, Nantes, Auray, whence they drove to Carnac, "where we saw high mass, and walked to the famous Druidical remains. The stones are *said* to be 12,000, but none exceed

18 feet in height, and the *coup-d'œil* is very inferior to that of Stonehenge." The next day they went "in a sailing and rowing boat down the river Auray, and saw the Druidical remains at Locmariaquer. They are curious, and one of them—a Menhir—before it was broken, was from 80 to 90 feet in height." There are no more remarks till he came to St. Malo, where he went to Mount Michel, "with which we were delighted." At Bayeux, "Jenny and I went to see the tapestry which is at the library," and they also visited the Cathedral; while in the evening he went to a café, and played chess "with a very bad player."

Short and dry as this journal is, it confirms as far as it goes the little interest he took in scenery as compared with man, and, as an illustration of the way in which he worked, I give a list of books he read during this tour:—Montesquieu, *Esprit des Lois*, *Lettres Persanes*, and *Temple de Gnide;* Corneille's *Plays;* Shakespeare; Cousin, *Littérature*, and *Philosophie Moderne;* Capefigue, *La Réforme et la Ligue;* Voltaire's *Louis XIV.;* Schiller, *Geschichte des Abfalls der vereinigten Niederlande von der spanischen Regierung;* Todd's *Life of Cranmer;* Blackstone's *Commentaries on the English Law;* Reeve's *History of English Law;* Tremenville, *Antiquités de la Bretagne;* Caumont, *Architecture Religieuse au Moyen Age;* Knight, *Architectural Tour in Normandy;* Dawson Turner,

Tour in Normandy; and Murray's *Handbook.* This was what he thought necessary for a month's tour. At home, of course, he read more; his hours of work being about seven to eight hours a day, and to gain more time he began to eat only bread and fruit for lunch, "to keep the digestion, and the brains clear;" and often ate this as he walked.

For a man who valued his time so highly, it was a considerable sacrifice to consent to act on the committee of the Great Chess Tournament, which was to be held in conjunction with the Exhibition of 1851. The members, as described by the *Illustrated London News*,[39] were,—

"His Grace the Duke of Marlborough, representing the chess players of Oxfordshire and the Central Counties.

"The Right Hon. Lord Cremorne, representing the chess players of Ireland.

"The Right Hon. Lord A. Hay, representing the chess players of Scotland.

"The Hon. H. T. Liddell, M.P., representing the chess players of Northumberland and the North of England.

"J. M. Gaskell, Esq., M.P., and M. Wyvill, Esq., M.P., representing the chess players of Yorkshire and the Yorkshire Chess Association.

"C. R. M. Talbot, Esq., M.P., representing the chess players of Wales.

[39] Vol. xviii., No. 471, p. 163, Feb. 22nd, 1851.

"Captain Kennedy, M.P., representing the chess players of Brighton and the South of England.

"Sir Charles Marshall, B. Smith, Esq., A. Fonblanque, Esq., and H. G. Catley, Esq., representing the chess players of the metropolis.

"H. T. Buckle, Esq., the winner of the Chess Tournament at the Strand Divan, in 1849.

"W. Lewis, Esq., the eminent chess writer, the tutor of M'Donnell, and the rival of Deschappelles.

"H. Staunton, Esq., the present holder of the chess sceptre.

"The three last-named may be fairly taken to represent chess players generally, without reference to locality or country, having won more than European fame."

This Chess Tournament which was to be associated with the Exhibition, and help to inaugurate an era of universal peace and goodwill, began, continued, and ended in quarrel. First the London Chess Club began a quarrel with the St. George's Chess Club, a far more numerous and powerful body and the founder of the movement, and the chess papers were full of bitter personalities. After the Chess Tournament, disappointed players charged each other with every kind of treachery, and disputes resounded from all parts of Europe. The Tournament began with eight matches, the opponents in each chosen by lot, but Buckle, though

he paid his entrance fee, could not give the necessary time, and did not play. This was perhaps fortunate, since in these first eight matches each pair of players played a rubber of only three games, by far too little to exclude the element of chance, and being paired by lot, some of the best players were pitted against each other, and hence superior men were thrown out of all further competition, while inferior and quite second-rate players were allowed to continue in the Tournament. The eight winners then again drew lots for opponents, but wiser by experience, each pair was to play for the best out of seven games, and after these the winners were again paired, until the results were declared as follows:—1st, Anderssen; 2nd, Wyvill; 3rd, Williams; 4th, Staunton; 5th, Szen; 6th, Captain Kennedy; 7th, Horwitz; 8th, Mucklow. This absurd result, partly due to the causes already mentioned, and partly to the fact that Mr. Staunton was suffering from illness at the time, led to the more sensible arrangement of a series of picked matches. "The arrival of the celebrated Russian amateur, Major Jaenisch," says Mr. Staunton, "and the unexpected appearance in the lists of Mr. Buckle, one of our most accomplished players, gave increased importance and interest to these contests. The first match on the tapis was played between Mr. Buckle and Mr. Loewenthal. It had been previously agreed by the committee,

that each of these combats should be determined by one of the players winning seven games, but as Mr. Buckle's engagements would not permit him to undertake so long a match, an exception was made in this case, and victory was to be his who first scored *four* games."[40] The first game was played in the rooms of the St. George's Chess Club, Cavendish Square, on the 26th July, and Loewenthal beat him. Buckle won the second, lost the third, and at the fourth, after playing from two o'clock to eight, Loewenthal declared he could hold out no longer, and they adjourned. "I have much the best position," says Buckle in his diary, "and I think a won game." The next day he did win it, and again won the following game after a five hours' contest. Loewenthal declined playing the two following days, and on the third, Buckle, after waiting some time, received a message that his adversary had "a bad headache and could not come." But the next day they met, and after a game of nine hours' duration Buckle was beaten. They were now three to three, and the next must decide the victory, which was gained by Buckle in a six hours' game. During these days he worked on as usual up to about one o'clock, then played his match, and afterwards, if there was time, went on to the divan. The only exception he made was after the nine hours' game, when he

[40] *Staunton's Chess Tournament.* London, 1873, p. lxxii, &c.

writes, "In bed at 11.30„ but was too tired to read."

He afterwards played a series of fifteen games with the winner of the Chess Tournament, M. Anderssen, who was then at the height of his strength, and won by a majority of one.[41] And of the remaining winners in the Chess Tournament, Buckle had played in 1843 with Wyville, and this game, the only one recorded between these players, he lost.[42] Of the recorded games between Buckle and the third winner, Williams, Buckle won three out of six.[43]

With Staunton, I understand, Buckle had a match by telegraph between London and Dover, after the tournament[44] and beat him; but there do not seem to be any recorded games since the year 1842, when Buckle took the odds of pawn and move, and won two out of three games.[45]

Eleven games are recorded with Captain Kennedy; of which Buckle won four, lost three, and drew four.[46]

[41] *Encyclopedia Britannica*, ninth Edition, Article *Chess*, by W. N. P. One game only so far as I know, has been published; *see* the *Chess Player*, edited by Kling and Horwitz, p. 112. No. 14, for October 18th, 1851, London.

[42] *Chess Player's Chronicle*, vol. xii. p. 6. London, 1851.

[43] Williams, *Horæ Divanianæ*, pp. 116—119. London, 1852; and the *Chess Player's Chronicle*, vol. x., 1849, pp. 113, 115.

[44] *Chess Player's Magazine*, p. 40, February, 1864.

[45] The *Chess Player's Chronicle*, vol. iv., pp. 195, 198, 201. London, 1843.

[46] *Illustrated London News*, vol. vi. p. 144, No. 148, for March

With Horwitz only one game is recorded, which Buckle won.[47]

With Szen and Mucklow he never played.

Of the players in the first match who were beaten, Buckle had played Kieseritzki, Loewenthal, and Bird; and, on the whole, proved superior to each.[48]

Two years before *La Régence* had written: "Il y a déjà quelques années que nous avons fait la connaissance de M. Buckle. Tout jeune encore alors, cet amateur annonçait déjà par la sévérité de ces combinaisons une puissance de calcul et d'imagination qui devait s'élever bientôt aux sommités de la science, et c'est peut-être aujourd'hui le plus redoutable adversaire que Londres puisse présenter à M. Staunton. Quelques efforts encore, et cette jeune intelligence pourra revendiquer sa part de la couronne."[49] And certainly

1st, 1845; vol. vii. p. 267. No. 182, for October 25th, 1845. The *Chess Player's Chronicle*, vol. vi. pp. 331—336, 360—363; vol. vii. pp. 46, 47; vol. viii. p. 353. London, 1846 and 1847.

[47] The *Chess Player's Chronicle*, vol. ix. p. 46. London, 1849.

[48] With Kieseritzki there are eleven recorded games, of which Buckle won five, and drew two; but in the first he took the odds of queen's bishop. (See *Chess Player's Chronicle*, vol. iv. 1843, p. 196; vol. ix. 1849, p. 260; *La Régence*, No. 1 for January, 1849, p. 28; No. 2, for February, pp. 50—53; No. 3, for March, pp. 80—84; No. 4, for April, pp. 109—111; No. 8, for August, 1851, pp. 241—246). With Bird, Buckle won one out of four recorded games, and drew one. But in the two he lost gave the odds of pawn and move. See the *Chess Player's Chronicle*, vol. xi., 1850, pp. 76, 174; and the *Field*, vol. i. p. 61, No. 4, for January 22nd, 1853; and p. 77, No. 5, for January 29th.

[49] *La Régence*, pp. 44, 45, No. 2, for February, 1849.

Buckle was in 1851 entitled to the championship not only of all England but of the whole world. Such a case has probably never occurred before of an amateur who was so thoroughly an amateur as only to play for his amusement, and devote no time to the mere study of the game, obtaining so great a victory. But these victories took more out of him, as he said, than he was willing to give to any such "frivolous triumph" again; and, much as he loved the game, he never played in a public match in London again, although he visited the Divan at least twice a week.

CHAPTER II.

SO early as the year 1852 Buckle hoped to be able to publish the first volume of his *History;* and even talked to a publisher about it. But as he went on his horizon enlarged, and he never seemed to be able to get any nearer completion. And yet he had already restricted himself to the History of *English* Civilization. The main lines of the History as we have it were already laid down in an account furnished to Lord Kintore[1] at his request in February, 1853.

"You wish me to write a few words upon the object and tendency of that 'History of English Civilization,' on which I have been now for some years engaged. It is very difficult to give in two or three lines a clear idea of so extensive a subject. But I may say generally that I have been long convinced that the progress of every people is regulated by principles—or, as they are called

[1] Of which Lord Kintore has very kindly given me a copy, and for which I here take the opportunity of thanking him.

Laws—as regular and as certain as those which govern the physical world. To discover those laws is the object of my work. With a view to this, I propose to take a general survey of the moral, intellectual, and legislative peculiarities of the great countries of Europe; and I hope to point out the circumstances under which those peculiarities have arisen. This will lead to a perception of certain relations between the various stages through which each people have progressively passed. Of these *general* relations, I intend to make a *particular* application; and, by a careful analysis of the history of England, show how they have regulated our civilization, and how the successive and apparently the arbitrary forms of our opinions, our literature, our laws, and our manners, have naturally grown out of their antecedents.

"This is the general scheme of my work; and its merits, if it has any, will depend on the fidelity with which I carry that scheme into execution, and on the success of my attempt to rescue history from the hands of annalists, chroniclers, and antiquaries."

But though the scheme was there, and we can detect no alteration in it as published in the *History*, there was a vast increase in illustration and in proof. Again and again he went back to subjects which had already been carefully studied, as the course of his work brought them forward in

turn ; and, at the same time, he supplemented and added to his old authorities a host of new ones. On August 31st, 1851, for instance, there is the entry in his diary: "Read the remarks on inflammation in Carpenter's *Physiology*, and began to read the elaborate discussions of the same subject in Williams's *Principles of Medicine*. This is to prepare me for fully understanding the views put forward by Hunter and Cullen." Yet he had read both these works before. And again on January 27th, 1852, "Finished Combe's *Cerebellum* and read the arguments against phrenology in Carpenter's *Human Physiology*. I intend now to begin the study of phrenology to determine its bearings upon the philosophy of history;" and on February 11th, "Read Combe's *Elements of Phrenology*, which I compared with a phrenological bust I bought to-day."[2]

But now, the first warning frost of the winter of his happiness was felt. In June, 1852, his mother was ill, and he himself began to show signs of overwork. In November she got worse, and even his sanguine nature began to be alarmed: "December 11th, 1852 * * * * From 10.20 to 2, wrote my book, but could do little, being detained by a long conversation with F——, and thinking about

[2] It is interesting to note that, while Comte continually speaks of phrenology as an incontestible truth; Buckle patiently studies both sides of the question, and finally discards its claims; for it is not mentioned in his *History*.

dearest Jenny, who, I fear, is very poorly." But by January she was out of danger for the present: the doctors "said their former apprehensions had subsided, and that Jenny would now certainly get well."[3] In the summer of 1853, Mrs. Buckle was moved from Brighton, where she had been so ill, to Tunbridge Wells; whence her son writes as follows (Tunbridge Wells, May 18th): "Since I have been here, I have been extremely busy, and my book goes on famously. Indeed, when one is in the country there is nothing to do but to look *inwards*, for neither the brogue of the peasants nor the bleating of the sheep are sufficiently suggestive to direct the mind *without*. I read a good deal, and what is more to the purpose, I have *thought* much since I have been here. However, I won't tell you of this, but what I am happy to say is that my mother is certainly better. She sends her kind love to you, and is sorry you did not make up your mind to come down here. I shall not say *I* am sorry, because you might think me hypocritical, and I *have* a moral character to keep up—you *say* as much about yourself as you *care* for yourself—and that is nothing, so that I have no idea if you are better, but suppose you are in this glorious weather. If it remains as fine, I shall think less harshly of nature than formerly. I am indeed glad that you have been so industrious.

[3] January 23rd, 1853.

You are laying up permanent pleasure—a pleasure that often survives all others—for if anything is immortal, I am sure it is knowledge."

Though Mrs. Buckle considered her health so critical that she made her will, her son seemed to think that she had almost recovered, and made a tour in Ireland. He had found a change necessary for his health, and after hesitating for a little whether he should go to Hanover or to Ireland, he decided on the latter. The same characteristics as before are observable in the remarks he makes in his diary on this tour; there is hardly any mention of scenery excepting that, he says, he went in a boat "round the magnificent cove and harbour" of Queenstown, while he continually notices the doings of man: "Took a car to the round tower at Clondalkin: very perfect and curious: the first round tower I have seen." Walked about four miles on the road to Bray, and saw near Kithney Hill the ruins of an extremely curious church about sixth century," "saw the remarkable ruins on 'the Rock of Cashel.'" At Dublin he saw the exhibition, and poked about in the bookshops. At one of these he entered into conversation with the owner, who described the Dublin Chess Club, of which he was a member, as consisting of wonderful players, "far superior to the Saxon;" and added all sorts of praise, making out that their best players could beat Staunton. Finally he took

Buckle to the club, and he sat down with the best. The player gave him the odds of pawn and move, and Buckle saw at once that the man was no match for him. However, he would not beat him at once, but played with him as a cat with a mouse; doubling him up into positions from which he could not move without a woeful amount of disaster. Buckle, of course won: and his adversary, thinking that he must by some accident have opened his game badly and blocked himself up, tried again, and again he was beaten even more speedily than before. Buckle then suggested that perhaps they had better play equal? But again his adversary was treated in the same way. Finally he gave the odds of rook and pawn, and beat him thoroughly again. As he left, the secretary politely asked him who he was? They had never been treated so before. And Buckle, who wished to take the conceit out of his friend, explained that he was only known as an amateur in London.

Although, as yet, entirely unknown to fame, Buckle had already made many friends through his great conversational talent, and began to be known in London society. Wherever he dined the guests were struck with his remarkable powers, and were anxious to make his acquaintance. His nature was anything but that of a "recluse." Though in later life he preferred his own impressions on reading a play to any interpretation by an actor, he used at

one time to go to see Kean, Macready, and Rachel. He himself acted occasionally in charades at his sister's house, and had no aversion to fancy balls. To one of these, or rather to a masked ball, he intended going in the character of Mr. Mantalini, and then changing to that of Mrs. Malaprop; and, like himself, read up for them. But he actually appeared in "the characters first of Mantalini in Nickleby, and afterwards of a canting Methodist." Mr. Hallam had introduced him also to the Society of Antiquaries, and the Royal Literary Society; on the committee of which latter he served in 1852; and, as we have seen, he was well known to chess-players, and belonged to the St. George's Club. While his mother was well enough, he gave dinners during the season of from eight to eighteen persons two or three times a week, and dined out himself frequently. Indeed, he could not bear dining alone, and if without any special invitation he would drop in upon some of his relations or more intimate friends to spend the evening. Of his talk, Miss Shirreff truly observes, "The brilliancy of Mr. Buckle's conversation was too well known to need mention; but what the world did not know, was how entirely it was the same among a few intimates with whom he felt at home as it was at a large party where success meant celebrity. His talk was the outpouring of a full and earnest mind, it had more matter than wit, more of book knowledge

than of personal observation. The favourite maxim of many dinner-table talkers, '*Glissez, mais n'appuyez pas*,' was certainly not his. He loved to go to the bottom of a subject, unless he found that his opponent and himself stood on ground so different, or started from such opposite principles, as to make ultimate agreement hopeless, and then he dropped or turned the subject. His manner of doing this unfortunately gave offence at times, while he not seldom wearied others by keeping up the ball, and letting conversation merge into discussion. He was simply bent on getting at the truth, and if he believed himself to hold it, he could with difficulty be made to understand that others might be impatient while he set it forth. On the other hand, it is fair to mention that if too fond of argument, and sometimes too prone to self-assertion, his temper in discussion was perfect; he was a most candid opponent and a most admirable listener." His memory was almost faultless, and always ready to assist and illustrate his wonderful powers of explanation. "Pages of our great pros writers," says Miss Shirreff, "were impressed on his memory. He could quote passage after passage with the same ease as others quote poetry; while of poetry itself he was wont to say, 'it stamps itself on the brain.' Truly did it seem that without effort on his part, all that was grandest in English poetry, had become, so to speak, a part of his mind.

Shakespeare ever first, then Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher were so familiar to him that he seemed ever ready to recall a passage, and often to recite it with an intense delight in its beauty which would have made it felt by others naturally indifferent." It was the same in all that was best in French literature: in Voltaire, Corneille, Racine, Boileau, and, above all, Molière. Captain Kennedy recalls an instance of this ready memory on an occasion when they were in company together. The conversation turned on telling points in the drama, and one of the party cited that scene in *Horace*[4] which so struck Boileau, where Horace is lamenting the disgrace which he supposes has been brought upon him by the flight of his son in the combat with the Curiaces. "Que vouliez-vous qu'il fît contre trois?" asks Julie; and the old man passionately exclaims, "Qu'il mourût!" Buckle agreed that it was very fine; and immediately recited the whole scene from its commencement; giving the dialogue with much spirit and effect.

On another occasion, he happened to be dining at the same house with Prior, and chanced to remark on the happiness of Burke's simile of the claim of right to tax America, to a claim of the right to shear a wolf. Prior then knew nothing of Buckle, and forgetting his own quotation in his

[4] Corneille: *Horace*, Act iii. Sc. vi.

[5] *Westminster Papers*, vol. vi. p. 24, No. 62, for June, 1873.

Life of Burke, or confusing it, in his mind, with what he says just before of Sheridan, contradicted him, and said the simile belonged to the latter. A neighbour whispered to Buckle, "Take care what you say; that is Prior, who wrote Burke's life." Buckle was silent, but only for a minute; and then he came out with the whole paragraph of that magnificent onslaught:—"Are we yet to be told of the rights for which we went to war? Oh, excellent rights! Oh, valuable rights! Valuable you should be, for we have paid dear at parting with you! Oh, valuable rights! that have cost Britain thirteen provinces, four islands, a hundred thousand men, and more than seventy millions of money! Oh, wonderful rights! that have lost to Great Britain her empire on the ocean, her boasted, grand, and substantial superiority, which made the world bend before her! Oh, inestimable rights! that have taken from us our rank among nations, our importance abroad, and our happiness at home; that have taken from us our trade, our manufactures, and our commerce; that have reduced us from the most flourishing empire in the world to be one of the most compact, unenviable powers on the face of the globe! Oh, wonderful rights! that are likely to take from us all that yet remains! What were these rights? Could any man describe them; could any man give them a body and a soul answerable to all these

mighty costs! We did all this because we had a right to do it: that was exactly the fact. 'And all this we dared do, because we dared.' We had a right to tax America, says the noble lord; and as we had a right, we must do it. We must risk everything, we will forfeit everything, we will think of no consequences, we will take no consideration into our view but our right, we will consult no ability, we will not measure our right with our power, but we will have our right, we will have our bond. America, give us our bond; next your heart—we will have it: the pound of flesh is ours, and we will have it. This was their language. Oh, miserable and infatuated men! miserable and undone country! not to know that right signified nothing without might; that the claim without the power of enforcing it was nugatory and idle in the copyhold of rival states, or of immense bodies! Oh! says a silly man, full of his prerogative of dominion over a few beasts of the field, there is excellent wool on the back of a wolf, and therefore he must be sheared. What! shear a wolf? Yes. But will he comply? have you considered the trouble? how will you get this wool? Oh, I have considered nothing, and I will consider nothing but my right: a wolf is an animal that has wool; all animals that have wool are to be shorn, and therefore I will shear the wolf."

After this Buckle and Prior soon became ac-

quainted; and the latter dined at Buckle's house in 1855.

Despite his wonderful memory, Buckle would never allow himself to trust to it entirely. Every book he read was full of notes, sometimes a regular abstract of the contents; and every quotation in his work, as it came from the press, was carefully compared with the original. He used to carry about a little note-book in his pocket, in which he would write down such things as dates and long quotations he wished to remember, and this he would consult from time to time during his walks. For poetry this was hardly necessary, but a page or two of prose he was obliged to read over three or four times before he knew it by heart. Vast, too, as was the extent of his reading, everything was happily digested and always ready when required, so that unlike those whose "much reading" interferes with and obstructs their thoughts, with him, the more he read the more his powers increased. Another gift which greatly enhanced the pleasure of hearing his apt quotations was the beautiful modulation and flexibility of his voice, which, though he cared nothing for music, was extremely musical. Miss Shirreff describes his voice and intonation as peculiar; "his delivery was impassioned as if another soul spoke through his usually calm exterior; and it seemed to me of many a familiar passage that I never had known

its full power and beauty till I heard it from his lips."

With Miss Shirreff and her sister, Mrs. Grey, Buckle became acquainted in 1854. "A valued friend of ours," writes the former, "had known Mr. Buckle and his mother for some time, and paid us the compliment of thinking we should appreciate him." A dinner was accordingly arranged, and that Buckle appreciated the introduction is shown by the entry in his diary, that he met "a Mrs. Grey and her sister, two remarkably accomplished women." "It was a house," says Miss Shirreff, "in which good conversation was valued, and where, consequently, the guests contributed their best. Talk flowed on, mostly on literary or speculative subjects, and Mr. Buckle was brilliant and original beyond even what we had been led to expect. His appearance struck us as remarkable, though he had no pretension to good looks. He had fine eyes, and a massive well-shaped head; but premature baldness made the latter rather singular than attractive; and beyond a look of power, in the upper part of his face especially, there was nothing to admire. He was tall, but his figure had no elasticity; it denoted the languor of the mere student, one who has had no early habit of bodily exercise. The same fact could be read in his hand, which was well-shaped, but had that peculiar stamp that marks one trained to wield a pen only. * * * *

In society his manner was very simple and quiet, though easily roused to excitement by conversation; and we found later that, in intimate intercourse, a boyish playfulness often varied his habitually earnest conversation on the great subjects which were never long absent from his thoughts." "That first meeting led to many others, at our own house or among friends; quiet evening or long afternoon talks, in which he sometimes was led to forget the rigid method of his hours. It was less easy to know his mother, for she was even then an invalid; but he was very eager to bring us together, and succeeded ere very long in doing so. The acquaintance thus begun rapidly extended to all our familiar circle, grew into intimacy with other members of our family, and ripened into one of those friendships which are not reckoned by years, but are felt early in their growth to be beyond the power of time to alter.

"In the course of that spring we spent several weeks in the neighbourhood of London, and Mr. Buckle, like other friends, was invited from time to time to spend a day with us. * * * * Pleasant days they were; and, like a boy out of school, he seemed to enjoy strolling in the garden, rambling in Richmond Park, roaming also in conversation over every imaginable subject, and crowding into the few hours of his visit food for thought, and recollections of mere amusing talk, such as

weeks of intercourse with others can seldom furnish."[6]

They took him to the "Crystal Palace, June 29th, then lately opened, which he always said he never should have seen but for our taking him, and which he never revisited. It was a day more rich in many ways than mortal days are often allowed to be. We were a large party, all intimates, and all ready for enjoyment, and for the kind of enjoyment which the Crystal Palace offered for the first time. It was a lovely summer's day, and the mere drive some miles out of London—for there was no noisy, whistling railway then—was a delight. The art collections were not so full, the flowers not in such rich luxuriance as they have been since; but there was a charm about the fresh beauty of the place, and in the new views of popular enjoyment that it offered, which added to the pleasure then something which more than loss of novelty has impaired.

"We were not altogether disabused at that time of the illusions of a new era of peaceful progress which the first Exhibition of 1851 had seemed to inaugurate. It is true that we were even then in the first stage of the Crimean War; but many still believed that the struggle would quickly end; the glorious days, the dark months of suffering yet to come, were little anticipated. * * * * None shared

[6] *Misc. and Posth. Works*, vol. i. p. xxii.

the illusions of the period more fondly than Mr. Buckle. He thought he had reached philosophically, and could prove as necessary corollaries of a certain condition of knowledge and civilization, the conclusion which numbers held, without knowing why; and it was this train of thought which made the opening of 'The People's Palace' interesting to him. * * * * We had wandered through the different courts, reproducing in a manner as new then as it was striking, the memorials of the past. From Nineveh to Egypt, Greece, Imperial Rome, Moslem Granada, and Italy through her days of glory to her decline – all had been passed in review; and he then turned, as he loved to do, to the future, with its bright promise of reward to man's genius, and of continued triumph over the blind powers of Nature; and it seemed but a natural transition from his own speaking, as if still uttering his own thoughts, when he took up Hamlet's words: 'What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty!' "

In August, 1854, Miss Shirreff paid a visit to Mrs. Buckle, who was stopping at Highgate for the summer. Here, she says, "I made real acquaintance with Mrs. Buckle; and, apart from her being the mother of such a son, she was a very interesting person to know. It is curious how many people there are on whom their own lives seem to have produced no impression; they may have seen and

felt much, but they have not reflected upon their experience, and they remain apparently unconscious of the influences that have been at work around and upon them. With Mrs. Buckle it was exactly the reverse. The events, the persons, the books that had affected her at particular times or in a particular manner, whatever influenced her actions or opinions, remained vividly impressed on her mind, and she spoke freely of her own experience, and eagerly of all that bore upon her son. He was the joy, even more than the pride of her heart. Having saved him from the early peril that threatened him, and saved him, as she fondly believed, in a great measure by her loving care, he seemed twice her own; and that he was saved for great things, to do true and permanent service to mankind, was also an article of that proud mother's creed, little dreaming how short a time he was to be allowed even for sowing the seeds of usefulness. * * * * When I said above that Mrs. Buckle spoke freely of her own experience, I should add that her conversation was the very reverse of gossip. It was a psychological, rather than a biographical experience that she detailed. I rarely remember any names being introduced, and never unless associated with good. Of all her husband's family, the one she spoke of most often was his nephew, Mr. John Buckle, for whom she had great respect and affection. Henry Buckle (her son) also made

frequent reference to his cousin's opinions, and had the highest esteem for his abilities and confidence in his friendship."

But besides the personal sympathy there was a literary bond between the two families. Mrs. Grey and Miss Shirreff had just published their *Thoughts on Self-Culture*, and any literary occupation in his friends always aroused his warmest interest. Of this work he remarks in his diary, that it is "well written"—which is considerable praise from him, as he seldom takes the trouble to commend books in his diary; and he at once offered the authors every assistance in his power in their future literary undertakings, an assistance which was afterwards returned by useful criticism on his own work. In one letter he writes: "But seriously, if you do anything while you are away, you will want books; and if you will, before I come, think of what you require, should they be in my library you can take them with you. Who can work without tools? tell me that." But the correspondence will show better than anything I can say, his great interest in such matters and constant kindness. He writes—

59, OXFORD TERRACE, 31*st August*, 1854.

"DEAR MRS. GREY,—I feel that it was very ill-natured on my part not to press 'Comte' upon you last night when you so considerately hesitated as to borrowing it. To make the only amends in

my power I now send it you, and beg that you will keep it as long as you like. For I promise you that if I have at any time occasion to refer to it, I will ask to have it back. So that you need have no scruple on that head. The only thing I will beg of you is, that when not reading it you would have it put in some cupboard, as on several grounds I value it very much, and I never leave it out at home.

"I recommend you to begin by reading the preliminary view, *Exposition*, in vol. i., then pass over the physical sciences in vols. i., ii., iii., and begin at vol. iv., the "Physique Sociale." Having read this to the end of vol. vi., you can then, if you like, read the scientific parts, which, however, are of somewhat inferior merit to the *Sociologie*. By this means you will economize time and labour."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *9th May*, 1854.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—After our conversation yesterday, touching the habits of acquisitiveness which literature is apt to encourage, it is, I think, no slight proof of the simplicity and ingenuousness of my mind that I should lend a book to a lover of books. But so it is. And I can only hope that the subject of Middleton's work[7] will protect the work itself, and that, although in it,

[7] Conyers Middleton, D.D., "A Free Inquiry into the Miraculous Powers which are supposed to have subsisted in the Christian Church from the earliest Ages through several successive centuries. To which is added the Author's Letter from Rome."

modern miracles are rejected, you may be induced by a miraculous interposition eventually to return what I so confidingly offer.

"To speak, however, seriously, as one ought to do on theological matters, it has occurred to me that sending you the 'Letter' would save you some little trouble, as it is not likely to be found in many circulating libraries, and it is well worth being acquainted with from its own merit, as well as from the great effect it produced at its first appearance. Will you say to Mrs. Grey, with my kind regards, that I hope she also will read it: to any one unacquainted with the subject it will open a new field of thought—and to beat up fresh ground is, I am well assured, no slight pleasure both to Mrs. Grey and yourself."

"SOUTH GROVE, HIGHGATE, 18*th September*, 1854.

"DEAR MRS. GREY,—You sent me the first *three* vols. of 'Comte,' as I happen to remember, for I put them away directly they came. I am sorry you should have missed taking them with you, as in the country one particularly needs some intellectual employment to prevent the mind from falling into those vacant raptures which the beauties of nature are apt to suggest. It is the old antagonism between the internal and the external —between mind and matter—between science and art. *That* is a battle which will never be ended.

"We intend remaining here till to-morrow fortnight, or, should the weather be very fine, a week longer. I am getting on rapidly with my work, but still I have many regrets that I am not going to review your book—it would for many reasons have given me great pleasure to do so. But I *think* you will acknowledge that I could not with any sense of what was due to myself have taken any further steps; and I am *sure* you will feel that my not having done so has arisen from anything but a diminished interest or a desire to withdraw from what I had offered. I say thus much because in my hasty morning visit to you the other day I fear that I hardly explained sufficiently what my views really were, and the causes of them.

I am now completing my examination of the causes of the French Revolution, which I think will interest you and Miss Shirreff too, if she could hear them. Pray remember me most kindly to her. I take great interest in what she is doing, or about to do, on female education. The grand thing would be to make women more ashamed of ignorance; but that is perhaps too difficult a task to undertake. The next best thing to seeing the ignominy of ignorance is to feel the beauty of knowledge—and *there* I think something might be done. And in this point of view I might caution Miss Shirreff against advising *too much* to be learnt. In knowledge, as well as in morals,

immense harm has been done by pitching the standard too high: the consequence of which has been, that people feeling they can't come up to it, cease to try; and, finding they can't get to the top of the tree, they won't even climb up one of its branches. Would it not be better to show them a shrub, and make them believe it was a full-grown tree?"

"49, SUSSEX SQUARE, BRIGHTON, *8th October*, 1854.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF, * * * We arrived in Brighton yesterday, and in passing through town I called on Mrs. ——. She expects to see Mr. —— in about a month, and has promised to ask him to review 'Self-Culture.' I made the proposal that he should be asked, casually and in the general course of conversation; and not at all as if I had called for that purpose. Cunning me! Why was I not a diplomatist? That's my vocation! * * *

"And now in regard to what you are doing. I objected to your recommending too many subjects of study, not so much because they weaken the mind, but rather because they terrify it. When I said to you *concentrate*, that was my counsel for your own intellect, quite irrespective of what you should recommend to others. Generally, I think, there is too much concentration. But my fear is lest you should place the standard of excellence

too high, and thus intimidate those you wish to allure. If you were writing a scientific work on education, then, indeed, it would be proper to raise an ideal: but, as your object is practical, the first point is, not what *ought* to be, but what *can* be. I cordially agree with all you say about a wide range of study being valuable for the sympathies as well as for the intellect, but remember that you are addressing minds most of which either do not perceive this, or, at all events, perceive it very faintly. The feeling of intellectual sympathy is by no means a very early step even in minds of some power, and in ordinary cases the step is never taken at all. I doubt, therefore, whether in this line of acquirement you can make proselytes. For those who are capable of being convinced will already be converted. Your mission is with the heathen; why, then, preach to the regenerate and baptize the elect? If you deal with average minds you must hold out average inducements —such, for example, as the value of knowledge, as a discipline in the acquisition of it; or, as a disgrace not to have it. These are substantial grounds; but the high ground of intellectual sympathy is too little understood to be available for your purpose. In nearly all minds the idea of sympathy is preoccupied by moral associations which leave no room for the admittance of intellectual ones. For fifty persons who confess the

utility of knowledge as a discipline, you will perhaps find one who values it as a source of sympathy. Language has much to do with this; the meaning of sympathy being so fixed and settled that to many ears the mere expression 'intellectual sympathy' would seem pedantic. What, therefore, I mean is this: that if you recommend a large range of reading, you will be compelled to admit that the greater part of it must be superficial; and you can only justify this by the argument of intellectual sympathy—an argument quite decisive to those who understand it, but falling pointless on the immense majority of those for whom you write.

"We shall remain in Sussex Square with my aunt about three weeks; and, if anything occurs to you in any way as if any suggestion of mine could be of the slightest use, pray write to me here, as I should feel indeed happy could I aid your praiseworthy undertaking."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *8th December*, 1854.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF, * * * In reference to what you were asking me, I advise you to dismiss the larger subject from your mind until you have finisned the smaller and more practical one on which you are engaged. I would suggest that it should be *entirely practical*, and short, so as to be

published at a low price; and that, above all, it should be unmistakably clear, so that the meaning is at once obvious. In a work of that sort, parentheses and inversions are to be carefully avoided; and so any long sentence unless broken up into distinct parts * * * The frequent use of the relative is a great aid to lucidity. I make no excuse for offering these somewhat presumptuous suggestions, as I have thought a good deal about language, and, above all, as I am sure you will look at the *intention* of the advice and my real wish to do what I can to further your pursuits. A short list of books given under the different chapters would be useful, and I hope when I return to town early in January to hear that it is well-nigh finished. I need hardly say how much will depend upon the arrangement of the topics, i. e. the order in which they succeed each other. You possibly adopt what is a good plan, of drawing up first a skeleton outline. * * * I send 'Cousin,' in 5 vols., but do not postpone what you are doing to read it."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, 15*th April*, 1855.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—I am sorry to say that I can give you no information about Dr. ——, never having heard his name; nor do I know at this moment whom to apply to on such a subject, as his reputation is perhaps rather practical than

physiological, and I believe I am unacquainted personally with any oculist, and none but an oculist would be a competent judge. Of course a man may be a great physiological oculist, and yet an unsafe person to trust as an operator; and the Germans are, on most surgical matters, considered very inferior manipulators to the French. You do not say whom this information is for: I trust not for Mr. ——. Alas! alas! when it comes to a chance of losing one's sight—and yet the blind are contented: why, I never could understand.

"I received all the books safely, and am very much obliged for the pains you have taken with Querard.[8] * * * I am *very* busy and tolerably well, though I think sometimes that my work is beginning to tell upon me."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, 12*th May*, 1855.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—What I probably said, was that you had better obtain a list of modern educational works. But I could not have offered to show you one, as I really know nothing of the subject except in its speculative bearings, and am hardly acquainted with even the titles of such works as you ought to recommend for female education. Perhaps your best plan would be either

[8] *La France Littéraire*, &c.

to call or write to some large educational publisher, such as Rivingtons, for a list of elementary books? In which case, if you could procure them from the London library or elsewhere, and if any of them are on subjects with which you are not familiar and I chance to understand, I will gladly read them and give you the best opinion I can form of their merit. This, or anything else in my power, I shall be truly happy to do; but never again use me so ill as to write me a note doubting whether or no I grudge giving up time in order to help you. There is no particular reason why I should hurry in my own work, and there *is* reason why I should assist you, if I can; the reason being simply the selfish one of doing myself a pleasure. However, as Hamlet says, 'Something too much of this.' So, I will only add, write me your plans and views *in detail*, and I will consider of them for a day or two, and give you at all events an honest and matured opinion.

"Yours truly,

"HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.

"'The Aspects of Nature' are going on beautifully, notwithstanding the unkindness of some people, who promise to help some people, and then don't help them at all."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, 19*th May*, 1855.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—I have carefully read

the papers you sent me, and think your general scheme very good—indeed, so good that I can suggest no alteration. I still think that you propose more than the great majority of minds can finally retain; but this is only my own opinion, and it may well be that on a subject on which you have evidently thought so much, you are more likely to be right than I. So on this I will say no more.

"As to the 'Subjects of Lessons,' the following additions occur to me, which I can recommend from personal knowledge:—

"Lavallée, *Histoire des Français.* (One of the best abridgments ever written.)

"Koch, *Tableau des Révolutions.* (An admirable summary of general history of *Europe* in three volumes.)

"Keightley's Histories of England and of Greece, but *not* his history of Rome, because there is a still better small history of Rome by Schmitz, the friend and translator of Niebuhr.

"For physical knowledge, Chambers' Educational Course, and Orr's Circle of the Sciences. (I have looked into some of them, and those I have seen are good.)

"Villemain, I think, is a one-sided book; and I would much prefer *parts* of Hallam's *Literature of Europe;* also Craik's *History of Literature and Learning in England.* These two would probably

be enough. You mention 'Wharton.' I don't know if you mean Warton's *History of English Poetry?* If so, it is an extremely prolix book, full of curious but irrelevant dissertations, and does not come down lower than the sixteenth century.

"I *entirely* agree with you that it is better to read translations of the classics than modern translations;[9] and above all Plutarch, Diogenes Laertius, Herodotus, and Cæsar.

"In Political Economy, not Marcet, or Say, but Smith's Wealth of Nations *must* be read, and is more important than the History of Foreign Countries. This *one* work is quite enough, if made a text-book, and perhaps exercises written on it, as it should be *mastered thoroughly*, which I believe most intelligent girls of sixteen are quite capable of doing.

"Whately's *Logic*—far too formal and repulsive—and the elements of geometry would answer every purpose as a mental discipline. To Locke, I would add Reid, *On the Mind;* otherwise, by only reading one side, you only make a partisan, and Reid is really able, and in a small compass opens views untouched by Locke. This would be enough of metaphysics. Cousin is surely too long. Perhaps you might recommend Morell, *Hist. Speculative Philosophy*, which, though not profound, I

[9] i. e.? Better to learn modern languages than ancient, provided both cannot be learned?

find to be accurate, as far as it goes. Recommend at the same time the corresponding passages in Hallam's *Literature*, and pray enforce the capital principle of passing from one book to another according to the *subject*, and not necessarily finishing the book first.

"Beckmann's *History of Inventions* is the best book of its kind.

"Maps of the Society for Diffusion of Useful Knowledge are really good.

"Geology *I* would omit; but, of course, you will use your own discretion. Only remember that Geology, without Animal Physiology, Comparative Anatomy, and Botany, has no scientific existence; and every good work on geology presupposes a knowledge of those subjects.

"I think Astronomy essential; and fortunately Herschel's book is good, clear, and does not require much mathematics to understand it.

"Bailey, on *Formation of Opinions*, is important in many points of view.

"I would give a short specimen of the best way of taking notes, and of keeping a Common-Place Book.

"This is all that occurs to me to say. If there is anything else I can do or suggest, you are well assured how willingly I will help you.

"Your papers I keep here, as, before I see you, I will read them over again.

Yours, &c., &c.

"I will go on Monday to some booksellers, and

try to procure a list of educational books. But in writing your book, don't measure other minds by your own. In *all* practical matters it is dangerous to aim high."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *1st June*, 1855.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—* * * And you, I hope, are doing something touching which you will want advice; or, at all events, suggestions. I am very busy, very successful, and *therefore* feel a little as I always do under such circumstances, which are rather unfavourable to one's Christian humility. Hence my idea of being able to help you. But seriously, do not hesitate to ask for whatever I can do."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *8th June*, 1855.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—My mother is certainly better; indeed, improving every day, I almost think, since her house has become emptier. She would like very much to see you, but *I* feel satisfied that, after two months of seeing people every day, she cannot be too quiet; and therefore, for the present, it would be better to defer calling upon her. She has quite lost her power of walking; but it is evident that nothing is really the matter with her, as she looks well, sleeps well, and has lost all her formidable symptoms.

* * * * *

"I will try and pay you a visit on Sunday evening, but don't think me neglectful if I omit doing so, as I am working very hard, and sometimes feel so tired after dinner that I cannot move."

"HENDON, *29th June*, 1855.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—You asked me to write about my mother; she is indeed altered, and I am becoming very uneasy. Such complete weakness as hardly to be able to move from one chair to another without holding something, and a necessity of taking nourishment every two or three hours. Mr. Rix says that, without active and prolonged stimulus, she may lose her memory altogether. She is to see no one, and keep very quiet. I see no improvement since we have been here—and you, who can form some idea, and only some, of what my mother is to me, may imagine how unhappy I am. It is hardly worth while, with this hanging over me, to say anything about myself; but I am not at all well—sleeping badly, and having painful, nervous feelings at night.

"My mother takes no medicine, and nothing is to be done but to wait the result. Her spirits are admirable, always smiling, and never does a complaint of any kind come from her. Indeed, this is the really favourable feature; and, as I am positively assured there is no organic disease, everything depends on the power of rallying.

"This is a sad note, but it is the only sort of one I can write. Still, I shall be glad, and indeed anxious to hear about you, what you are doing, and if you are going abroad? And Mrs. Grey, too: it will, I am afraid, be long before I see either of you. If I can give you any advice about your book, do not let the tone of this note prevent your asking me. I think the more miserable one is, the more willing one becomes to draw nearer to others."

"HENDON, *5th July*, 1855.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—My mother is better. How much better, or whether or no permanently so, I cannot tell, but certainly better. On Tuesday [3rd inst.] I first saw a favourable change; and to-day she has walked a few yards in the little garden without help. She sends her love, and says she is very sorry that your absence from England will prevent her from seeing you—for, characteristically enough, she is now beginning to talk about seeing all her friends again. I have had the fullest written particulars of Mr. Rix's observations on her. He says he never saw such sudden and complete prostration, and he was very apprehensive of some failure in the vital powers. While she was at Tunbridge Wells all this was kept from me, and she would not let my sister write to me the truth; but I learn that her weak-

ness was so great that the few stairs she had to mount she literally crawled up, holding, not by the rails, but by the stairs themselves. But her spirits never flagged, and she wrote to me so cheerfully that I had not the least idea of her real state. I am not naturally sanguine—at least, not in the *practice* of life—but still I do hope now that the worst is over, and I feel that every day which passes without the appearance of mischief increases the probability that no mischief has been done.

"Your very kind and warm-hearted letter was indeed welcome to me, and made me feel as if we were old friends rather than recent acquaintances; and so you will, I hope, think, if at any time I can be of use to you in your special pursuits, or in any more general affairs. At present nothing much occurs to me in regard to what you are doing, as I do not know how far you have progressed; but I would particularly recommend you, when abroad, to inform yourself as to the best elementary German and Italian works on the history of literature. If you can mention any really good *short* and *clear*, it would add much to the value of your book; and on this I can give you no information. Lavallée, *Histoire des Français*, and Barante, *Littérature au xviii^e. Siècle*, are models in their own line; and I would ask to see some German and Italian works as nearly as possible on their plan. The librarians abroad I have always found very courteous and

well-informed; and if you were to state your objects, and call with Mr. —— at one or two good public libraries (Geneva will probably be in your route), you would, I am sure, be well repaid. Unless any book on education is specially recommended to you, I would not lose time in reading it. Far better it will be to consult the original authorities and mature your own plan.

"I do not know what provision you intend making when abroad for your own improvement. Books are cumbersome in travelling, and one or two good, tough, solid works you will probably think enough to take. I should advise Mill's *Political Economy*; if you have read it, never mind, read it again. We have had some talk on the laws of the distribution of wealth, and you will, perhaps, come to it in some degree with a fresh mind. Besides, we must remember that political economy is the only branch of political knowledge which is not empirical—the only one raised to a science. This alone is sufficient reason for carefully studying it; and Mill's book is upon the whole the best since Adam Smith—though, for *pure political economy*, hardly equal to Ricardo's. But Mill has larger social views than Ricardo, and is less difficult. Indeed, if you were to read Ricardo *now*, you would not do yourself justice, as no one can study him with advantage without preliminary training on his own subject. You spoke to me of Mill's logic. I almost

doubt if it would repay you the great labour of mastering, and without mastering it, would do you little good. Suppose, for your other work, you were to take with you Lyell's *Principles of Geology* (the last edition in *one* volume royal 8vo), and really digest it and make an abstract of it. It is a great book and would be very serviceable.

"And now, dear Miss Shirreff, I think I have no more to say, except to wish you every happiness while you are away, and to remind you that an imagination inflamed by the beauties of Swiss scenery *may* require the counterpoise of a severer train of thought than is necessary in a metropolis."

"HENDON, *17th July*, 1855.

"DEAR MRS. GREY,—By all means keep 'Hallam' as long as you like, and take it into the country with you; and I sincerely hope that the change of air and quiet will do you good. I am truly sorry to receive so indifferent an account of your health. To hear such things is enough to prevent one from being an optimist—how much more so to you who feel them! I have often speculated on what you and Miss Shirreff could accomplish if you were made capable of real wear and tear; but this is a speculation I could never bring to maturity, because

of the strong suspicion I have that with a given mind there must and will be a certain physical structure of which we may modify the effects, but never change the nature. Look at Miss Martineau! Give her delicacy as well as power, and I believe that she never could have gone through the work she has. However, one can't talk about this in a note, the subject is too big. I do not perceive that my mother is better since I last wrote, but she holds her ground, and if there is any alteration, it is an improvement, which is all that can be expected, as her treatment, which seems judicious, is intended to produce slow results. She is unquestionably stronger than when she first came here. I shall make a point (if all goes well with her) of coming to see you when you return to town—so you will, I hope, when your plans are settled, let me know how long you intend remaining in London after you come back to it early in August."

"HENDON, *23rd August*, 1855.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—About ten days ago I heard from Mrs. Grey that you were quite well and enjoying yourself greatly, and that you would remain at Interlachen till the beginning of September. I therefore address to you there, as this agrees with the plan of your movements which you sent me—a rare instance, I should think, of travel-

lers knowing beforehand what they are going to do! First of all I will say that my mother is decidedly better, though her progress is slower than I ever remember to have seen it, and she is unable to walk a quarter of the distance she could four months since. Last week she had a very slight attack of gout, which is now passing off favourably, and there seems reason to hope that she will be better in consequence. She sends her love to you, and says she is much disappointed at not having seen you this summer. In her feeling of regret I share not a little, as I had hoped that we might have had some comfortable talk about what you are doing, and which, for many reasons, I am anxious should be done as well as possible. A really good book on education will be invaluable, and towards writing one nothing can avail so much as my favourite maxim *patient thought*, turning the subject round in one's mind, and looking at it in every direction. This I should rely much more on than any amount of reading. Have you taken the opportunity of making inquiries of *practical* persons as to the working of education in Switzerland? Germany, Switzerland, and Scotland are the three countries where most attention has been paid to this subject; and I make no doubt but that valuable hints might be collected. The fact that your book must be in some measure speculative makes it the more necessary to collect testimony; for all,

even the best of us, are full of prejudices, and, by comparing the standard of different countries, this evil may be somewhat remedied. I would make particular inquiries as to the amount of time that young people can give to study with advantage. My own impression is, that the time given at school is generally too long for health, and there are strong physical reasons against lessons before breakfast for average children. In England the plan is, I know, very general; how is it in Switzerland? This is one of the things well worth ascertaining. Another thing is, how do they cultivate the memory? Whether by association, or by insisting on an effort of the will? You will see how important this question is, in regard to learning dates, teaching poetry, &c.; and it would be useful for you to know the plan ordinarily adopted at Geneva or other chief places in Switzerland. Perhaps you have done all this, and half laugh at my supernumerary advice; but I'll take my chance, and when I do write I like to say at once what comes uppermost.

"We leave here on the 11th September for Tunbridge Wells, thence to Brighton, where we shall remain till late in November. My mother then goes to Boulogne, and, if she continues to improve, I shall not accompany her, as I wish, if possible, to have my first volume ready for the press by Christmas, which will be impossible if I am so long away

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from London. When shall you be in town? As my movements are not quite certain, please address to me at Oxford Terrace. The last few weeks I have been remarkably well, and am working zealously, and, on the whole, satisfactorily; but the arrangement and classification of the notes is laborious beyond anything I could have conceived, owing chiefly to absence from my library. Still I do hope that I am doing something which, so far as mere industry is concerned, will neither disgrace me nor disappoint my friends.

"When I recommended Mill's Political Economy I meant *John Mill*, and not his Essays on Unsettled Questions in P. Economy (though they are very interesting) but his large work in 2 vols. called *Treatise on Polit. Economy*, and published about nine years ago, and which I am certain would interest you much. Very recently I saw a copy second-hand of his logic in a catalogue sent to me, and I wrote for it for you, but was too late, it had been sold. The booksellers tell me that the demand for his works is increasing—and, considering what the works are, this, if true, is an honourable testimony to the present age. His Logic has gone through three editions in a few years, and a fourth is now preparing. I hope you like Lyell's *Geology*. It is a grand book, though I think his arguments on the transmutation of species very unsatisfactory. Still, that is only a small part, and

if you compare it, for instance, with our best books on botany, mineralogy, chemistry, or zoology, you will at once see how much Lyell has made of his subject, compared to what other men have done on other subjects."

"BRIGHTON, *9th November*, 1855.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—I heard yesterday that you called last week upon my sister at Boulogne, and as I take for granted that was *en route* for England, I write a few lines to you, which, indeed, I should have done before had I felt sure about your movements. Uncertainty in this respect, and (to say the truth) hurry and fatigue about my work kept me silent, but I heard of you from Mrs. Shirreff when I was in town.

"You will, I know, be glad to hear that my mother continues to improve. Still she is far weaker than when you last saw her. My book goes on miserably slow, and at times I am daunted by the work still before me. The text itself is ready for the press, but the notes! oh, the notes! How unhandsome it is of mankind to expect authors to give proof of what they assert, and how silly it is of authors to give it. We shall remain here, I think, till the middle of December. Pray remember me most kindly to Mrs. Grey

when you see her. What have you been doing abroad? Don't take my short notes as the measure of your answer. I would write at greater length, but am really overworked, and feel as if I could think of nothing but the *History of Civilization.* When vol. i. is out I will become more punctual, less selfish, and more virtuous."

"BRIGHTON, *21st November*, 1855.

"DEAR MRS. GREY, * * * My mother is really better, but still very weak in walking. She is, however, less nervous, and has lost those alarming sinking feelings which used to come on every forenoon. I am particularly well, but, miserable wretch that I am, I have no right to be well, because my book creeps on like a snail, and I ought to be affected by its slowness. Still it *is* moving. But I love not the drudgery needed to put it into motion."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *15th January*, 1856.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—I really hardly know how to answer your question, because everything depends on the ability, and, above all, on the industry of the person seeking the information. Schlosser's *History of the 18th Century,* though somewhat tedious, is, on the whole, one of the best books for *general accuracy*—I mean for the accuracy

of the impression it leaves on the mind after reading it. The *last* edition of Koch, *Tableau des Révolutions*, contains common facts on the 18th century, well put together; so do the latter vols. of Sismondi, *Histoire des Français*—and, above all, the admirable work of Flassan, *Histoire de la Diplomatie Française.* These, with Mahon's *History of England*, would be enough to recommend; because, in the notes, there are references to the other and original sources. If a more special list is required, I will furnish it, as I can never be too busy to help a friend of yours.

"If you have the means of reading any foreign books on the philosophy of statistics—except Quetelet, which I know—I should be glad to have additional proof for my Chapter I., of the regularity with which, under the same circumstances, the same human actions repeat themselves."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, 19*th January*, 1856.

"DEAR MRS. GREY,—I did not return home last night till very late, when I found your note, and was not a little vexed at having missed your dinner. The truth is, that being somewhat deranged, if not altogether mad, at finding I had time to spare, I went out in the afternoon to enjoy myself, which I accomplished by playing chess for seven hours, and difficult games too. I have not

been so luxurious for four or five years, and feel all the better for it to-day.

"I *am* a Christian, and I *am* virtuous, and therefore would have come to you yesterday if I could; but when I went out the chance had not occurred to me of your sending so prompt and so kind an answer to my note. I have had a long interview with the two Parkers; they were very obliging and willing to meet me in everything, and handsomely. It is impossible to tell you all about it in a note. To-morrow I go to Whitehall to see Mr. Forster.[10] * * * My mother is a little better. She sends her love, or at least, would if she knew I was writing to you."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *9th March*, 1856.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—I do not think you need allow any weight to your objection against [writing] novels. You have not, and I am sure, will not, attempt to proscribe them. What harm then can there be in attempting to raise their character by setting a good model? Look at Miss Edgeworth—equally successful with her tales and with her works for educational purposes. *Every* branch of literature is good; improve what you will, but prohibit nothing. Two very different and

[10] "I called at Whitehall Place by appointment on Mr. Forster to talk about my book. He says I must not consent to Parker showing the MS. to a man unknown to me; but only to a common friend."—*Diary.*

yet very eminent men—Warburton and Mackintosh—have testified to the benefit they have derived from novels; and, although I now never read them, I can give evidence to their having aided my intellectual education.

"Mrs. Austen may no doubt if she likes continue to translate—she has never proved that she can do anything better; but Miss Martineau does not translate (except with the view, as in her "Comte," of diffusing philosophical knowledge); nor does Mrs. Somerville; nor does any woman who reaches far and aims high, unless she is forced to do so. The more I think of it, the more I see it in this light. Remember that a given reputation represents a given income, and even in this point of view, a *name* is the first thing to be desired. If, however, on mature deliberation, you think differently, I will make every effort to meet your wishes, be they what they may."

"I think that the construction of a plot is *not* the chief point in a good novel or tale. The language, and particularly the dramatic power—telling conversation and the like—go for more. See, for instance, Sir W. Scott, as compared with James."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *25th May*, 1856.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—I am deeply sensible of the kindness of your note, but I really am not

working too hard ; and if I were to go away for a few days, it would do me no good, because my mind would be in my work, and there would be no recreation. The day I called on you I was slightly depressed, but these are only little shadows which pass over me and leave me as before. I am very careful—no night work—no worry of any kind—and now never exceeding nine hours a day, and very often eight, and even less. Thank you for all your kindness about me; but yet a little while and I shall be free for some time and will recruit, though, indeed, I have nothing to recruit because by no means unwell."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, 20*th June*, 1856.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—It will give me real pleasure if I can be of any use in regard to your work ;[11] but I need hardly say, it is a matter requiring a great deal of deliberation. I will make a point of seeing Mrs. Grey about it ; and, as your return to town is doubtful, I wish that in the meantime you would write me a full and precise account of how you stand—i. e. how many copies you printed, how many remain unsold, whether they are all in quires or bound up, and what percentage Hope was to receive for distributing them ; also, if his percentage was calculated on the published

[11] 2nd Edition of *Thoughts on Self-Culture.*

price, or on the trade price; likewise, what allowance he made to the trade on your behalf.

"Whatever his terms were, you must be prepared to submit to others more unfavourable, because whoever takes your book will not have the advantage of printing it, and therefore must get more profit in the distribution. I should say that the object to which all others should be subordinate is to get the public to buy the remaining copies, however small your profit may be. I wish I had an opportunity of talking it over with you; but shall not leave town till the 10th July, so there is time yet.

"My present idea is to test the effect of some advertisements in the *Times;* but when I hear from you, I shall be better able to judge."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *24th June*, 1856.

"DEAR MRS. GREY,—I am putting *en train* a little plot of my own about the 'Self-Culture.' In the meantime I must have a copy of the last edition, for a purpose which I intend to make a mystery of until I bring it to bear. So don't be inquisitive. My copy I have lent; and as Miss Shirreff has obtained the others from Hope, I can only get one from her or you—and, as the matter presses, I wish to have it at once: so, if possible, please send it by the bearer.

"I shall add no more, except that I am sure you will be satisfied with what I am doing."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, 30*th June*, 1856.

"A thousand thanks, dear kind Mrs. Grey, for your most welcome letter, which I have this moment received. It is a greater pleasure than I can tell you to see how those I value care for me, for with your letter, I also received one from Miss Shirreff, equally considerate. I will not be so affected as to conceal from you that I am a little alarmed, and at times very depressed, to think that with such large hopes I have such little powers. My head is at times weak and slightly confused; but it goes off (the feeling, *not* the head—I will have my joke) again directly. They tell me that I have nothing to fear, and I am not apprehensive except of my future.

"To break down in the midst of what, according to my measure of greatness, is a great career—and to pass away, and make no sign—this, I own, is a prospect which I now for the first time see is possible; and the thought of which seems to chill my life as it creeps over me. Perhaps I have aspired too high; but I have at times such a sense of power, such a feeling of reach and grasp, and if I may so say, such a command over the realm of thought, that it was no idle vanity to believe that

I could do more than I shall now ever be able to effect. I must contract the field—maybe, I shall then survey the ground the better—and others will not miss what, to me, will be an irretrievable loss, since I forfeit my confidence in myself."

But at least he had something to show for it; for his first volume was now potentially finished. The first indication that he was again nearly ready is the entry on 30th January, 1855, "Began to arrange the books which I quote in notes to vol. i. of Introduction;" and on 22nd July, 1855, "Began at length the great task of copying my work for the press;" and again in the same year, "Began to despair of ever finishing;" for even while he was thus copying for the press he "wrote account of Botany in France under Louis XIV. as completely as possible till I get *History of Botany* by Pulteney." "Wrote account of bad Emperors favouring Christianity and the good Emperors persecuting it." "Began and finished notes of *History of Spain* and *Inquisition* to prove that morals have not diminished persecution." However, on the 1st of January, 1856, he "began at length to copy notes" for his MSS., and entered into negotiations with Mr. Parker for its publication. "I have had a long interview," he writes, "with the two Parkers. They were very obliging, and willing to meet me in everything, and handsomely."

As we have seen by his letters, Mr. Forster strongly advised him not to entrust his MS. to the hands of any one unknown to him; and he therefore wrote to Mr. Parker as follows:—

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *19th January*, 1856.

"DEAR SIR,—As Mr. J. Parker, your son, will I suppose have left England before you can receive this, I write to you in reference to our conversation on Thursday, which I have now had time to think over.

"I quite agree in your opinion that the season is too advanced to bring out my work at present, and I am willing to defer going to press till July, which, I believe, you mentioned as about the month when it would be advisable to begin to print it.

"In ten days or a fortnight, I shall have the MS. in such a state that the most important parts of it can be examined by any one you select to act on your behalf. But, as I mentioned to you, I feel nervous about entrusting it in the hands of a person of whom I have no knowledge, and that, too, for an indefinite period; and, having no copy, the risk I should run would make me very uncomfortable. I fully admit the propriety of your having an opinion on it in regard to the style of composition, and, therefore, probable popularity;

but this might be obtained from some one with whom we are both acquainted, and to whom I could send the MS. direct at the time he would appoint, and when I knew he would be at leisure to read it *at once*, and return it *without delay*. The two most competent men I know are Mr. Forster and Mr. Baden Powell, with both of whom you are probably personally acquainted, and as to whose ability there can be no question. Would it suit you to ask either of these gentlemen to act as referees? In them I should have complete confidence; and, if you consulted either of them, it would be understood, that, being appointed by you, he would act on your side rather than on mine. After all, the main question is, have I written the book clearly and popularly? for, as I have been engaged incessantly on it for fourteen years, I shall not be presumptuous in saying that the amount of reading it will display, will be such as to do no discredit to its publishers.

"I trust that you will not consider my proposition unreasonable; but I really feel an insuperable repugnance to entrusting to a person, of whose very name I am ignorant, a MS. which has cost me many years of continued thought.

"Believe me, &c.

"I may mention that, though I have the pleasure of knowing Mr. Forster and Mr. Powell, neither of them have heard or seen a line of my work, so that

they would come to it unprejudiced. Mr. Forster, as editor of the *Examiner*, has, of course, peculiar facilities for judging if a book is likely to be popular."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *22nd February*, 1856.

"DEAR SIR,—I am very sensible of your handsome proposal, of declining having a preliminary examination made of my MS. But I think myself bound to meet you in a similar spirit, and I would therefore suggest another plan—as it is my desire if possible to establish a permanent connexion with your house in a manner satisfactory to both of us; and this I could hardly expect to do by seeking to induce you to undertake a work of such length, of which neither yourself, nor any person in whom you confide, ever heard a line.

"My suggestion, then, is this: that inasmuch as you appear satisfied with the general character of the work, and the industry employed on it, the point on which alone you will require information is as to the clearness and attractiveness of the style, which, as a matter of business, will be your principal consideration. For if the style is judged to be good, as well as the facts curious, a tolerable success is certain: since every book which has failed has owed its failure either to want of industry in collecting evidence, or else to want of lucidity in

arranging it. In this view there are other gentlemen besides those I named, with whose judgment you might perhaps be satisfied. Dr. Mayo and Mr. Robert Bell are both able, clear-headed men; and to either of them I could give an outline of my scheme in half an hour's conversation, and let them see any part of the MS. which they wished. It seems to me, that in justice to yourself, something of this sort should be done; for I do not like the idea of my having refused your first proposal of having the MS. examined by a friend of yours, and eventually no examination taking place at all. In such an arrangement there is no reciprocity, and you would be placing a confidence in my abilities, which a man still unknown as an author cannot reasonably expect.

"In regard to the terms of publication, this much I believe was arranged with your son as a preliminary to the negotiation: namely, that you should pay me a fixed sum for the copyright of the first edition of the first volume, which, as far as I can judge, will be about 600 8vo pages; though, until the notes are more advanced, I can only make a rough estimate of the size. As to what the sum ought to be, and as to how many copies ought to be printed, you are a better judge than I am; and there can, I think, be no difficulty between us on that head. But even this part of the business would be easier adjusted if you knew

more of the probable popularity of the work; and on this, as on other grounds I have mentioned, I wish you to have an opinion in which you could place confidence. If, however, you are really satisfied with the matter as it stands, and desire no examination of the MS., I will add on my own behalf, that I am deeply impressed with the importance of a clear and popular style, and that I have made great and constant efforts to attain it.

"I now leave the matter entirely in your hands. I have done what I think just, in proposing that you should have the opinion of a third party; but, if you deem this unnecessary, then my suggestion is that an edition of 1500 copies should be printed, and that you should state the sum you will pay for the copyright of that edition."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, 11*th July*, 1856.

"DEAR SIR,—By your letter of yesterday, I understand that you offer to print an edition of my first volume at your own cost and risk; and that you propose, as soon as it is ready for publication, to pay me a sum equal to one half the profits upon that edition.

"This proposal, as far as I can judge, seems fair and liberal, and I am willing to accept it—but not exactly in this form. You will perhaps remember

that from the beginning, I stated that I disliked uncertain arrangements, and that my wish was to receive a fixed and definite sum for the copyright of the first edition. To this you agreed, and the only question now between us, is to name the sum. I am quite willing to take, as a basis of the arrangement, half the estimated profits; and, with your experience of books, it will be easy for you to form an idea of what that will be. The volume will be rather more than 600 pages 8vo, about the size of Macaulay (i. e. calculating the same number of words on the page as in one of his volumes), and, as the notes will be numerous, you would probably think sixteen shillings a fair price at which to publish it. Supposing, then, a thousand copies are printed, you will be able to estimate the half profits: because I have taken the greatest possible care in preparing the MS. so that the corrections of the press will be very trifling.

"Whatever sum you agree to pay me, will, of course, include such corrections as even a careful copy may be supposed to require (that is to say, I am not to be charged with them); but if I make any alterations of extent, such as interpolating or omitting sentences, I shall be willing and desirous to pay for them myself.

"I should wish to have twelve copies delivered to me free of charge for presentation to my friends. As to sending any copies to the Reviews and

Newspapers, that I take for granted is your concern.

"In regard to any future edition, it will naturally be my wish to remain in your hands; but I cannot formally bind myself down to any such engagement, because, to do so would in fact be surrendering the control of my own property: it would be equivalent to selling the copyright without reaping the advantages of the sale, since it would be a compact which would bind me without binding you.

"If what I have said meets your views, it only remains for you to fix a specified sum; as that was the condition mentioned at our first interview.

"I hope that you will consider what I have written as satisfactory. You have acted very frankly with me, and I wish to do the same with you.

Believe, me, &c.

"I leave town early on Wednesday, 16th. If you wish to see me, I am always at home in the morning; but I hope there will be no further difficulty to give you the trouble of calling, and that a letter will be sufficient."

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS, MOUNT EDGECUMBE COTTAGE,
"*20th July*, 1856.

"DEAR SIR,—Judging from your letter, the obstacles to further negotiation appear insuperable.

It will therefore be better that the matter should end here.

"I am sorry that you should have had so much unnecessary trouble."

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *27th July*, 1856.

"DEAR MRS. GREY,— * * * * The air here is really so fine, and my mother is so much improving in it, that I am almost beginning to like the country. A frightful and alarming degeneracy! Pray God that my mind may be preserved to me, and that the degradation of taste does not become permanent.

"I am as well as ever, and I think as busy as ever: deeply immersed in comparative anatomy, the dryness of which I enliven by excursions into free will and predestination. I find that physiology and theology correct each other very well; and, between the two, reason holds her own. My mother writes to-day to Miss Shirreff to try and coax her to come and stay with us. She sends her love, and hopes that if you and Mr. Grey cannot come here for the summer, you will at all events take a run down when Miss Shirreff is with us: and if you get rooms at the Ephraim hotel, we can all breakfast and dine together; as our cottage is large enough for that, though it has but few bedrooms.

"The negotiation with Mr. Parker is off: he wanted to bind me down respecting subsequent editions, and I did not choose to be bound. It is not very important, and I am glad that something is settled.

"Do you keep a look-out as to the *Examiner*. If there is a review of *Self-Culture*, and you buy the paper, please to send it to me. I shall be very anxious to know about it."

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *28th August*, 1856.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—You do both me and yourself great injustice by calling your criticism '*unsought*.' So far from this, I find your suggestions too valuable not to ask for them; and I have adopted at least five out of six of every emendation you proposed. In regard to the more general objections contained in your letter, I see considerable force in them: but, as they do not strike at any great principle, or even at the accuracy of any particular fact, it seems hardly worth while to undergo the labour of re-writing and re-arranging so large a part of the MSS. Such alteration in any chapter would also compel me to alter the notes belonging to that chapter, as they are consecutively numbered, and could not be altered without defacing the text. Unless, therefore, there is anything fundamentally vicious in the

arrangement and proportion of the different parts, I would not change them now. Besides this, I may fairly say that I have bestowed considerable thought on the general scheme, and I think that I could bring forward arguments (too long for a letter) to justify the apparently disproportionate length of the notice of Burke and Bichat. As to the French Protestants, I am more inclined to agree with you: though, even here, it is to be observed that general historians represent the struggle between Protestants and Catholics as *always* a struggle between toleration and intolerance: and as I assert that the triumph of the Catholic party in France has increased toleration, I thought myself bound to support with full evidence what many will deem a paradoxical assertion. Read, for instance, Smedley's *History of the Reformed Church of France*, which is constantly appealed to as an authority, and is the most elaborate work in English on the subject, and in it you will see how completely the author has misrepresented the contest of the two parties under Louis XIII. Even Sismondi, liberal as he is, does not treat the Catholics fairly. I have also worked this part of the subject at the greater length, because I thought it confirmed one of the leading propositions in my 5th Chapter, to the effect that religious tenets do not so much affect society as they are affected by it. I wished to show how much more depends on circumstance

than on dogma: it was therefore useful to prove that though the Catholics are theoretically more intolerant than the Protestants, they were in France, practically more tolerant; and that this arose from the pressure of general events."

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *8th October*, 1856.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—My mother is as well as when you were here. Her loss of speech, which lasted for a few minutes, has left no mischief behind so far as one can perceive: only it is disheartening to see that with the utmost care so little has been done towards preventing such attacks. But Mr. Rix, in whom I place some confidence, assures me most positively that she is upon the whole steadily improving; and he makes little account of her late temporary seizure. On the 29th we separate: she to Boulogne, I to London.

"In regard to your publishing translations, I thought, and still think, that looking at your remote interests, the step is not advisable. But I had then hoped that before this time you would be fit for real work; and, as I fear that, though better, you are still hardly in a state to go on with what you projected, it remains for you to consider how far it is worth while to sacrifice the present to the future. The main point, I think, is, what prospect you have of a speedy recovery of strength.

I am most unwilling to believe that you will be for any length of time unfit for work; but, if there were reason to apprehend this, certainly my objections against your appearing as a translator would be weakened. Wait till I come to town, and we will talk it over—for I do most sincerely trust that the mountain air will have done so much to re-establish you, that when we meet you will have gained your strength and lost your fears. If not, you know well that I will do whatever lies in my power either in the way of advice or of any description of active help which you may require. Meanwhile, don't try too much at present, and be a firm believer in *time* and *patience*. You say that you are better than you were. This is a clear gain, and shows the direction in which things are tending.

"Your letter raises several questions of interest which if I had you here I would answer categorically and discursively; but when I tell you that it is now ten o'clock at night, and that I have had a hard day's work, I know you will excuse my not entering into them now. I am, in truth, so tired as hardly to know what I am writing; but I would not delay, as I wished this letter to meet you on your arrival at Manchester. Only one thing I will say in regard to *Diversions of Purley*: that Horne Tooke was a nominalist and sensationalist, and that Donaldson and Bunsen were

idealists—hence the opposition. Tooke's book is a fine sample of deductive reasoning in philology: indeed he says, if I rightly remember, that he arrived at his conclusions before knowing a word of Anglo-Saxon; so that his facts are *illustrations*, not *proofs*.

"I am sorry, but not surprised to hear of Hope: but I am glad that you have escaped from him with so little loss. As soon as I go to town I shall see what is doing with *Self-Culture*.

"This is a sad scrawl, but I am really oppressed with work."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, 28*th October*, 1856.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,— * * * * To-morrow I shall go to Petheram, to show him the notice, or rather, short review, of your book; and consult with him if it is worth while to extract anything to put in his catalogue. I should have liked to have known Mr. Puff. I always was a charlatan, and the older I grow, the more the propensity waxes.

"My mother goes from Tunbridge Wells to Boulogne, avoiding London. She is, I think, better than when you were with us. I am just like a child come home for the holidays, in the midst of my toys. What lovely things books are! I suppose some time or other I too shall publish a book, but I don't know much about it."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *18th November*, 1856.

"DEAR MRS. GREY,—I am doubly glad to hear of the article in the *Church of England Review;* glad for the sake of your book, and glad too, as it proves that the orthodox are losing their power of distinguishing friends from enemies; and this I take to be a mark of their coming fall, for is it not written that they whom the gods seek to overthrow, they first dement?

"On Friday next, 21st, at seven I shall wait upon you with the feeling of respect that your note naturally inspires."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *15th December*, 1856.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,— * * * * I am certainly better, and fully intend returning from the sea[12] vigorous and (if anybody contradicts me) dangerous. At present I am safe, cowardly, and taciturn."

"I have very good accounts from my mother."

"BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, *22nd December*, 1856.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—You asked me to let you know how I was going on, and although I cannot give a favourable account, I will not be so insensible to your kindness as to delay writing any longer.

[12] Boulogne.

"Dr. Allatt precisely confirms what Mr. Morgan said in London, that I am weak: with low fever hanging about me. I am to live well, and take quinine—both of which I have done since coming here, but without much effect. Fortunately, I only feel weak physically, and am as fit for head work as I ever was. This is a great comfort to me, and I am only sorry not to get on with my first volume; though if I were in town, I should probably feel the fatigue too much of moving and opening books for verifying my notes. Dr. Allatt suspects that the brain has been overworked, but says he will not speak positively at present; at all events, he thinks there is nothing which I shall not soon get over; but he strongly urges my putting aside my first volume for the present. To lose another season would be a great vexation to me; and then, too, these early checks make me think mournfully of the future. If I am to be struck down in the vestibule, how shall I enter the temple?

"I shall certainly stay here till the end of this month; and then if I am not better, there is nothing for it but travelling, as while I am stationary I must work."

It was indeed no wonder that at last his health began to feel the strain. No doubt personal experience originated his "strong suspicion," that "with a given mind, there must and will be a

certain physical structure, of which we may modify the effects, but never change the nature."[13] We may modify the effects, indeed; but he aggravated, rather than mitigated them. The "while I am stationary, I must work," was true enough; but not in the implication. It was simply impossible for him not to work, and he worked hard, though not so hard as when at home, while travelling. He read even in the train. While, too, he accomplished his minimum of seven hours a day, his only relaxation was playing at chess; and when we take into consideration that his weakness was not so much bodily in its origin as nervous, and the great anxiety he suffered on account of his mother's health, it is by no means astonishing that the tension at last proved too great, and his health broke down.[14] Miss Shirreff writes: "His mother knew too well that she could not afford to wait. During the spring and summer of 1856 she was more ill, and had a more general sense of failing than she would allow him to know. She kept up her courage and her spirits for his sake, lest he should be diverted from his work. I was staying with them for a short time at Tun-

[13] *Letter*, 17th July, 1855.

[14] There are several indications in his diary of great weakness. "June 24th, 1856: Went to Divan. Coming home through Hyde Park, I suddenly felt ill, and fell down insensible." He does not say how he got home; and the next day appears to have been in his usual health. Again, 31st October, 1856, he writes: "I sent for Dr. Morgan, who says that I am low, and the system generally out of order."

bridge Wells, and daily she betrayed to me her knowledge that her days were numbered, and her anxiety to see her son take his right place in the world. She had been content that he should hide his bright gifts in their quiet home, so long as the serious purpose of his life required it; but now that it was partly attained, that a portion of his work was ready, she grew eager to see those gifts acknowledged before she herself went forth to be no more seen on earth. Chapter by chapter, almost page by page, had that first volume been planned with her, commented on by her, every speculation as it arose talked over with her; and now her mind was oppressed with the fear that she might never know how those pages, so unutterably precious to her, would be welcomed by those whose welcome would crown her beloved with fame. Yet, to spare him, she never would betray in his presence the real secret of her growing impatience; only when we were alone she would say to me: 'Surely God will let me live to see Henry's book;' and she did live to see it, and to read the dedication to herself, the only words she was unprepared to meet. Mr. Buckle told me he bitterly repented the rash act of laying the volume before her, to enjoy her surprise and pleasure, for he was alarmed at her agitation. Even the next day, when showing it to me, she could not speak; but pointed with tears to the few words that summed up to her the full expression

of his love and gratitude. She thus saw her ardent wish gratified, and her impatience was but too well justified. The second volume was dedicated to her memory alone!"

He had at the end of the year decided to print the volume himself, as he could not come to a satisfactory arrangement with Messrs. Parker. "February 7th, Mr. Levy came to show me a specimen page of my work printed, and gave me an estimate. I settled everything with him, and on Monday they (Levy and Robson) will begin to print and finish the volume by the end of April." He then wrote to Messrs. Parker to ask them whether they would undertake to publish it on commission :—

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *17th February*, 1857.

"MY DEAR SIR,—As you were unwilling—and perhaps reasonably so—to run the risk of printing my work except on conditions which I was equally unwilling to accept, I have determined to print it at my own expense, and I received last Saturday a proof of the first sheet from Levy and Robson's, who were strongly recommended to me by Mr. Forster, and with whose care and attention I have, thus far, every reason to be satisfied.

"My object in writing to you at present is to ask if you would be disposed to publish on commission the 1500 copies which I am printing. In this way

you would avoid the risk of loss, and, should the work prove tolerably successful, you will have a criterion by which to estimate any proposal you might like to make for the subsequent volumes, or for subsequent editions of the first volume. Should the book fail, you will, of course, not be bound to continue your connexion with me after the first edition; and if, on the other hand, it should succeed, it will be for your interest and for mine that the connexion should be a permanent one. We should in this way be united by the bond of self-interest, which seems more satisfactory than the one formerly proposed. I feel that, looking at the character of the works you publish, you are the best publisher I could select, and if you exerted yourself (as I am sure you would do) to push the work, there is no reason to think that there would be any difficulty about subsequent arrangements. At all events you will, I hope, look on my proposition as a proof that our negotiation was not taken off by the smallest want of confidence on my part, but simply by an impression that it was not for my interest to accept your terms—though I must cheerfully acknowledge that I do not believe any publisher ever offered terms so favourable for the first work of an unknown author.

"On Saturday morning I leave town for a few days; but if you should be willing to reopen the negotiation, I will either send for a specimen of

the paper and of the printing, or I will remain at home to see you any morning between 10.30 and 1.30 that you may appoint, if you will favour me by calling before Saturday."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *2nd April*, 1857.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The volume will not be completed before the middle of May, as the notes are even longer than I anticipated, and require very great care in printing. If, however, you think that it is advisable to announce it at once, I have no objection.

"The title is—

"HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND,

"By Henry Thomas Buckle.

"Volume I.—Being the first part of a General Introduction.[15]

"I believe it is understood between us that the issue of this edition (of 1500 copies) is a sort of experiment to enable an opinion to be formed of the probable success of the book; and that in the event of the whole impression selling satisfactorily, we may then (i. e. if you think proper) recur to the plan of your paying a certain sum for each subsequent edition.

"As in matters of business much unpleasantness

[15] It will be observed that this last was omitted.

is avoided by being explicit at first, you will, I am sure, excuse my recapitulating this, and suggesting that a memorandum should be drawn up stating that our actual engagement is confined to the first edition of the first volume, and that you agree to publish it on commission for me according to the terms contained in your printed paper. If this is contrary to the usual course, it will be quite sufficient that you should write me a note to the same effect, as I trust that you feel as much confidence in my word as I do in yours, and my only object is to prevent the possibility of misunderstanding subsequently arising."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *3rd April*, 1857.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your note is quite sufficient, and the advertisement is correct.

"In regard to boarding the volume, Mr. Bell suggested to me the other day that it would be better only to have 500 bound, and the remainder in sheets; as that, in case of the sale being slow, they would keep better in sheets, and be less liable to lose their colour. Is this the case? and what do you think the best plan? If there is no fear of injury, I should prefer having the whole impression boarded at once.

"I shall be able to meet your wishes in regard to the point you mentioned the last time you

called; and I can appropriate a dry room to receive 1000 copies until you require them, leaving you only 500 at first.

"Believe me, &c.

"I am much obliged by the good wishes you express for my success, and I fully agree with you that we shall get on well together. Indeed, even at the time that I thought it advisable to break off our former negotiations, I always did justice to the open way in which you met me, and to the liberal character of your offer."

"BRIGHTON, *1st March*, 1857.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—It is very cheering to hear you at length say that you are quite well and able to work once more regularly; but pray take example from your former state, and also from mine, and proceed *gradually*. I should never have been as I am now but for an eager desire to save this season. Indeed, I was getting half ashamed at constantly putting off what I was perhaps too ready to talk about. However, all this is past, and comparing one month with another I certainly am not losing ground, so that I have every right to suppose that diminished labour will be rewarded by increased strength.

"In a week or two I shall ask you to revise Chapters XII. and XIV., the only two not quite com-

pleted. My mother, I really think, is better; but Dr. Bright says the greatest caution is needed, and allows her to see literally no one except my sister—not even her own niece."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *30th March*, 1857.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,— * * * I shall take my mother to Brighton the day before Good Friday if the wind is not too cold for her. She will stay there, but I must return to town early in the week. I am gaining strength slowly, but steadily, which I take to be the safest way."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *1st April*, 1857.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—I have not yet received your note by post, but shall be very happy to dine with Mrs. Shirreff to-morrow (Thursday) at seven. When you show me your Philos. Transac. I shall be better able to advise you about them.

"I will not delay a post in writing, and therefore have had no time yet to look at your notes, but am half inclined to be vexed at your thinking it necessary to apologize for their freedom. Let them be as free and hostile as they may, I well know the spirit in which they are dictated."

"BRIGHTON, *18th April*, 1857.

"DEAR MRS. GREY,—I shall return to town on

Monday, and am vexed to think that you are to leave London just as I enter it. Thanks much for the offer of Miss Shirreff's aid. Perhaps, as you have Descartes, she will take the trouble of verifying the references from his work, if you will send them to Chester Street.

"I forget whether or not I asked you some time ago (as I intended to do) to write to Mrs. —— (I don't know if I spell rightly the name of your friend in Stockholm) for information respecting Swedish and other books on the Life of Christina. Captain Woodhead is engaged by my advice on this subject, and is busy learning Swedish; and I have promised to collect information for him in regard either to MSS. or printed books. He meditates a journey to Stockholm in the summer, but it will save time to go there furnished with preliminary knowledge as to the best sources.

"Please, dear Mrs. Grey, why do you put to me such puzzling questions? That a man should be so unfortunate as to be asked to give an account of the transcendental process in a note! That he should have a friend who can make such a request! And then, perhaps, blamed for not complying with it! Such a man is greatly to be pitied—particularly when the poor creature intends entering into details respecting German transcendentalism in a second volume which he meditates writing, and which he hopes will convey comfort to those

orthodox minds which his first volume may have embarrassed.

"Seriously, however, I do not think anything can be better on this most interesting subject than the passages I have collected from Kant (at end of Chapter I.), in which he vindicates *transcendentally* the freedom which he destroys *logically*. The logical deals with the universal understanding; the transcendental with the individual reason. The first explains without feeling; the second feels without explaining. The first being performed by one mind may be repeated and imitated by another. The second is by its nature incapable of being copied because it concerns an eminently individual, and, as it were, an isolated process. Therefore it is, that logical truths are dependent upon the age in which they are found. That is to say, the state of surrounding knowledge supplies the major premiss. On the other hand, in the transcendental process, the mind itself supplies the major premiss. From this it appears, that if two minds are exactly of the same nature, they will arrive at the same transcendental conclusions, whatever be the difference of country or age in which they live. In regard, however, to their logical conclusions, they will arrive at different results in proportion as the varieties of their surroundings. Knowledge supplies them with different ideas. Or, to give another illustration, the transcendental is *statical;* the logical is *dynamical.*

"There are extremely few persons (indeed, only two besides yourself) to whom I would have written all this: because, setting a high value on clearness, I dislike the appearance of mysticism. But I know you well enough to feel sure that you will not accuse me of affecting obscurity in a matter which is rather dark than difficult. Still, I am fearful that you will not quite catch my meaning. Do not keep this letter, but make a memorandum of the heads, and when we meet, I will try and explain what I have said. But oblige me by putting the letter itself in the fire; as I do not care about having my opinions on these most sacred subjects discussed.[16]

"I should like to have a line or two from you (to Oxford Terrace) to say how far our minds have met on common ground in this field of thought. One thing at least I know, that we both respect each other's convictions.

"I am, &c.

"My mother is really better. She sends her kind love. I wish you and she could see more of each other. She has gone through the process of which we have been speaking."

He writes to Mrs. Bowyear on the same subject as follows:—

"You remind me that I have not answered your

[16] This letter was kept by permission given afterwards.

former questions respecting transcendental convictions, and the relation between them and religious belief; the reason of my silence is the impossibility of treating such subjects in a letter. In conversation you would raise difficulties and ask for further information on what seemed obscure, but you cannot *cross-examine* a letter, and on subjects of such immense difficulty I fear to be misunderstood; and I shrink from saying anything that might give a painful direction to your speculations. In regard to books, on this there is nothing in English, and what perhaps I should most recommend are the minor works of Fichte, which I could lend you if you find yourself strong enough in German to master them. The difference between the transcendental operations of the reason and the empirical operations of the understanding is also worked out by Kant, and at the end of my first chapter you will find all the passages collected in which that wonderful thinker applies this difference to solve the problem of free will and necessity. Coleridge saw the difficulty, but *dared* not investigate it. Miserable creatures that we are, to think that we offend God by using with freedom the faculties that God has given us! There is only one safe maxim on these questions, viz., that if we strive honestly after the truth, we satisfy our conscience, and, having done all that lies in our power, may wash our hands of the result. If this maxim

be neglected, then investigations will only lead to a life of misery, and had far better be left alone."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, 30*th April*, 1857.

"DEAR MRS. GREY,—I enclose pp. 481—512, the only two sheets which you have missed. What you say about Descartes absenting himself from France is quite true, but there is no evidence that he did so for liberty's sake, tho', if I remember rightly, the very imperfect account of him in the *Biogr. Universelle* [17] asserts that such was his motive. But in his correspondence he says that his object in going to Holland was to separate himself from his friends that he might meditate uninterruptedly; and certainly there was at that time less free discussion in Holland than in France. In regard to his subsequent visit to Sweden, it was partly to procure a settlement (his pecuniary affairs being deranged), and partly from real admiration for that most remarkable and cruelly maligned woman, Christine.

"In regard to the note on the crystalline lens, I confess that I think you are right, and therefore I

[17] "Revenu des ses voyages, il jeta un coup-d'œil sur les diverses occupations des hommes; il sentit que la seule qui lui convînt était la culture de sa raison; mais comme tout était extrême dans cette âme ardente, il crut que s'il restait en France il ne serait ni assez seul ni assez libre; il vendit une partie de son bien, et se retira en Hollande (1629), comme dans un séjour tranquille, particulièrement propre à la paix et à la liberté de ses méditations."

am wrong. My mind, and hence my reading, is too discursive, and, what is worse, the discursiveness is too ostentatiously displayed, as I clearly perceive now that the volume is printed. This is fortunately rather a blemish than an error, as the arguments and facts which form the framework of the book remain intact.

"My mother is a little better, and writes very sanguinely about herself. I do not get up my strength as I ought, and don't expect much improvement till I am through the press. * * * *

"Observe that Descarte's works were not prohibited in France during his life-time, and therefore *à fortiori* why should his person have been attacked?

"I shall insert a note at the end of Chapter VIII. to say that Descartes died in Sweden. Thanks very much, dear Mrs. Grey, for your criticisms. They are useful to me, and I am also glad to have them as showing the interest you take in what I am doing."

The long-delayed work, which at last had to be printed at the author's expense, at length appeared, and met with an almost instantaneous success. In London it became the talk of the season, and its author the lion of the season. There was so much originality, such power, such industry, and such fearlessness, that public curiosity was piqued to

meet the obscure author. Courted, feasted, and caressed in private, he was attacked in public by the mass of reviews. But, as he once said at Cairo, "the people of England have such an admiration of any kind of intellectual splendour, that they will forgive for its sake the most objectionable doctrines," and his brilliant conversation was an additional incentive to all who met him to make his acquaintance; while, as he writes to Mr. Capel,[18] "If I had written more obscurely I should have excited less anger," it had the effect of selling his book the quicker. "If men are not struck down by hostility, they always thrive by it," he writes,[19] and he had sold 675 copies of the edition at the end of the year of its publication. Mr. Parker agreed to buy a new edition of 2000 copies for 500*l.* It found its way all over the continent. The Americans began reprinting it the same year that it was published, and, in May, he had a visit from a Russian gentleman, who told him of its success at Moscow.

It was, of course, impossible for Buckle to answer the very numerous attacks that were made upon him from all quarters. Had he done so, he would never have written anything more. But he collected and read them. In October, 1858, he writes to Miss Shirreff: "As I collect *every* criticism on my work, I wish you would let me know the date of

[18] 24th October, 1857. [19] September, 1861.

the * * * Such things in after years will be very interesting. Besides this, I want my book to get among the Mechanics' Institutes and the *people;* and to tell you the honest truth, I would rather be praised in popular and, as you would rightly call them, *vulgar* papers, than in *scholarly* publications. The —— and —— are no judges of the critical value of what I have done; but they are admirable judges of its *social* consequences among their own class of readers. And these are they whom I am now beginning to touch, and whom I wish to move."

The greater number of the objections brought against his arguments by the various reviewers would, taken together, almost answer each other; and any one who might feel inclined to try will find a list of them at the end of this work. Buckle publicly answered only one[20] which he selects because of the "marvellous ignorance" it displays, and which he uses as a vehicle to warn the public against lending too much weight to such ephemeral productions. But to his friends and privately he justified himself against attack. Thus, he wrote "a long letter to Dr. Lyon Playfair[21] in answer to one just received respecting my chemical views of 'cheap food;'" wrote[22] a long letter to Vice-Chancellor Wood in answer to a long letter from him objecting to my superiority of Intellectual laws;" and again "to

[20] *History of Civilization*, vol. ii. p. 5, note 5.

[21] October 18th, 1857.

[22] November 1st, 1857.

Professor Wheatstone, justifying my assertion that Malus discovered the polarization of light."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, 31*st October*, 1857.

"MY DEAR VICE-CHANCELLOR,[23]—I cannot sufficiently thank you for your interesting letter—interesting inasmuch as it deals with a most important subject which has cost me some years of anxious reflection; and interesting in a narrower and personal point of view, because it shows the kindly feeling with which you regard my inquiries, even where you differ with their result. I have been for some time, partly from severe mental suffering, and partly from overwork, so reduced in strength as to be incapable of sustained application; and, although I am now steadily gaining ground, quite unequal to enter into so elaborate an argument as your objections require.

"Indeed, it would under any circumstances be impossible for me, within the limits of a letter, to make any reply worth your listening to. I can only hope that at some future day we may have an opportunity of talking the subject over, when I flatter myself that I should convince you—not that I am right (for our methods of investigation are too different to admit of unanimity of result)—but that I am not altogether and thoroughly wrong in

[23] Lord Hatherley.

ascribing the progress of society to Intellectual Laws rather than moral ones.

"In reference to the *individual*, I have always admitted the superiority of the moral elements, which I as strenuously deny in reference to the organization of society. I have not made the admission in my Book, simply because my inquiry has nothing to do with the individual, but is solely concerned with the dynamics of masses. Thus, for instance, when I say that the marriages annually contracted by a nation are uninfluenced by personal considerations, I am surely justified in a scientific point of view in making this statement; because, although each individual is moved by such considerations, we find that they are invisible in the mass, and that the laws of food govern the phenomenon in its totality.

"This way of putting it is, I am afraid, very unsatisfactory—as must be the case in all attempts to defend a complicated paradox (for paradox it is) in a few words, and at a short notice, and, moreover, with diminished powers—for I have not energy left to reopen the great question. Still, I would not delay a post in answering your very kind letter and thanking you heartily for it.

"The mass of national marriages is no doubt *immediately* determined by the mass of personal consideration. But this, which in the individual is

the supreme cause, is in the mass only the *proximate* cause.

"Scientifically, we always look at the most *remote* cause, or the highest generalization, which in this case resolves itself into the physical laws of food. Here, as in many other things, there is an antagonism between practice (which deals with the most proximate causes) and science (which deals with the most remote ones)."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *2nd November*, 1857.

"MY DEAR VICE-CHANCELLOR,—Since I wrote to you on Saturday night, it has occurred to me to make two remarks: The first is, that in from (I should suppose) fifteen to twenty different reviews which I have seen of my work, I do not remember that a single attack is made upon my assertion respecting the superiority of Intellectual Laws. The other remark I wish to make is, that in what I am told are generally considered to be the two ablest articles, my theory is distinctly admitted.

"The *Saturday Review*, July 11, p. 39, says:—'We think that Mr. Buckle makes good his point. The primary cause of progress is in the intellect, but the subordinate cause—that is, moral motives—modifying the primary cause indefinitely.' And the writer adds, what I fully admit, that such

modifications are enormous, and until they are ascertained the science is incomplete.

"The *Westminster Review* for October says, p. 396, 'We may then very seriously regret, as Mr. Buckle does, the common notions of the influence of moral principle on the progress of civilization.'

"Who wrote the article in the *Saturday Review* I do not know:[24] but the article in the *Westminster* was written by an Oxford clergyman of considerable reputation, and as such, not likely to be prejudiced in my favour.

"These facts show that among thinking men the balance of opinion is not so entirely against me as you suppose; and you will perhaps forgive me if I add that they may possibly induce you to reconsider some expressions in your letter which on second reading of it, struck me more than they did at first. You object against me the confidence of my language, and yet you do not scruple yourself to pronounce conclusions, which I have arrived at honestly and with great labour, to be *glaring fallacies*. I have said, and I deliberately repeat, that my inferences are *from my point of view* (that is, an investigation of the *remote* and PRIMARY causes of civilization) impregnable. Unless the ordinary and received methods of argument are erroneous, I am satisfied that the superiority of the Intellectual

[24] It was Mr. Sandars, whom he soon after met at Mr. Parker's.

Laws is proved both *à priori* and *à posteriore;* and I am equally satisfied that this is only applicable to the progress of *society*, but that in regard to the *individual* the superiority of the Moral Laws may be proved as decisively.

"You will, I trust, accept this second letter as an evidence of the value which I attach to your opinion. If I cared less for your judgment, I should write less earnestly; but I cannot sit down quietly under the conviction that able and upright men believe me to have asserted doctrines which are erroneous, and which nothing but their palpable absurdity prevents from being pernicious.

"You say that printing *diffused* moral truths, and hence caused progress. This is quite true: but if the intellect invented the printing, it follows that the result is due to the original mover. If I push a man against you and kill you, who is the cause of the death? The proximate cause is the man pushed, but the real cause is the man who pushes. The object of all science is to rise from proximate causes to more remote ones, while in practice (which concerns the individual, and deals, not with the *science*, but with the *art* of life) the safest course is to look at what is proximate. Therefore I hold that in the former case the intellectual laws are supreme; in the latter case the moral laws. To return to my illustration: in practice you would save your life by avoiding the

man who was pushed against you: but in criminal law (which is, or rather ought to be, a science), you would direct your attention to the more remote cause, and prosecute the man who pushed. Here is the antagonism between science and art which lies at the root of many of my speculations."[25]

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *5th May*, 1858.

"MY DEAR SIR,[26]—In our conversation last night you remarked that in speaking of Malus as the discoverer of the "polarization of light" I had used a mode of expression which was not used by any writer of authority, and on my suggesting that Biot had so expressed himself, you said that he was careful to qualify the statement as 'polarization of light *by reflexion*.'

"Of course I admitted at once, what indeed is

[25] Of the reviews I have seen, Buckle's view on the superiority of intellectual laws is attacked in the following:—

Review.	Published.	Month.	Year.
Edinburgh Review	Edinburgh	April	1858
Blackwood's Magazine		November	1858
Fraser's Magazine		September	1859
Dublin University Magazine		January	1858
National Review		January	1858
North American Review	Boston	October	1858
Ibid		October	1861
The Christian Examiner	Boston	March	1858
Ibid		January	1863
The Bradford Review		March	1860

The letter to Lord Hatherley was written 2nd November, 1857.

[26] Sir Charles Wheatstone.

known to every one interested in these subjects, that Malus's discovery was as you stated it; but I still venture to think that there was nothing unusual in my way of putting it. I now find on referring to Biot's Life of Malus (*Biographie Universelle*, vol. xxvi. p. 410) that M. Biot uses the very words which I have employed, *without* the word *reflexion*. He says: Malus "auteur d'une des plus importantes découvertes de la physique, celle de la polarisation de la lumière, naquit à Paris," &c.

"Besides this, M. Pouillet, in his *Elemens de Physique* (vol. ii., part ii., p. 484, Paris, 1832) says that Malus "découvrit en 1810, la polarisation de la lumière."

"Neither of these eminent authorities thinks it necessary to qualify their statement; and I do not see how any one can be fairly accused of inaccuracy in following their example.

"I would not have troubled you with this letter except that your kindness in suggesting what you thought a necessary alteration in my work makes me wish to testify the respect I feel for any opinion of yours, and makes me also desire to prevent your supposing that I retain what I have written out of mere obstinacy. I confess, too, that I should be sorry if able and accomplished men were to believe that I would write on the history of physical science without having properly qualified myself to do so.

"Sincerely thanking you for the interest you take in what I have done,

"I am, dear sir, with much regard,

"Very truly yours,

"HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE."

"BODMIN, 18*th July*, 1857.

"MY DEAR SIR,[27]—Your two letters of the 7th and 11th did not reach me till some ten days after they were written, as I have been exploring out-of-the-way parts of Cornwall, and could not calculate my movements precisely, so had to wait for my letters at Penzance.

"I have now read the articles in the *Athenæum* and *Saturday Review*. Of the former I say nothing, because it is an attack upon my book, and no man is a fair judge in his own cause. In regard to the *Saturday Review*, the writer has shown considerable skill in grasping the salient points, and, I think, has exercised remarkable discretion in giving no extracts. Whoever he may be, he is unquestionably a man of very considerable ability and power of analysis.

"I do not know if any other notices have appeared. On the 23rd and 24th I shall be in Bristol, where I have directed my next batch of letters to be sent."

[27] Mr. Parker.

"BRIGHTON, 10*th October*, 1857.

"MY DEAR CAPEL,—I return Mrs. Huth's note, which I am much pleased to read. You rightly judge that I assign considerable weight to any opinion expressed by thinking women, and in this instance I have, of course, special reasons for doing so, as to praise her opinion is to praise my own work—and thus do we delude ourselves!

"I agree with you about *Fraser*. Indeed, the only real judgment of my book is that in the *Saturday Review*;[28] and even there the writer has not stated the fundamental principles of my method—viz., that Political Economy and Statistics form the only means of bridging over the chasm that separates the study of nature from the study of mind. I wish, too, that I could get a well-written article in a scientific journal—not one reviewer having grappled (either by way of attack or defence) with my more strictly physical views.[29]

"The *Westminster* reviewer[30] brings two special charges against me. He says, first, *That* in the

[28] July 11th, 1857, and *Fraser* for October, 1857. They were both, however, by the same hand—Mr. Sandars.

[29] A little before his death one such review appeared, not in a scientific journal, but in *Blackwood's Magazine* (November, 1861, vol. xc. No. 553, pp. 582—596) entitled "Mr. Buckle's Scientific Errors"—but which is itself, apart from other matter, full of errors of mere statement.

[30] For October, 1857, vol. xii. new series, Art. No. iv. pp. 375—399.

latter part of my volume I violate my own method, and write deductively instead of inductively; and, 2nd, *That*, while I deny the importance of individuals, I ascribe the greatest effects to Louis XIV.

"I answer: 1st, *That* in the first five chapters I establish certain principles by *induction*, and in the next nine chapters verify these by a *deductive* application; and that this is not an *infringement* of my method, but a necessary *change* of it, inasmuch as the alteration of *aim* requires an alteration of *treatment*. The *Principia* are partly inductive and partly deductive, but who on that account ever charged Newton with inconsistencies? They alone are inconsistent who do not change their scheme if the change of plan demand it.

"To the second objection I say *that* I only ascribe a *transient* influence to Louis XIV., since his work was undone by the reaction of the eighteenth century. So that my general proposition still holds good—viz., that in the *long run* (or on the great average of affairs) individuals count for nothing. Besides this, I distinctly state, in chapter xi., that the way was *prepared* by the Protective Spirit for Louis XIV.; so that even his transient influence was partly due to the action of those general causes which governed the march of the French mind.

"I shall remain here probably till the last week in October, and then return to Oxford Terrace. I

am certainly better, and am able to write a little of my second volume. I am now engaged on the first chapter, which contains an analysis of Spanish civilization, and of the causes and consequences of the influence of the Church in Spain."

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *13th August*, 1858.

"MY DEAR CAPEL,—I am afraid I can't help you about the quotations. It is so long since I paid attention to these matters, and, to say the truth, it is the last point upon which I had expected to be attacked. You were shrewd enough about the authorship of the article in the *Quarterly*—you know your own trade-mark.[31] I wish you had told me how you enjoyed your trip. I am quite well, and working very hard at Scotland—a tough morsel.

"I am almost sure you will find something in *Wetstein*."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *5th August*, 1857.

"MY DEAR CAPEL,—Thanks for your note, but I don't feel inclined to supply the American gentlemen with the information about myself in this indirect manner. They have both the power and the right to reprint my book in any way they choose, but the notes are so voluminous that unless they appoint me competent editor the volume will swarm with blunders, and in such case I shall for

[31] Mr. Capel was a clergyman.

my own reputation, disavow it by public advertisement. In works of this character the usual course has been with the most respectable American publishers to communicate directly with the author or with his publishers. I mean this has been the course if they required any aid or information; but it is quite unusual for them to get their information by applying indirectly, and obtaining what they want through the author's friends. If the American publishers have any proposal to make and will write to me, I shall be anxious to meet them in a fair and liberal spirit, so far as is consistent with the interest of my publishers, to whom of course I shall refer the matter. * * * *

"Parker's account of my book is very satisfactory, and additional copies have been recently taken by Mudie, making twelve in all. About a week ago twenty-five copies were sent out to America on speculation."

Messrs. Appleton reprinted his first volume without giving him anything; afterwards, when the second volume was published they sent him perhaps 50*l.*[32] He afterwards wrote to Mr. Theodore Parker as follows:—

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, 9*th July*, 1858.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Absence from town prevented

[32] *Atlantic Monthly*, p. 495.

me from receiving till yesterday your very kind and friendly letter. I certainly shall not venture to write upon the civilization of your noble country until I have visited it, and satisfied myself in regard to many matters respecting which books (as you truly say) supply no adequate information. Indeed, in the national character of every really great people there is a certain shape and colour which cannot be recognized at a distance. But, at present, I am exclusively occupied with an analysis of the civilization of Spain and Scotland, which I hope to publish early next year; and should I fulfil that expectation, I shall hope to visit America in the summer of 1859.

"In regard to Scotland the leading facts are its religious intolerance and the absence of municipal spirit during the middle ages. The causes of these phenomena I have attempted to generalize.

"Spain I have almost finished, but I find a difficulty in collecting evidence respecting the rapid decline of that country during the reigns of Philip III., Philip IV., and Charles II. In investigating the *causes* of the decline (both remote and proximate) I trust that I have not been wholly unsuccessful. In Mr. Ticknor's singularly valuable 'History of Spanish Literature' there is more real information than can be found in any of the many Spanish histories that I have had occasion to read.

"You mention a book on America by a Pole as being important, but I cannot quite decipher his name. I should be very glad to buy it, and if you would take the trouble to send its title either to me or to your London bookseller, with a request that he should forward it to me, you would render me a service.

"I do not like reading at public libraries, and I purchase nearly all the books which I use. I have at present about 20,000 volumes.

"I believe you correspond with Mr. Chapman; if so, would you kindly beg him to send me any criticisms which appear in America on my book. You ought to know of some which he would not be aware of.

"Some time ago I received from an American publisher a request that I would write my life. At that time I was very unwell, worn from overwork, and harassed by domestic anxiety. I also thought the form of the request rather blunt, and from all these causes I was induced to return a somewhat curt answer, and one very foreign to my usual habits. But you and I are no longer strangers to each other, and I willingly send you the particulars which you desire for your friend.

"I was born at Lee, in Kent, on the 24th of November, 1822. My father was a merchant. His name was Thomas Henry Buckle, and he was descended from a family, one of whom was well

known as Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He died in 1840. My mother, who still lives, was a Miss Middleton, of the Yorkshire Middletons.

"As a boy my health was extremely delicate, and my parents were fortunately guided by that good and wise man Dr. Birkbeck (whose name I believe is not unknown in America), who forbad my receiving any education that would tax the brain.

"This prevented me from being, in the common sense of the word, educated, and also prevented my going to college. When I was in my eighteenth year my father died (January, 1840) and left me in independent circumstances, in a pecuniary point of view.

"My health steadily improved, and to this moment I had read little except 'Shakespeare,' the 'Arabian Nights,' and Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' three books on which I literally feasted.

"Between the ages of eighteen and nineteen I conceived the plan of my book—dimly indeed—but still the plan was there, and I set about its execution. From the age of nineteen I have worked on an average nine to ten hours daily. My method was this. In the morning I usually studied physical science, in the forenoon languages (of which till the age of nineteen I was deplorably ignorant), and the rest of the day history and

jurisprudence. In the evening general literature. I have always steadily refused to write in reviews, being determined to give up my life to a larger purpose.

"I have, therefore, produced nothing except the first volume of my 'History,' and the 'Lecture on the Influence of Women.'

"This, I think, is all you requested me to communicate. Any further information which your friend may require will be much at his service. I should always feel it a pleasure and a privilege to hear from you."[33]

It is time, however, that we should pause a little to consider the history which was emphatically Buckle's Life.

[33] Weiss' "Life of Theodore Parker," pp. 468–469, I.

CHAPTER III.

ENOUGH has been said of the reception of the *History of Civilization,* but a few words will be of use on its conception. No fragment indeed, before or since, has ever made so deep an impression. The boldness of its generalizations, the vast learning, the singularly clear and simple style, together with the intimation that the reader had before him in that weighty volume, but a part of an introduction to a work, must inevitably excite a world-wide curiosity. The way in which Buckle said what he thought, despite ancient prejudices and traditions, greatly captivated the mass, and equally excited the anger of the dull and mechanic plodder, who is at once ignorant enough to consider himself the salt of the earth, and torpid enough to be positively hurt by any jog to the even run of his ideas in their accustomed groove. But the very beauty and perfection of this fragment exposed it to the attack of disingenuous foes, as well as to that class of careless reader, who, misled by the beauty of the outline, considered and criticized it as though it were

a finished drawing. "Mr. Buckle has not proved this, and not proved that," they say; "He has omitted to mention this, and forgotten to give due effect to the other;" as though, forsooth, the work were finished and the proof were done. As well might we blame Fielding for the preference Mrs. Blyfil shows for Tom Jones to her own son. It is only necessary to consider that we know the author's plan better than he does himself, and omit to read the finish of his novel. Moreover, since these critics are unaccustomed to look at history in a scientific spirit, and are smarting under the free use of Buckle's surgical knife, to their social and literary excrescences, they are, perhaps, and not unnaturally, very anxious to find fault. Despite many worthy exceptions, we too often see death preferred to an honourable surrender, and the pitiful spectacle is presented to us, of minds, capable enough, reduced by their narrow education to carping criticism. Men who undertake the office of critic, should at least take the trouble to understand their author; and not blame Buckle, as for instance, M. v. Oettingen does, when really he is himself to blame. M. v. Oettingen has only failed to understand Buckle, and hence I choose this instance in preference to others, in which I might be led into saying harsh things upon certain authors who wander out of their course, to gratify their appetite of revenge, and indulge in this happiness unhurt, only because

such criticisms are ephemeral, and must fall from very rottenness before the advance of knowledge. The instance I take from M. v. Oettingen is a very typical one. He talks of Buckle's "dilletante manner," and then blames him for his assertion that "In round numbers * * * for every twenty girls, there are twenty-one boys born." Does he not know, says v. Oettingen, that if the still-born are included, the proportion should be expressed as twenty-two and twenty-two hundredths of a boy?[1] It is a pity that M. v. Oettingen, who is an able and laborious man, should not have taken a little more care in first ascertaining what point Buckle wished to illustrate in mentioning these numbers. Supposing he had been utterly wrong about the births, and said that more girls were born than boys, what on earth would it have mattered? All he wishes to show is, that a law was discovered by the method of statistical inquiry, or observation of the mass, which could not be discovered by observation on the individual; and how would the mistake we have supposed have affected this? Again, how often have I seen, not only in contemporary reviews, but in the current literature of the day an utter confusion as to the sense in which Buckle uses the word *scepticism?* And yet he has himself defined it more than once[2] as

[1] *Moralstatistik*, p. 49, 1874.

[2] *History of Civilization*, e. g. vol. i. p. 308.

the spirit of doubt which makes us question ourselves as to our knowledge; and not merely religious scepticism, which is but a part of it. Without this no one can advance, for every one is satisfied with what he knows. The same applies to Sir H. S. Maine's terrible warning concerning Buckle's imprudence in ascribing the low state of Indian civilization to the fact that their principal food is rice, which, he says, is not the case. If Sir H. Maine had read his author more carefully he would have seen that Buckle was not mistaken, that he did not depend solely on old travellers for his information, but that, among many other authorities, the frequent mention of rice as the chief article of diet in the ancient Indian codes of law, shows its great and general importance. However, let us suppose for the moment that Sir H. Maine is right on this point, again Buckle's argument would stand. For, in the first place, whatever the food, there is no doubt it was cheap; in the second, this is only one, among many causes; and thirdly, India is only one instance among many countries of the same chain of causes producing the same effect.

This prevalence of misconception, which is chiefly due, as I have already said, to the fragmentary state of the work on the one hand, which supplies only one side of the proof; and on the other to the want of reiteration of proof and example which would have been supplied in the body of the work, has induced

me to give a condensed account of Buckle's work, with a sketch of the general plan. One thing, however, the reader should bear in mind: it is hardly to be expected that I, with inferior powers, should be able to write in a few pages what Buckle, with his vastly superior powers and great command of language, required two volumes, and more, adequately to state. What I have done is merely to show what the plan of his history was as nearly as can be ascertained. In some cases, indeed, I have attempted to supply additional illustrations on those points which have been most criticized; but nowhere have I attempted to strengthen his authorities, for which the reader must turn to what is extant of the *History of Civilization.*

Buckle begins his inquiry into the laws of Civilization with an investigation into the possibility of the actions of man being determined by natural laws. If they are not the result of fixed laws, then they must be due to chance or to supernatural interference, and thus being by their nature capricious, can never be predicted, and the actions of mankind can therefore never be raised to a science. If, for instance, on dissecting animals we found that different individuals had a great variety of organs, arranged in no particular order, and sometimes one set present and sometimes another, anatomy could never have been raised to a science. If again the chemist found that under the same conditions the

same reactions did not take place, or that, in other words, the elements possessed a will of their own to combine how they liked, chemistry could never have been raised into a science. In the same way, if mankind are wholly uninfluenced by their general constitution and the circumstances in which they are placed, their actions can never be predicted and can therefore never be raised into a science.

Now, this preliminary question resolves itself simply into this: are our actions the result of free will; or are they all pre-ordained; or are they neither the one nor the other, but simply the result of what has gone before? If I take up my hat and go for a walk, is my will the cause; or has it been preordained that so many thousand years after the creation of the world an individual should exist, who at a certain period of his life should take that particular walk? or is it not rather the result of my constitution and the influence of external matters, such as the physiological want of air and exercise, the condition of leisure, my power of walking, my education, the fact that I have an overcoat, or perhaps that it is a fine day, or that I have a friend to visit, and a thousand and one causes that no person can possibly fully weigh? Even should I toss up whether I shall go out, is not that action again determined by a similar series of causes? Even if there be such a power as free

will it is most certain that it is closely hedged about and subordinated to the action of its circumstances. It may be visible in the individual, but in the mass is nowhere to be seen. The progress of mankind is like that of a ship full of passengers, ever moving onward in the same direction, sometimes retarded, and sometimes assisted by the weather, while the individual passengers may walk a little forwards or a little backwards, or sit, or sleep, and still advance. This is what we see in the statistical mirror of our actions, under the same circumstances, the same results; given the antecedents, the result can be predicted—an impossible consequence were our actions undetermined by their antecedents. While therefore, the theory of predestination can only be advanced under the admission that God is bad; and while free will can only be advanced under the supposition that one particular state of consciousness is always true[3] while others are not; the theory that our actions are caused by what has happened to us before—by which of course is meant our inherited internal machinery, the circumstances which have influenced our education, and the actual circumstances amidst which we are placed—is not only highly probable in itself, but is borne out by the only method we have at present for showing it—statistics and history.

[3] See for a fuller explanation the *History of Civilization*, vol. i. pp. 12—16.

For in such matters the observation of one individual upon himself is so liable to individual perturbations that observations conducted in this way can never be relied upon to do more than confirm conclusions arrived at by a larger method. Conclusions arrived at from the fact that they explain history and statistics, are not directly proved, indeed, but they are proved in the same way as Newton proved the theory of gravity, and rest on as assured a ground as the theory of biological evolution.

Surely if free will exists, and mankind are uninfluenced by their antecedents, it is a marvellous thing that we can predict what, under given circumstances, men will do. That we can predict the numbers of persons who will marry in a given year, as easily as the number that will be born. That we can predict, not only the number of people who, driven to desperation, or in a moment of madness, will put an end to their own lives, but that most of them will do so in June, on a Monday, at about midnight; and how many will cut their throats, or hang, or shoot, or drown themselves. That year after year a crime like murder, so often committed in a mere fit of passion, and so often again long premeditated and carefully planned, should year after year occur with a regularity which is simply inexplicable on the theory that such deeds are uninfluenced by external laws. That year after

year the same number of octogenarians will marry; and that even the same number of persons yearly forget to address their letters before posting them.

It is not that should the man, whom circumstances force to suicide, not kill himself, some one else is doomed; but that the man cannot escape as long as the circumstances are unchanged. We can picture to ourselves such things in this way: if a crowd is closely encircled by a wall, the number of people next the wall is only regulated by the circumference; but the individuals next it are determined by their relative strength, the position they held to begin with, and their like or dislike of their position. "But," it is objected by those who argue for free will, "in every class of affairs only a certain number of actions are possible; and hence we must always find certain of them occurring with regularity, provided that we take a sufficiently large number or a long enough time." Mr. Drummond, who advocates this view, instances the throws of dice, "which when narrowly viewed seem utterly capricious, are found, when our observations are allowed a sufficiently wide sweep, to pass under the dominion of fixed rules"[4] In the first place we may object that did we know all the antecedents of the individual throw, such as the original position of the dice in the box, their weight, the number of times they are turned over, the friction, the angle

[4] *Free Will in Relation to Statistics*, p. 16.

at which they are thrown out, the height and the length of the box, we might predict the throw, and that therefore if we take the word "chance" in the strictest sense, no cast of dice can be said to be due to chance. And, as concerns the application of this illustration to mankind, we are not at present interested to show that their actions can be predicted, but that they do not originate from bare free will, and that they are due to various motives. However, we can afford to waive this objection because a direct connexion has been fully shown between circumstances and the actions of mankind. If Mr. Drummond's theory were true, and the actions of mankind were no more subject to their antecedents than impossible dice from an impossible box, then despite such calamities as famine and war, among the same number of people in a good length of time, the same actions should occur with their wonted regularity. But how stands the fact? Marriage, which being a legal act is more certainly registered than any other class of human deeds, is found to be affected in a way that cannot be gainsaid: when the prosperity of a country decreases from whatever cause, marriages become fewer between young people; and old people obtain for their money young husbands or wives.

It is needless to give more such instances of a direct connexion of antecedents with human actions, for they have been patent to all who seek

them for the last twenty years. But those who admit a causal connexion between circumstances and actions, still stand up for a certain amount of Free-Will. V. Oettingen, and even Drummond in another place, admits this causal connexion, but seek to explain its compatibility with the exercise of choice.[5] V. Oettingen seeks to explain the regularity of man's actions by the supposition that man is so made that he wills to act according to laws, which he calls the law of God's Providence.[6] He does not seem to see that this is a mere sophism, and really means absolute absence of true Free Will. Mr. Drummond, again, does not seem to see that if the man obeys the apparently weaker of two impulses by throwing the weight of his mind

[5] Thus v. Oettingen says: "Gerade weil der freie Wille keine accidentelle, sondern ein constante und nach gewissen Gesetzen der Motivation wirkende Ursache ist, müssen auch die dieser Ursache proportionalen Wirkungen eine bei richtiger Analyse und Gruppirung unverkennbare gesetzmässige Constanz hervortreten lassen." *Moralstatistik.* p. 126, And so Drummond: "The most zealous advocate of the doctrine of Free Will must admit that man's freedom moves within very narrow limits. * * * Nor does the doctrine of Free Will teach that we can act without motives. * * * Upon this point then, the Necessarian and the Free-Willer are at one: both allow that man always acts from a motive. The former, however, asserts that he *must* always obey the *stronger;* the latter accords to him a choice involving moral responsibility, between the *better* and the *worse.* * * * The mind, in short, is a living force; by its own act it throws its weight into the scale, and by joining itself to any one motive, gives this the preponderance over all the rest. *Free Will*, &c., pp. 8, 9.

[6] *Moralstatistik*, p. 747, among others. "Welches wir das *Gesetz göttlicher Providenz* oder väterlich heiliger Liebe nennen können," or a modification of Leibnitz's philosophy.

into the scale; that this is nothing more than saying that a man's actions are determined by a variety of antecedents, among which are his constitution and education. To return to our former illustration; these writers see that by the nature of things a certain number of people must be next the enclosing wall; but they insist that it is a matter of free choice to each individual whether he will be one of those next the wall or not.

This is not Fatalism, though it has been frequently mistaken for it. When the length of the wall is altered, the number next it is different. When the course of the ship is altered, the course of the passengers is also changed. But no one man can effect a change of this sort. The mass is too weighty to be moved by his puny strength. Free Will there is, in the sense that each one seeks to satisfy his individual wants; wants which are incompatible with the wants of others, clash, and are annihilated; while wants which do not clash are a part of the general progress. If all are agreed to alter the course of the ship for Australia, it cannot be done if no one knows where Australia is, nor if the provisions will not hold out, nor if the ship is a sailing vessel and the wind is strongly against it. No change in the number of murderers will take place *so long as* the causes which produce murder are unaltered. But they *can* be altered, and are always changing, not indeed

merely by alteration of the laws, but by alteration in the general constitution of society. We are wandering, however, beyond what it is necessary to show. It is quite sufficient for Buckle's purpose if it be admitted that there is a causal connexion between men's actions and their antecedents. It may be called Free Will if we like, so long as we admit that, given precisely the same antecedents, the same act will be performed; and given similar antecedents, similar acts will be performed. This being admitted, we admit the possibility of the science of history, because we admit that men are not different in their action from other parts of our universe, and consequently, could we obtain a knowledge of their behaviour after certain antecedents, we may predict their behaviour at a future period under similar antecedents.

Before proceeding further into an inquiry as to how these antecedents relatively affect men's actions, it will be necessary to draw attention to Buckle's method of procedure. If we look at the ascertained laws of other sciences, it will be found that there are some laws which it is convenient to call greater, and others, less; that is, some laws which include others, as gravitation includes molecular attraction; or those which describe the normal case, and leave the minor variations out of account. If for instance, it were said that all vertebrates have a circulation, that would be perfectly true as a general descrip-

tion, yet the vertebrates have very different kinds of circulation. If again we were to say that one difference between mankind and the lower animals is that the former can communicate their thoughts to each other in articulate speech, that too would be perfectly true in the main, though some people have not the power of speech. If again we say that a stone dropped from a given point will always strike the same spot, this is also true in the main, but the wind may in some cases alter its direction. In these cases we have a perfect right to talk in generalities; just as we have a perfect right to manipulate figures by means of algebraical signs. They are perfectly true on the understanding that we are talking in generalities. If then we wish to describe a general law, it is needless and confusing to set down all its minor details. If we wish to arrive at the acting cause of our motion in space, we take the ultimate cause as high as we can reach it, and leave out of account such minor disturbing causes as the action of the planets. The results thus obtained may not be absolutely true, but it is unquestionable that scientific truths are obtained by these artifices, which could not be obtained by endeavouring to include all the factors at once. If a mathematician were to try to work with a line that had breadth, his conclusions would soon become hopelessly confused.

There is, in short, even in our present state of knowledge, a possibility of determining the grand laws of human progress; and as we progress in knowledge, there is no doubt that we shall be able to determine nearer and nearer the conduct of individuals. The mass of beings are governed by laws which we can even now follow. The individual is influenced by minor laws which we cannot yet determine. It is as if we had discovered the planetary system, but had not yet discovered that each revolves round its own axis, or was attended by minor satellites governed by their own laws. Given the prosperity of a country and the number of its inhabitants, we can predict the number of marriages which will take place in a year; but without further knowledge we cannot predict which individuals will marry.

It is the business, then, of a historian to show the causal relation between historical actions and their antecedents. And since men's antecedents are both internal, or mental, and external, or physical, the earlier qualifications of a historian sound nowadays rather ridiculous: "He understood ancient and modern history so exactly as to be master of all the principal names and dates!"[7] He must indeed understand every science, besides the chronicle of men's actions, or how can he do this? No one previously to Buckle did so. Comte

[7] Chalmer's *Biographical Dictionary*: Art. *Abouzit.*

had no knowledge of political economy.[8] Mill did not write on history, and our most brilliant historian of modern times knew nothing of natural science and hardly anything of mathematics.[9] For most of the so-called historians indeed, a disputed pedigree is of far greater importance than the system of thought of the country they are describing.

Buckle set to work in a different way. He begins by a process of elimination in order to arrive at the highest or most general laws which govern the progress of mankind. Man's progress is influenced by his antecedents. These antecedents are some of them within him, as we have said, and some without; which of the two has the most influence on his conduct? Which of the two is the most general and includes the other?[10]

Now, there are four classes of physical agents which affect mankind; namely, climate, food, soil, and the general aspect of nature; all of which are found to exercise a most important influence on civilization,[11] and a preponderating influence in

[8] *Philos. Posit.* e. g. vol. vi. p. 123.

[9] Trevelyan: *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, vol. i. 87, 372, 410.

[10] This division is of course merely arbitrary, for the convenience of classification and elimination: for a man's constitution is as much due to antecedents lying outside him, as are his present circumstances.

[11] Buckle has been much blamed in some quarters for not naming *Race* among these causes. Such authors forget that race is not a

tropical countries. In these, such as India, Egypt, and Mexico, the means of supporting life are cheap on account of the fertility of the soil and the suitability of the climate to the growth of food plants, and the little need of clothing; with the result that population increases far beyond the demand for labour, aud the price of labour is consequently small. Capital is therefore accumulated in the hands of the few, and a despotism necessarily ensues. Moreover the fierce heat of the sun, the vastness of the oceans, the prodigious height of the mountains, together with monsoons, tropical storms, the annual rise of the Nile, volcanoes, and other manifestations of the power of nature, oppress mankind with a sense of their insignificance, and excite their imagination. A powerful priesthood is called into being, and the chains of slavery are more firmly rivetted. To this class all the earlier civilizations belong, because in such countries a large population can exist with plenty of leisure, even though the arts of commerce and agriculture be in their infancy. This leisure they can employ in mighty buildings or laborious carvings, or poetry, but science is almost neglected because the imagi-

primary cause, but a consequence itself of the causes mentioned. And, though it persists for some time after these causes are changed, it does not do so for as long as is generally supposed; and even if it did, the racial characteristics are still not the primary cause, but climate, &c., together with those physical causes which lead to emigration.

nation predominates, and it occurs to no one that nature may be led captive.

In Europe, on the other hand, greater labour is required for the production of food, clothing is necessary, and the cost of living greater. Seas, again, are small; earthquakes are generally light and occur rarely; volcanoes are few, mountains are low, and the sun of comparatively little power. Hence men are not so subject to despotisms, and losing their awe of nature, they begin to examine her and cultivate science.

"Hence it is that, looking at the history of the world as a whole, the tendency has been in Europe to subordinate nature to man; out of Europe, to subordinate man to nature. To this there are, in barbarous countries, several exceptions; but in civilized countries the rule has been universal. The great division, therefore, between European and non-European civilization is the basis of the philosophy of history, since it suggests the important consideration that if we would understand, for instance, the history of India, we must make the external world our first study, because it has influenced man more than man has influenced it. If, on the other hand, we would understand the history of a country like England or France, we must make man our principal study, because nature being comparatively weak, every step in the great progress has increased the dominion of

the human mind over the agencies of the external world. Even in those countries where the power of man has reached the highest point, the pressure of nature is still immense; but it diminishes in each succeeding generation, because our increasing knowledge enables us not so much to control nature as to foretell her movements, and thus obviate many of the evils she would otherwise occasion. * * * If, therefore, we take the largest possible view of the history of Europe, and confine ourselves entirely to the primary cause of its superiority over other parts of the world, we must resolve it into the encroachment of the mind of man upon the organic and inorganic forces of nature."

For European civilization, then, the study of mental laws is necessary; and the effect of nature on mankind is, comparatively, subordinate. How shall these laws be studied? By the study of individual minds, as the metaphysicians have attempted? This method Buckle rejected, because he found that the ablest metaphysicians had been led to opposite conclusions according as they adopted the deductive or inductive method of investigation. Those who follow the first say that all men have "the same notion of the good, the true, and the beautiful;" those who follow the second say "there is no such standard, because ideas depend upon sensations," and sensations upon circumstances.

An eclectic school is impossible, because no one can mediate between them without being a metaphysician, and no one can be a metaphysician without being either a sensationalist or an idealist; in other words, without belonging to one of those very parties whose claim he professes to judge. So long as deductive and inductive reasoning cannot be reconciled, so long the subject requires some preliminary difficulties to be removed, or it is not capable of scientific treatment. Moreover, such a method is unscientific, because it presumes that the peculiarities of the individual are common to all. As well might we expect to discover from the anatomical construction and physiological functions of one man those which are universal; or from the investigation of the course of a particular disease in one individual, learn its usual course. There is no reason why we should study the science of man after a different fashion to every other science; and therefore Buckle, rejecting the individual, studies the mass of mental actions in the only possible way: that is, historically. "It now remains for us to ascertain the manner in which, by the application of this method, the laws of mental progress may be most easily discovered. If, in the first place, we ask what this progress is, the answer seems very simple—that it is a twofold progress, Moral and Intellectual; the first having more immediate re-

lation to our duties, the second to our knowledge. * * * There can be no doubt that a people are not really advancing if, on the one hand, their increasing ability is accompanied by increasing vice; or if, on the other hand, while they are becoming more virtuous, they likewise become more ignorant. This double movement, moral and intellectual, is essential to the very idea of civilization, and includes the entire theory of mental progress. * * * A question now arises of great moment, namely, which of these two parts or elements of mental progress is the more important? For the progress itself being the result of their united action, it becomes necessary to ascertain which of them works more powerfully, in order that we may subordinate the inferior element to the laws of the superior one."

This mental progress, moral and intellectual, cannot be said to owe anything to inheritance. Such a thing is indeed possible, but we have no proof whatever of it[12]—while, on the other hand, as

[12] Mr. Galton has indeed attempted a proof in his *Hereditary Genius*. But the attempt, valuable as it is as far as it goes, has failed from the inherent difficulty of such an investigation, and partly, as it seems to me, on account of the method he adopts. The number of individuals whose history he investigates is small compared to what it should be; and the biographical material at disposal is lamentably imperfect. It is quite possible that a person may have great intellectual powers and not leave any record of it. It is quite possible again, that a father who occupies a high position may bring on a commonplace son by superior education and opportunity.

far as history extends, and in all countries, we have records of men possessing an intellectual power which, taken as a whole, has never since been exceeded. Be this as it may, it is indisputable that human progress advances with strides out of all proportion to any possible advance of intellectual power by means of inheritance, and we must therefore look to the causes of this advance, not to any possible inheritance, but to the circumstances which surround the infant after birth.

"On this account, it is evident that if we look at mankind in the aggregate, their moral and intellectual conduct is regulated by the moral and intellectual notions prevalent in their own time," and "it requires but a superficial acquaintance

Buckle himself had a strong suspicion that superior intellectual power was inheritable (*Posthumous Works*, vol. i. pp. 326, 593; and *Lecture on the Influence of Women*). He points out that we must not only inquire "how many instances there are of hereditary talents, &c., but how many instances there are of such qualities not being hereditary" (*History of Civilization*, vol. i. p. 161, note 12). The largest view of the question is perhaps that taken by Mr. Herbert Spencer, who points out that negro children educated with whites can only keep up with them up to a certain point, and then fall behind. Mr. Wilson again (*Prehistoric Man*, 1876, vol. ii. p. 325) considers such evidence not reliable, and due solely to caste prejudice. Lady Duff Gordon, however, who saw with her own eyes, and cannot be accused of prejudice, says of a mixed Herrenhut school at Cape Colony of blacks and Bastaards: there "three jet black niggerlings * * * grinned, and didn't care a straw for spelling; while the dingy yellow little Bastaards were straining their black eyes out with eagerness to answer the master's questions." (*Last Letters from Egypt, to which are added Letters from the Cape*. London, 1875, p. 276.)

with history to be aware that this standard is constantly changing, and that it is never precisely the same even in the most similar countries, or in two successive generations of the same country." "This extreme mutability in the ordinary standard of human actions shows that the conditions on which the standard depends must themselves be very mutable; and those conditions, whatever they may be, are evidently the originators of the moral and intellectual conduct of the great average of mankind." When, however, we look at our present stock of moral truths, and compare them with the past, there is not a single one of any moment that was not propounded at least two thousand years before Christ. The grand precepts of self-sacrifice, honour your parents, forgive your enemies, restrain your passions, are still unimproved upon and stationary. "But if we contrast this stationary aspect of moral truths with the progressive aspects of intellectual truth, the change is indeed startling. All the great moral systems which have exercised influence have been fundamentally the same; all the great intellectual systems have been fundamentally different." Not only have the moderns made most important additions to every department of knowledge that the ancients ever attempted to study, but they have created sciences, the faintest idea of which never entered the mind of the boldest thinker that antiquity ever produced.

When, therefore, we know that progress depends upon the advance of moral and intellectual truths, and we find that moral truths are stationary, while intellectual truths are highly progressive; the only conclusion it is possible to draw is, that human progress depends on the advance of intellectual knowledge, and that this advance is independent of moral knowledge.

It may be well to notice here a very common objection to Buckle's views, which appears to rest on an imperfect conception of the action of morals. It is urged by Solavév and several other reviewers that it is not only new advances in intellectual knowledge that work. Suppose, for instance, that mankind discover a new food—say the potato; that discovery will last for all time in nourishing mankind. So a moral truth is ever new, like the law of gravitation. Moreover, scientific truths exist, and exert an influence over us though we know them not. Gravitation existed, and worked the same as now, before we knew it; and so moral laws may work upon us and increase our civilization, although we may have no distinct perception of their existence.

This last objection involves a misconception as to what constitutes progress. Putting aside the theological view, there can be but one answer, namely, the attainment by mankind of greater happiness on earth.[13] This can only be done by

[13] This, of course, does not mean that individuals may not occa-

increasing knowledge of the natural laws, or, in other words, by increasing knowledge of the invariable sequence of forces. As long as we are ignorant of any one, so long are we unable to turn it to our benefit—either directly, as in the case of electricity, which we turn to use, or indirectly, as in the case of our knowledge of disease germs, which we ward off. As long as conditions remain the same, consequences must remain the same; electricity has always existed, as far as we know, but it exerted no influence on progress until we knew its laws.

The other half of the argument is, in short, the assertion that a constant force will work an inconstant effect. In reality, moral truths, as compared with intellectual truths are sterile. Let us compare the two, as we compare the richness of two languages, by taking the highest specimen of each. The prodigy of intellectual genius makes discoveries and popularizes them. These "acquisitions made by the intellect are in every civilized country carefully preserved, registered in certain well-understood formulas, and protected by the use of technical and scientific language; they are easily handed down from one generation to another, and,

sionally be made even more unhappy than heretofore; but it is the greatest happiness for the greatest possible number. The abolition of the Corn Laws may have made a certain number of people less comfortable than before: but a far greater number were made more comfortable. The imprisonment of a burglar may make him less happy than before, but his intended victims are saved pain.

thus assuming an accessible, or, as it were, a tangible form, they often influence the most distant posterity; they become the heirlooms of mankind, the immortal bequest of the genius to which they owe their birth. But the good deeds effected by our moral faculties are less capable of transmission; they are of a more private and retiring character; while, as the motives to which they owe their origin are generally the result of self-discipline and of self-sacrifice, they have to be worked out by every man for himself; and thus begun by each anew, they derive little benefit from the maxims of preceding experience, nor can they well be stored up for the use of future moralists." "Indeed, if we examine the effects of the most active philanthropy, and of the largest and most disinterested kindness, we shall find that those effects are, comparatively speaking, short lived; that there is only a small number of individuals that they come in contact with and benefit; that they rarely survive the generation which witnessed their commencement; and that, when they take the more durable form of founding great public charities, such institutions invariably fall, first into abuse, then into decay, and after a time are either destroyed or perverted from their original intention, mocking the effort by which it is vainly attempted to perpetuate the memory even of the purest and most energetic benevolence."

A moral maxim unknown, therefore, can have no effect. No moral maxims have much effect on individuals, because to work them out requires an individual effort, which is little capable of being lightened by the experience of others, and is comparatively incapable of transmission. The only remaining argument is that symbolized by our potato. This will only nourish the man who has it; or, in other words, only the man who knows a moral truth can be benefited by it. To get a more general benefit from the discovery of the potato as a food, it must be widely grown; and so, to get an increasing effect from the same moral truth it must be more widely diffused. It may be urged, that though moral truths are unprogressive, their effects may be increasing. A greater proportion of people may now be made acquainted with them than formerly, and hence a greater proportion may live morally, and hence, again, civilization may be advanced. This may be true, only the increased diffusion of moral truths is also due to the advance of knowledge, which has improved the means of inter-communication of thought by steam and by printing. Then, it may be urged, there is really no separate advance, but a reciprocal progress; knowledge advancing morality, morality advancing civilization. This is very frequently urged; but if moral progress is not subordinate to intellectual progress, and entirely dependent on it, then it

must be shown that the diffusion of moral truths among people who had them not before has civilized them. Have they done so? It is admitted by the missionaries themselves that the attempt to convert without first introducing some little intellectual improvement is useless. When Christianity was introduced, so far from civilizing the people, it was itself dragged down to their own level. Its only effect was to satisfy the aspirations of those already cultivated enough to receive it; for the mass it was a mere substitution of names. Venus and Ashtaroth became the Virgin Mary; Apollo and Horus became Christ; Jupiter and Osiris, God. The mystic trinity of the Assyrians and Egyptians was introduced into Christianity; while the horde of lesser gods, displaced by the saints, were relegated in the minds of the ignorant multitude to the depths of hell.

That this is the invariable effect of the introduction of any system of morals superior to the state of knowledge of the people on whom it is imposed, we may prove by a cursory review of the fate of other great systems of religion. Look at India. There is a country which has had great religious teachers, who inculcated most of the moral truths which we are accustomed to think were first introduced by Christianity. Indeed, one of them taught a religion which so singularly resembles Christianity as to afford an instructing example of the constant

effect of the same causes. Buddhism was a religion for the poor and degraded: "My law is a law of grace for all;" "My doctrine is like the sky; there is room for all without exception." There is reverence for parents, forgiving of enemies, absence of revenge, and a universal charity, which extends not only to all mankind, but to the whole animal kind as well. The object was, indeed, a selfish one, the salvation of the individual from further penance on earth; but this object is one common to all religions, and among the early Christians assumed a form which well-nigh extinguished the virtue of charity altogether.[14] This religion was imposed upon a people in much the same state of civilization as the early Christians were, and with a result that was strikingly similar. Neither in Christianity nor in Buddhism was there any authorization of a priesthood, and, indeed, both the New Testament and Buddha speak against such institutions. But now, in both religions, every temple is full of graven images; there is a regular hierarchy, culminating in a Pope, as well as all the abuses of ascetism in monasteries and nunneries.

This parallel, indeed, only existed up to the reformation, in Europe taken as a whole, though it still exists in those parts, such as Russia, and cer-

[14] I allude to the inhuman treatment by some of the most celebrated saints of their nearest relatives.

tain South European countries where the people remain almost untouched by the progress of knowledge. Why does this parallel no longer hold good? Wherein has the development of Eastern Asia and Western Europe differed? It can surely not be asserted that a greater proportion of Buddhists than of Christians are ignorant of moral truths. If anything, the fact is the other way. But, owing to causes which have already been described, knowledge has steadily advanced in Europe, while in Asia it has remained comparatively stationary.

Let us turn from the comparative effects of the knowledge of moral and intellectual truths upon the practice of religions, to mark what each has done for the abatement of the great scourges of humanity. We see, in the past, a succession of men most conscientious, upright, and zealous; fully acquainted with all the great maxims of morality,—hang, burn, torture, and destroy thousands upon thousands of their fellow-creatures, merely because they and their victims were not agreed as to the exact constitution of the Holy Trinity. In the present age we see men, their equals in every respect, equally earnest, and upright, and intelligent, condemn their predecessors' actions as barbarous and wicked, and inconsistent with morality. What is the cause of this difference? The advance of moral and intellectual truth? This cannot be, for

the religious persecutors well knew that they should do good to them that hate them, and love their enemies as themselves. Nor has anything been added to moral truth since their time. We are then forced to adopt the view that this progress is caused by the progress of knowledge alone, and not by a progress of moral knowledge. In this particular case, indeed, we may show directly that intolerance is removed by knowledge. Who has not been moved in his childhood with the story of the crucifixion? Who has not hoped against knowledge in the choice of the people before Pilate? and whose heart has not sunk before the cry, "Give us Barabbas," and risen in indignation against the mob, and them that wrought this wrong, even to a desire of revenge, and a feeling that every Jew should be tortured to death to make amends? Again, if a man is firmly convinced that only those who think as he does will be saved from an eternal torture, will he not be right, in his own light, in attempting to scotch the pestiferous germs of heresy, and thus save the many from torture, by the torture of a few? Can any moral knowledge whatever eradicate such a belief? No, assuredly not. The advance of knowledge alone, which shows a man he is not infallible, that there have been other views in the world besides his own, and shakes the faith in his heart of hearts that the dogmas of religion are all necessary and authenticated truths; this alone can work

an alteration in a good man; while a bad, is too indifferent either to persecute or to show charity.

And this is the reason why bad men have often made the best rulers, and good men have frequently, indeed generally, done harm in proportion to their power. For bad men, being solely devoted to their own pleasure, care nothing for the salvation of others, or to constrain men to think as they do. For a selfish gratification they will curtail the power of their successors, and thus increase the liberties of the people. In this way the best Roman Emperors were the worst persecutors; our most immoral kings were those under whom the liberties of England most increased: and the same phenomena are everywhere to be seen.

For the aggregate, then, moral knowledge is of hardly any importance as compared with intellectual. For the individual it is far more important than intellectual knowledge. The foundation of morality is the will to do good; and this is so necessary a feeling to the well-being of individuals, that the man who is without it is without half the pleasure of life. It is dangerous, however, in direct proportion to the power and ignorance of the person who practises it; because the will to do good without a knowledge of the way to do so must necessarily be harmful. But the science of morality is so little understood, that it may be taken as an axiom that

the best men do the most harm. Their hearts are tender, and they cannot resist the appeals of the needy; they are unwilling to suspect ill of any one, and become the tools of knaves; they will not take advantage of their opportunity to get rid of a criminal, and the community suffer in consequence.

While, therefore, moral laws are nought but disturbing factors in the steady march of civilization, the progress of intellectual knowledge is the great moving force—the general of the army under whose orders the inferior leader, moral law, performs his evolutions. From this it follows, that, if the analysis thus far is true, it only remains to investigate the laws of intellectual progress to arrive at a knowledge of the laws of civilization, which are ultimate laws for us.

Before attempting to do so, however, it will be well to consider the claims of Religion, Literature, and Government, to be the chief factors in the march of civilization. Such an examination were indeed unnecessary had not so much stress been laid upon these as factors by former writers on human progress; for it follows as a necessary corollary from what has been said on the subjection of moral practice to intellectual knowledge, that the others are subjected in the same way. If the morality of a given age is determined by its knowledge, we can hardly say that religion is indepen-

dent of it. Literature must by its constitution be dependent on knowledge; and legislators can, no more than other people, be far in advance of the age in which they live. If, for instance, a man appears, who propounds a religion far in advance of the present state of the people, it will either be dragged down to their own level, or neglected until such time as the people have advanced to it. The Jews had a religion in advance of their civilization, and they were practically idolators. The same happened on the introduction of the Christian religion, the religions of Buddha, and of Mohammed. In every case the religion was corrupted until the people were civilized enough to receive it. In the same way, when a nation grows too civilized for the religion it holds, like the French, it is quietly neglected.

It is the same with literature. During the earlier middle ages, Latin was a living language; but the people who might have read the best authors of antiquity, preferred the legends and fables which satisfied their grade of civilization, and raised a class of literature which rather retarded than advanced their progress. Here was a literature above them, and it could not touch them; neither could Luther touch those who were unprepared. The exponent of the stage of thought of one part of Europe, he was heard and followed there; while for the rest his voice was as one crying

in the wilderness. For the same reason the Greeks failed to retain that civilization which at one time they had acquired, because their first men spoke to each other and not to the people. The horses went on without the carriage. It was the same with the philosophers of Germany, who wrote in a style far above the heads of the people, in a language which only those who had made a special study of it could understand; with the result that they advanced, but the people did not follow.

Nor can a "wise law" by a "far-seeing legislator" in any way hasten the march of civilization. In the first place, no legislator ever passed a law of his own invention which has not soon after been repealed. In the quality of a thinker he may certainly see what should be done, but he cannot do it until he has persuaded the people also that it is desirable. If we examine those enactments which are said to have benefited the people, it will invariably be found that the people demanded them first, and the laws were made afterwards. So far from the legislators being the leaders of civilization, they are as a rule behind the civilization of their age; because being accustomed to look at questions from their practical side, they are in most cases unable to look at them from a speculative point of view at all. And this is borne out by their private correspondence, in which they express their fears of the result of those very measures which the

pressure of outside opinion obliges them to advocate in public. But the legislator is best judged of where he is least dependent on the demands of the people. Here if anywhere he should aid their civilization; and what has he done? Crippled trade, made laws against usury, meddled with every step of the individual, and tied his tongue; these are the benefits for which we are to be grateful—and again be grateful for their abolition. "To maintain order, to prevent the strong from oppressing the weak, and to adopt certain precautions respecting the public health, are the only services which any government can render to the interests of civilization. That these are services of immense value, no one will deny; but it cannot be said, that by them civilization is advanced, or the progress of man accelerated. All that is done is, to afford the opportunity of progress; the progress itself must depend on other matters."

"By applying to the history of man those methods of investigation which have been found successful in other branches of knowledge, and by rejecting all preconceived notions which would not bear the test of those methods, we have arrived at certain results, the heads of which it may now be convenient to recapitulate. We have seen that our actions, being solely the result of internal and external agencies, must be explicable by the laws of those agencies; that is to say, by mental laws

and by physical laws. We have also seen that mental laws are, in Europe, more powerful than physical laws; and that, in the progress of civilization, their superiority is constantly increasing, because advancing knowledge multiplies the resources of the mind, but leaves the old resources of nature stationary. On this account we have treated the mental laws as being the great regulators of progress; and we have looked at the physical laws as occupying a subordinate place, and as merely displaying themselves in occasional disturbances, the force and frequency of which have been long declining, and are now, on a large average, almost inoperative. Having, by this means, resolved the study of what may be called the dynamics of society into the study of the laws of the mind, we have subjected this last to a similar analysis, and we have found that they consist of two parts, namely, moral laws and intellectual laws. By comparing these two parts, we have clearly ascertained the vast superiority of the intellectual laws; and we have seen, that as the progress of civilization is marked by the triumph of the mental laws over the physical, just so is it marked by the triumph of the intellectual laws over the moral ones." "From all this it evidently follows, that if we wish to ascertain the conditions which regulate the progress of modern civilization, we must seek them in the history of the amount and diffusion of intellectual

knowledge; and we must consider physical phenomena and moral principles as causing, no doubt, great aberrations in short periods, but in long periods correcting and balancing themselves, and thus leaving the intellectual laws to act uncontrolled by these inferior and subordinate agents."

"The totality of human actions being thus, from the highest point of view, governed by the totality of human knowledge, it might seem a simple matter to collect the evidence of the knowledge, and, by subjecting it to successive generalizations, ascertain the whole of the laws which regulate the progress of civilization." Since, however, so-called historians have not hitherto recognized this fact, and instead of giving information respecting the progress of knowledge, have almost confined themselves to petty biographical details, there is nothing ready to the historian's hands. Several generations of workers are requisite to collect such evidence as is still to be had, for no single man is equal to such a task; and hence Buckle had to abandon his original plan of writing the history of civilization, and confine himself to the history of civilization in England.

England he chooses, to illustrate the laws of civilization, not on account of its being the most civilized country, though that may be the case, but because it is the country which has developed with least interference from outside. In every science

laws are most successfully discovered by means of experiments: and experiment means simply isolation of phenomena, or freedom from complications whereby the phenomena are obscured. That country which has worked out its civilization most freely by itself, which has most escaped foreign influence, and has been least interfered with by the personal peculiarities of its rulers, would most fulfil the conditions of an experiment. England, during the last three centuries at least, answers this requirement better than any other country, and hence England is chosen as the best representative obtainable of the development of civilization: the country whose history Buckle chooses particularly to study in order that he may discover, from successive generalizations on the progress of knowledge there, the laws which govern the general progress of knowledge, and hence the laws which govern the progress of civilization of mankind.

But in limiting his sources of investigation, his deductions must, to a proportionate extent, be uncertain; because it may be that an inferior law is more prominent in that one country than it would appear on a survey of the whole globe. As an illustration, let us say that in Hanover the sexes are born as one to 1·07; we should conclude therefore that it was the common case in all Europe that children are born, one girl to every 1·07 boys, unless we extended our observations to

other countries, and saw that here male births were in excess. From this, we should see that there was a superior law governing the proportion of the sexes, which we should never detect if we confined our observations to Hanover, which law seems, as far as we are yet able to say, to be that the sex of a child depends on the relative vigour of the parents taken in its largest sense, and including the inherited tendency to produce a particular sex, which is itself possibly a form of vigour, or its absence. This law would therefore in its turn be governed by that which determines the relative age at which the two sexes marry; which is, in the main, the general prosperity of the country. Thus, since women do not earn their own living as a rule, the age at which they marry is determined chiefly by the age at which their beauty is most captivating to the opposite sex, which is much the same for all Europe. The age at which the bread-winners marry, depends upon the prosperity of the country: the greater the prosperity the earlier the men marry. If all this be true, we should say then that the equality of the sexes born in Hanover showed that most people had insufficient to live upon—a law at which we could not have arrived had our statistical information been restricted to Hanover alone.[15]

[15] I would guard here against the supposition that I advance the above as a scientific truth. It is merely intended for an illustration.

There are certain intellectual peculiarities again, which have had very important effects on civilization considered as a whole, but which were comparatively rare in England. The results of these peculiarities must therefore be studied in the history of those countries where they were most marked and strongly developed; just as an anatomist who wishes to study certain obscure muscles in the human back dissects the tiger or porpoise, in which they are more fully developed. Until a secure groundwork of the comparative effects of the different forms of thought is obtained, it is difficult to form a conclusion as to which is the most important, which advances civilization, or which is a mere perturbation. The remaining part of the introduction was therefore designed in some measure to fill the void, caused by the impossibility of writing a history of general civilization; that is, England was chosen as the country whose civilization has followed a course more orderly, and less disturbed than any other, and where therefore the laws of normal development could best be traced; while when it is necessary to investigate the effects of social developments which have been injurious to progress, their

Though not improbable in itself, it must certainly be more complicated, since what one country, such as Ireland considers living in comfort, another, such as France, would by no means consider so.

effects will be best seen where they have been strongest.

Thus, in England the effect of the spirit of protection, or interference with individual freedom of thought and action, has been felt, but in so slight a degree that it is difficult to estimate its true effect until we turn to the history of some country where it has existed in a much greater degree. This is not difficult, because Fránce, Germany, Spain, Italy, and Russia have been strongly protective. If, however, we wish to estimate the effect of a disturbing cause in other scientific investigations, we compare two things identical in all respects but in that disturbing cause the effects of which we want to investigate, and by these means we isolate it. To investigate the effect of the shape of the head of a projectile on its speed, we fire projectiles with variously shaped heads, with the same charge of powder, on the same day, from the same gun, on the same range; and know that any difference shown is due to nothing but the shape of the projectile's head and the resistance it affords to the air. We must therefore choose a country for comparison with England as similar as possible in all other respects but that of protection. Germany and Italy have been split up into small states. Germany and Russia have been long behindhand in civilization. Spain has been, and is, exceedingly loyal and superstitious. All but France have been

exceedingly backward in the spread of knowledge. In short, without mentioning other reasons, France is the country whose circumstances and state have been most similar to those of England, with the one exception that the spirit of protection has been strongly prevalent in the one country and not in the other. For this reason France and England are historically compared, in order to bring out clearly the effects of this interference with progress and estimate its value—in order that its perturbations may be recognized where present in the history of England. "But the French, as a people, have, since the beginning or middle of the seventeenth century, been remarkably free from superstition; and notwithstanding the efforts of their government, they are very adverse to ecclesiastical power: so that, although their history displays the protective principle in its political form, it supplies little evidence respecting its religious form; while, in our own country, the evidence is also scanty." Hence it was necessary "to give a view of Spanish history, because in it we may trace the full results of that protection against error which the spiritual classes are always eager to afford. In Spain the church has, from a very early period, possessed more authority, and the clergy have been more influential, both with the people and the government, than in any other country;" it is "therefore convenient to study in Spain the law

of ecclesiastical development, and the manner in which the development affects the national interests. Another circumstance which operates on the intellectual progress of a nation is the method of investigation which its ablest men habitually employ. This method can only be one of two kinds; it must be either inductive or deductive. Each of these methods belongs to a different form of civilization, and is always accompanied by a different style of thought, particularly in regard to religion and science. These differences are of such immense importance, that, until their laws are known, we cannot be said to understand the real history of past events. Now the two extremes of difference are, undoubtedly, Germany and the United States; the Germans being pre-eminently deductive, the Americans inductive. But Germany and America are in so many other respects diametrically opposed to each other, that "it is expedient to study the operations of the deductive and inductive spirit in countries between which a closer analogy exists." "Such an opportunity occurs in the history of Scotland, as compared with that of England. Here we have two countries bordering on each other, speaking the same language, reading the same literature, and knit together by the same interests. And yet it is a truth," "that until the last thirty or forty years the Scotch intellect has been even more entirely deductive than the

English intellect has been inductive." Again, in Germany, for instance, "the accumulation of knowledge has been far more rapid than in England; the laws of the accumulation of knowledge may on that account be most conveniently studied in German history, and then applied deductively to the history of England. In the same way, the Americans have diffused their knowledge much more completely than we have done." In that country, therefore, the laws of diffusion may most conveniently be studied, and thence applied to the phenomena of English civilization.

In the course of these historical comparisons, Buckle did not omit to point out the effects in each country of the protective spirit, the method of scientific investigation, the credulous habit of thought, and how all these acted and reacted on each other. The causes of the different directions thus pursued by these countries having been pointed out, he would close the *Introduction* with a generalization of the causes themselves; "and having thus referred them to certain principles common to all, we shall be possessed of what may be called the fundamental laws of European thought, the divergence of the different countries being regulated either by the direction those laws take, or else by their comparative energy." Their demonstration in the two volumes only was necessarily incomplete, and Buckle therefore warns his reader

"to suspend his final judgment until the close" of the *Introduction*, when the "subject in all its bearings" would be laid before him.

In the *Introduction* Buckle's method was on the whole inductive; that is, he studied the effects, in order to learn the causes. And though he altered his method in parts of his historical comparisons, to confirm the results he had already inductively obtained, yet in the main the *Introduction* was inductive. The body of the work was, on the other hand, to have been deductive; that is, having discovered inductively the fundamental laws of human progress, he would have applied them to English history; which would have served as a series of illustrations of the truth of those laws which he had already discovered. But here again he would not have confined himself strictly to the one method, and would inductively have established those minor laws which now appear to us as aberrations from the larger or fundamental ones. With this view he proposed, for the sake of clearness, to divide what he called the special history of society into certain classes, not according to any arbitrary standard, but according to the actual condition of things—as, for instance, clergy, aristocracy, agriculturists, manufacturers, and the like. This division he would only adopt as a scientific artifice, and with the view of showing that the principles which he had arrived at from a general observation

of history, were applicable to all the different classes of a special period. If such a proof could be made out, it was evident that such a series of parallel reasonings would be more confirmatory of the original principle than the ordinary method of investigation. If, for instance, he could show that a certain law which he had arrived at by a general consideration of history, is in any large period separately applicable to all the great classes of society, he would have made out a case very analogous to that in which the general laws of natural philosophy are applied to mechanics, hydrostatics, acoustics, and the like. This is also the way in which general physiological principles collected from the whole of organic nature have been applied to man, and the nutrition of plants throws light on the functions of human nutrition. At the same time, and by way of further precaution, he would, while investigating periods of special history, take occasion, when very important principles were at stake, to recur to general history, and not hesitate to collect evidence from other countries, in order to prove that it holds good under the most different conditions. If this should be accomplished with any degree of success, not only would he have pointed out some of the great laws which regulate the progress of nations, but he hoped that, by a reflex process, some light would be thrown upon the general constitution of the human

mind, and that some contribution would have been made towards the formation of a basis on which metaphysical science could be hereafter erected.

But it is evident that, looking upon society as a whole, it admits of two sorts of divisions: a division into classes, and division into interests. The nature of the first set of divisions is very obvious, because it is constantly passing before our eye. But the nature of the division into interests is much more obscure; and this seems to arise partly from the circumstance that men love their interest much more than they love the class to which they belong, and partly because, to understand the different interests, it is necessary to have a much more comprehensive knowledge than is required in understanding the feelings of the different classes by which those interests are put in movement. These great interests are, in every civilized society, six in number, which will, from selfish motives, be always especially protected by certain classes. These are, Religion, Science, Literature, Wealth, Liberty, and the great principle of Order, or that conserving impulse which is exceedingly dangerous in the contracted minds of ordinary politicians, because it makes them oppose themselves to the healthy development of society; but which, notwithstanding, has more than once saved this country, and is the only protection we possess against the anarchical licence, into which, unhappily, liberty is so

prone to run. It is evident that the most perfect society is that in which each of these great interests is developed to the highest possible pitch that is compatible with the free existence of the others.

How he would have executed this project we have an example in the *Fragment on Elizabeth*, whose reign would most probably have formed one of those epochs around which he proposed to group the history of the various classes and interests of the period, and show how everything fitted in with the laws of history already enunciated. The Great Rebellion would probably have formed another. These periods again would have been connected by a short summary of the last group, and short anticipation of the next, so that each would have formed as it were a link, perfect in itself, in the chain of the history of England.

All this would have served as illustrative and confirmatory of what he had already advanced in the *Introduction*. In that he did not pretend to investigate questions of practical utility, or to trace the connexion between the discoveries of science and the arts of life. In the *History* he hoped to do this, and to explain a number of minute social events, many of which are regarded as isolated, if not incongruous; how great events never spring from small causes, and everything is connected with and determined by its antecedents.

He would have worked out the fact that the advance of European civilization is characterized by a diminishing influence of physical, and an increasing influence of mental laws, the complete proof of which could only be collected from history; have shown how every great increase in the activity of the human intellect has struck a blow at the warlike spirit; and how the yeomanry class gradually decayed. He would have shown how Elizabeth humbled first the Catholic, and then the Protestant clergy; the effects produced on the whole structure of society by the sudden change which took place in the value of the precious metals, and that the fall of prices was particularly detrimental to those landlords whose lands were permanently let at a fixed rent; and hence how the clergy, weakened through their pockets, tried to recoup themselves by other means, and so helped to bring on the Reformation; how the growth of manufactures, by taking men away from agriculture, made them see that the powers of nature were not beyond their control, and therefore diminished superstition; and how the Puritans were more fanatical than superstitious. He would have traced the influence of Warburton's book, *The Alliance between Church and State*, which appeared in 1736, and which argues that the State has nothing to do with errors in religion, nor the least right to repress them—"To make such a

man a bishop was a great feat for the eighteenth century, and would have been an impossible one for the seventeenth." He would have examined carefully and in detail the inductive tendency in English thinkers for more than a hundred and fifty years after the death of Bacon; and how only in the nineteenth century an attempt was made to return in some degree to the deductive method; why England devoted herself to practical pursuits and politics, instead of to physical science and metaphysics during seventy years after the death of Newton; and would have shown how the opponents of Young were able to put down the undulatory theory of light as a valuable illustration of the history and habits of the English mind. He would have given an account of the angry contests which arose between the lovers of things past and the lovers of things future shown in the hostility directed against the Royal Society as the first institution in which the idea of progress was distinctly embodied—a contest which is among the most instructive parts of our history. The immense services of Locke in England, in deposing the mere classical scholar from his pedestal of supreme knowledge, would also have been related; together with the details of such discoveries as were subservient to civilization. He would have shown how the advance and spread of knowledge stopped the political retrogression of George the

Third's time; and how lawgivers are never reformers. How the rise and growth of clubs was of immense importance, and played a great part in the history of England during the latter part of the eighteenth century; and have collected the evidence of the development of the love of travelling, and the influence of the French and English intellect on each other.

These are a few of the points which he would have treated in the body of the work, collected from a few stray remarks in what he published. Little as they tell us of what he would undoubtedly have done, they are nevertheless valuable as giving some indication of the way he would have written his history, and his extraordinary breadth of view. At the end he would have again returned from his restricted field of England, and casting his eyes over the whole of Europe, he would have examined the present condition of the human mind, and endeavoured to estimate its future prospects, fix the basis of our present civilization, and indicate its future progress.

It is painful to be thus reminded of the vastness of our loss in the death of a single man far away in Damascus; but let us console ourselves in the fact that nevertheless we have the greatest, by far the greatest, part of what it would have been possible for him to give us. Though the proof is not so cogent, though we have not the detail of the

method, yet the method itself is there in all its majesty of simple truth: "When the true path of inquiry has once been indicated, the rest is comparatively easy. The beaten highway is always open; and the difficulty is not to find those who will travel the old road, but those who will make a fresh one. Every age produces in abundance men of sagacity and of considerable industry, who, while perfectly competent to increase the details of a science, are unable to extend its distant boundaries. This is because such extension must be accompanied by a new method, which, to be valuable as well as new, supposes on the part of its suggester, not only a complete mastery over the resources of his subject, but also of the possession of originality and comprehensiveness—the two rarest forms of human genius."

Had he lived to finish the introduction, we should have had a work as complete in itself as Comte's *Philosophie Positive;* that is, the philosophy of history without the detailed historical proof. It is sad that he did not live to finish his work, and sad indeed that he did not live to finish that one more volume. That he would have finished the whole work, despite the chorus of doubt raised by the reviewers on the appearance of the first volume, is pretty certain. "They do not know the amount of material I have collected," he was wont to say. And we, who are privileged to see a part, and but a small part of what

he had collected in his published common-place books, can well believe that had he lived, the work would by this time have been an accomplished fact. Nine more volumes had to be written, and he calculated that each of them would have taken two years to write.[16] It was no careless ambition that laid the foundation of so grand an enterprise. With the faculties he felt that he possessed, and the ample materials he had collected; with the determination to postpone to that one work every other object of ambition, devote his whole strength to that alone, and sacrifice to it many interests which men hold dear, he was justified in his belief that such power and self-denial should yield success. Some of the most pleasurable incentives to action he must disregard. "Not for him," he says in that mournful peroration written soon after his mother's death,[17] "Not for him are those rewards, which in other pursuits the same energy would have earned; not for him, the sweets of popular applause; not for him, the luxury of power; not for him, a share in the councils of his country; not for him, a conspicuous and honoured place before the public eye. Albeit conscious of what he could do, he may not compete in the great contest; he cannot hope to win the prize; he cannot even enjoy the

[16] His own estimate varied considerably. I have heard it stated on good authority that he had estimated the number of volumes required at twenty.

[17] To the fourth chapter of his second volume.

excitement of the struggle. To him, the arena is closed. His recompense lies within himself, and he must learn to care little for the sympathy of his fellow-creatures, or for such honours as they are able to bestow. So far from looking for these things, he should rather be prepared for that obloquy which always awaits those, who, by opening up new veins of thought, disturb the prejudices of their contemporaries. While ignorance, and worse than ignorance, is imputed to him, while his motives are misrepresented and his integrity impeached, while he is accused of denying the value of moral principles, and of attacking the foundation of all religion, as if he were some public enemy, who made it his business to corrupt society, and whose delight it was to see what evil he could do; while these charges are brought forward, and repeated from mouth to mouth, he must be capable of pursuing in silence the even tenour of his way, without swerving, without pausing, and without stepping from his path to notice the angry outcries which he cannot but hear, and which he is more than human if he does not long to rebuke. These are the qualities, and these the high resolves, indispensable to him, who, on the most important of all subjects, believing the old road is worn out and useless, seeks to strike out a new one for himself, and, in the effort, not only perhaps exhausts his strength, but is sure to

incur the enmity of those who are bent on maintaining the ancient scheme unimpaired. To solve the great problem of affairs; to detect those hidden circumstances which determine the march and destiny of nations; and to find, in the events of the past, a key to the proceedings of the future, is nothing less than to unite into a single science all the laws of the moral and physical world. Whoever does this, will build up afresh the fabric of our knowledge, rearrange its various parts, and harmonize its apparent discrepancies. Perchance, the human mind is hardly ready for so vast an enterprise. At all events, he who undertakes it will meet with little sympathy, and will find few to help him."

And then his voice sinks to a more sombre tone, as he almost foresees the sad fate which awaits him: "And let him toil as he may, the sun and noontide of his life shall pass by, the evening of his days shall overtake him, and he himself have to quit the scene, leaving that unfinished which he had vainly hoped to complete. He may lay the foundation; it will be for his successors to raise the edifice. Their hands will give the last touch; they will reap the glory; their names will be remembered when his is forgotten. It is, indeed, too true, that such a work requires, not only several minds, but also the successive experience of several generations. Once, I own, I thought otherwise. Once, when I first

caught sight of the whole field of knowledge, and seemed, however dimly, to discern its various parts and the relation they bore to each other, I was so entranced with its surpassing beauty, that the judgment was beguiled, and I deemed myself able, not only to cover the surface, but also to master the details. Little did I know how the horizon enlarges as well as recedes, and how vainly we grasp at the fleeting forms, which, melt away and elude us in the distance. Of all that I had hoped to do, I now find but too surely how small a part I shall accomplish. In those early aspirations, there was much that was fanciful; perhaps there was much that was foolish. Perhaps, too, they contained a moral defect, and savoured of an arrogance which belongs to a strength that refuses to recognize its own weakness. Still, even now that they are defeated and brought to nought, I cannot repent having indulged in them, but, on the contrary, I would willingly recall them, if I could. For, such hopes belong to that joyous and sanguine period of life, when alone we are really happy; when the emotions are more active than the judgment; when experience has not yet hardened our nature; when the affections are not yet blighted and nipped to the core; and when the bitterness of disappointment not having yet been felt, difficulties are unheeded, obstacles are unseen, ambition is a pleasure instead of a pang, and the blood coursing

swiftly through the veins, the pulse beats high, while the heart throbs at the prospect of the future. Those are glorious days; but they go from us, and nothing can compensate their absence. To me, they now seem more like the visions of a disordered fancy, than the sober realities of things that were, and are not. It is painful to make this confession; but I owe it to the reader, because I would not have him to suppose that either in this, or in future volumes of my History, I shall be able to redeem my pledge, and to perform all that I promised. Something, I hope to achieve, which will interest the thinkers of this age; and something, perhaps, on which posterity may build. It will, however, only be a fragment of my original design." It was necessary to curtail the *Introduction*, or he could never hope to finish the history as he had laid it out.

To turn from the consideration of Buckle's work, to that of some of the criticisms which have been lavished upon it, is a passage from the sublime to the ridiculous. Some call him the 'English Comte;' some, 'Quetelet's Enfant Terrible;' some go even so far as to call the work a mere compilation. These charges are not, as might be thought, mere spite aroused by the unpleasant truths which Buckle has told. Had they been so, it would not have been worth while to notice them. But they are specimens of a sort of mental incapacity which

is fostered by microscopic study: an inability to generalize or see a generalization. It will be well therefore to fix, in some measure, Buckle's place in history; show to which among his predecessors he is really indebted, and what is the amount of that debt.

CHAPTER IV.

ORIGINALITY as understood by the vulgar is independence of the labours of others. Its utter impossibility under such a definition, is, however, sometimes recognized: and hence originality is sometimes allowed to a man who invents a new way of threading a needle; or they may call the discovery of the retina-purple original, because it has not an obvious connexion with the labours of former physiologists. But, if a man patiently and laboriously collects all that has been done in his particular study, and then, in full public view, generalizes the facts and evolves order out of chaos —"Oh," say they, "we could do the same ourselves!" The one is the obvious and almost mechanical result of the other, we will not allow originality to what seems so calm and unbroken a process. Reasoning in this way, it is just as easy to deny all merit to the designer of the Parthenon. Temples have been built of a like form before. These doric columns are to be seen in Egypt. That ornament is a transformation of the Assyrian

honeysuckle pattern. Is there, then, nothing new in the exquisite proportion of those columns, the subordination of the several parts, the gentle curves on every side, the rejection of what is bad, and the position of what is good?

Were originality, as thus defined, possible, then assuredly of all classes of authors, the writers of fiction should owe least to their predecessors: and yet, in no class of literature is the dependence on what has gone before more marked. Leaving out of consideration mere imitation of style and choice of subject, which constantly runs in sequences until it is stopped by some form of ridicule, such as Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, or Boileau's *Héros de Roman*, we cannot shut our eyes to the evident evolution of one piece of fiction from another, and even to the instances of direct plagiarism with which the best and most original works of fiction abound. Name whom we may, a little consideration will convince us that each has been greatly dependent upon his predecessors. Let us cite the first great poets whose names occur to us—say Homer, Virgil, Dante, Ariosto, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton. With the exception of the first, who can be left out of account, it is easy to show their dependence. Dante avows his obligations to Virgil, a poet himself greatly dependent on Homer, and who, in his turn, has inspired most of the heroic poets of the middle ages. Ariosto has been

greatly indebted to him, to Ovid, and even to Horace.[1] Shakespeare has no original plots. Spenser is deeply indebted to Ariosto, and we find at least one example[2] of a very important idea common both to him and Shakespeare. Milton, too, is a boundless borrower.[3] Indeed, so far does this dependency go, that not a single work of any description can be said to be original in the strict

[1] For example :—

"Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
Littora—"

"Le Donne, i cavalier, l' arme, gli amori
Le cortesie, l' audaci imprese io canto,
Che furo al tempo che passaro i Mori
D' Africa il mare," &c., &c.

"Neque
Decedit ærata triremi, et
Post equitem sedet atra cura."

"Lo trova in su la roda e in su la poppa
E se cavalca, il porta dietro in groppa."

[2] "Cæsar dead and turned to clay," &c.

"Ne, when the life decays and form doth fade,
Doth it consume, and into nothing go,
But chaunged is and altred to and froe."

[3] Thus Mr. E. Gosse points out (*Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe*, London, 1879) that Milton's *Paradise Lost* in plot, speeches, and description, is founded on the *Lucifer* of Van den Vondel. He is besides indebted to Ariosto ; *e.g.*—

"Perchè fatto non ha l' alma Natura,
Che senza te potessi nascer l' uomo," &c.

"Oh, why did God * * * create at last
This Novelty on earth," &c.

sense laid down at the opening of this chapter. Each one improves a little or draws new truths from the works of his predecessors. Nor are the prose writers of fiction any more original than the poets. From the earliest times before stories were committed to writing their universal origin was in a fact, such as a love-story, or a fight. This was told in various forms, incidents were added, stories divided, and mixed and made new again. Thus Spenser introduced an island full of allegorical personages into his *Faëry Queen*, which was after the fashion of many productions of this period; this gave birth to Fletcher's *Purple Island;* which produced Bernard's *Isle of Man;* from which, in its turn, arose Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. And this is an example of what should, according to our definition, be another sort of want of originality: his description of Vanity Fair, for instance, was probably taken from Bartholomew Fair, or his own experience, like characters are taken from life by various authors and worked up into different forms; and so too with feelings that are common to the human race; for Dante and he both open with the same sort of description of tribulation and doubt. Swift, again, in his *Gulliver's Travels*, Fontenelle in his *Plurality of Worlds*, Voltaire in his *Micromegas* are all indebted to Bergerac. Even Lord Macaulay's New Zealander is taken from a conceit of Gibbon's; Sheridan's Mrs. Malaprop

from Fielding's Mrs. Slipslop; Dickens owes his style and many of his incidents, such as the Duel and Samuel Weller's offer of money to Pickwick, to Smollett; and Weller's story of the muffins in all probability to Beauclerc's account to Johnson of the tragical end of Mr. Fitzherbert. Indeed, a man who was really original in everything he said would be a very prodigy, as great a prodigy as a new animal not derived from some similar ancestor. There is no single work whose dependence may not be traced upwards from suggester to suggester until its origin is lost in antiquity, and it only remains for us to infer from analogous cases that it originated in some fact.

Such being the true genesis of all works, it is idle to expect in Buckle or any one else complete independence of all predecessors. But he, and many other men of genius, are none the less original because their works are laboriously raised upon the studies of mankind. To pull down the old building, reshape its stones, and build it up into a more harmonious and perfect whole, is to produce original work. The difference between this and a compilation is the same as between one of Mr. Galton's ingenious combination photographs and the Venus of Praxiteles. The first is a combination of all that is there; the other requires not only combination, but selection of the best, together with that creative genius which co-ordinates and

harmonizes the whole into a beauty which has never yet existed. And so, in Buckle's plan, we may trace passing resemblances, while, as a whole, his work is as original and fresh as any creation of genius yet produced.

It follows: that supposing Comte and Buckle equals in genius, and of the same tone of thought, they should have produced works extremely similar to each other. And so they both were, in part. They were both deeply imbued with the idea of the order and regularity of everything in the universe; both had had the same predecessors; they were contemporary and men of genius; but there they diverge, and their circumstances were so different that the resemblances are almost insignificant. We should do Comte an injustice were we to compare him directly with Buckle. Though they wrote on the same subject, their aims were entirely different: Comte's main work was the classification of the sciences, to which sociology was only added as the crowning point. He erected a temporary bridge over the gulf which separates the science of man from the remainder of the sciences; but it was only a make-shift because he neglected to use all the material which former workmen had collected on its shores. His judgment, moreover, was warped—I had almost said enslaved—by the circumstances in which he had the misfortune to be placed. Amidst a nation

worn out with the excitement of endless revolution, condemned like those unhappy spirits on the fiery sands of the seventh circle to constant movement, and whose momentary pause before the allotted time was punished with a hundred years of additional torment; giddy with change, their faculties amazed by the doubt thrown upon every principle that in quiet times is almost inborn, and clings to us unquestioned through a lifetime. Rampant theories jostled each other in the race for power; while Comte, amidst all this bustle and clatter, this jangling and jarring, and hurly-burly of opinions, turned a longing eye to those quiet and sleepy times when there was an authority to direct the opinions of men, a time doubly quiet and orderly when viewed through the mist of ages past, when all, in theory, obeyed unquestioning the behests of the wisest of their race. 'He looked and longed indeed, but no mind could pass through those stirring times and remain the same as it was before. He was like to him tempted of the fiend in the guise of a fair woman, who loathes the form which holy water reveals, but would wish to recall what his imagination had depicted. And so Comte imagined an impossible pope and priesthood endowed with power over the opinions of mankind, telling them what to think, and what they should believe; while there was to be another division of the government to carry out these theories—an

executive, as it were, to a moral privy council. This was his aim in his *Sociologie*, which is further elaborated in his *Philosophie Politique;* and it is enough to repeat what Buckle has already said of it, that its serious proposal would make the plain men of our island lift up their eyes in astonishment, and probably suggest that its author should for his own sake be immediately confined—so monstrously and obviously was it impracticable.[4] It was indeed inevitable from the circumstances of his life that he should be unpractical. Had he possessed practicality, he would have been a very great writer, and even as it is, he is far beyond the ordinary run. But his incapacity to see the need of freedom, and particularly of that primary need so emphasized by Buckle, that governments must always follow the wishes of the people, and can never lead them, is alone sufficient to show that he had not grasped the science of history. With Comte, the people cannot move intelligently out of the leading-strings of the government; with Buckle, the sole function of a government is to express as best it may the sum of the national will. Comte has made a great advance; he has shown the interconnexion of many historic facts of western Europe; he has insisted on the subjection of man to his antecedents; but he has neglected the connexion between man and natural laws.

[4] *Essay on Mill*, Fraser's Magazine for May, 1859, p. 511.

What is usually advanced as representing this connexion, is the famous law of the Three States, on the value and importance of which he so strongly insists. But it appears to me that its value has been very greatly exaggerated, and it is well known that it is original only in its modification, and can be traced upwards from Comte through St. Simon, Turgot, Fichte, Vico, to the early writers on the philosophy of history. They represent the last remains of that universal passion for ticketing which was formerly thought to constitute science. Everywhere in these earlier philosophies do we see history carefully divided into so many ages—the Age of Gold, the Age of Bronze, and the Age of Iron; or the Ages of Childhood, Puberty, Manhood, Decline and Decrepitude. In all, the present age is invariably the Age of Decrepitude: nor is Comte an exception, for with him the present and positive stage is also the last. Just as Ages of Childhood, Manhood, and Puberty serve in some measure to picture the actual progress of the world, so the three stages of Comte also roughly represent a true course of thought. In so far, they are of value, but they serve little or nothing to explain the dynamics of civilization—*why* mankind should progress in one way more than another, *why* certain nations should outstrip their compeers; in a word, just that which he thinks they explain.

The recklessness of the assertion that Buckle owed everything to Comte, is obvious to whoever will consider what each has achieved in the science of history. Indeed their similarity is only incidental. They held certain views in common because their subjects overlapped each other: Comte in seeking for a rational form of government; and Buckle in showing how every movement of mankind is subject to law. But the difference between the two is far greater than that between Comte and St. Simon, or Buckle and Montesquieu; and, moreover, it is fundamental. Their different treatment of history is shown most clearly in such points as Comte's failure in every case to account for the greater advance of one country than another, as, for instance, Italy than Spain; or why certain countries adopted Protestantism, and others did not; and in his irrational exaltation of Catholicism due to his ignorance of the early heresies and his false notions of its unity and power. He has idealized it; he supposes it existed as a great moral power, and that from it, during the middle ages, all reform originated. He either did not know, or he ignored, the fact, that the Catholic Church was never so united as it has been during this century. That in earlier ages the difficulties of communication were too great to allow of more than a nominal exercise of the central power; and that, from the earliest to the

present time, it never had the power that he claims for it. The priesthood, which he alleges to have been of immense importance in all countries and nations as a speculative class, have, moreover, considering the leisure they enjoyed, done little or nothing compared with other classes. They did not separate theory and practice; but were in all nations rather practical than theoretical. The treatment of the Middle Ages, for which Comte has been most praised, was indeed that in which he failed most signally: partly on account of his early education, which narrowed his mind; and partly on account of his protectionist bias, which led him to look behind the revolutionary period for the quiet for which he longed, and, trusting to De Maistre's account, to imagine that something of the same organization as that which existed in the Middle Ages would calm existing troubles, and reconcile existing distractions.

There are many points upon which Comte and Buckle are one; perhaps they are even more than those in which they differ: but while the former are mostly subsidiary, the latter are mostly fundamental. Comte's laws of civilization are evolved as a necessary deduction from his hierarchy of the sciences; he supposes mankind to be subject to natural laws, and not above them, simply because other matters have been reduced to order and brought into the domain of science. Buckle,

on the other hand, proves the predictability of human actions by statistics. Comte advances as important laws of history his theological, metaphysical, and positive stages, which he afterwards reasons deductively by illustrations from history. These, which are mere tickets of phases of thought, analogous to the labels on specimens in a museum, are rightly unnoticed by Buckle, who discovers the laws of civilization first inductively, and then, when he has done this, reverses the process and proves them deductively. In this the Comtists accuse him of inconsequence, because they are more familiar with the *Philosophie Positive* than the *History of Civilization*, and urge that without the proof of the hierarchy of the sciences, history cannot be made positive; when in fact, Buckle has proved directly and incontrovertibly the dependence of human actions on their antecedent circumstances, while the hierarchy of the sciences is a very unsafe proof indeed.[5] Every step Buckle takes is strictly reasoned, and his proof is more positive and verified than any Comte chooses to

[5] Without entering upon this large subject in the way of proof—which has been done, indeed, far better than would be possible to me by Mr. Herbert Spencer—I would merely point out the obvious truth that chemistry could be as well understood without mathematics and physics, as astronomy without chemistry, physics, and geology. The failure of M. Comte's proof as to the hierarchy of the sciences, as that of the value of the three stages, though it greatly lessens the value of the work according to his own estimation, nevertheless deprives it of little merit; for, as he himself so often

give us; that is, Buckle's work stands on the same basis as any other scientific work, while Comte with all his positive claim stands on a basis not much more secure than say Smith's *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, or in other words, though his method is positive, there is no inductive complement to his deductive proof. Again, Comte knows hardly anything of, and despises political economy; and supposes that it would be both practicable and desirable that all nations should be directed by their governments, and that all nations should agree to be governed by a parliament of the wise, and accept their laws on trust—laws, the object of which they did not understand—a proposition which of itself shows how little Comte grasped one of the most important of historical facts; while Buckle's chief merit is that he first made a science of history by connecting it with political economy and statistics, and has shown how every advance is intellectual from the people, and never in the opposite direction. Indeed, one of the truths he most insists upon, is, that it is better to make a harmful law with the concurrence of the people, than to make a good one which they do not like. Neither is Buckle solely a positivist like Comte, for he allows the truth of the emotions. Nor does he venture

points out, any work which co-ordinates human knowledge is of value; and in details the *Philosophie Positive* is extremely valuable and suggestive.

to set a limit to the conquests of human mind, as Comte, and even scientific men of the present day, are so fond of doing; when a mere cursory survey of history must convince all unprejudiced people that we are far too ignorant to give any opinion on the matter beyond this, that the achievements of the human mind will be far beyond anything we can at present even imagine. In religious opinion they were much the same. Both Comte and Buckle allowed that the existence of God and the immortality of man, could not, at all events at present or in the immediate future, be positively proved. But there they diverged, Comte to a ridiculous ritual under the belief that the one being unattainable, human needs must be satisfied on the model of what had satisfied the only church he ever knew; Buckle to what at least was for himself a transcendental proof, that what for mankind was a universal need, was also a scientific truth.

In these, which are all of them fundamental points, and which might have been added to, there is, as I have already said, more difference between the views of Comte and Buckle than between either of the two and many of their predecessors; and I have dwelt more upon them, than on the points of similarity, even at the risk of appearing unjust to Comte, because they are both more important, and also refute the shallow opinion that Buckle has only popularized in England what

Comte had first discovered in France. At the same time, there are many and valuable hints which Buckle has obtained from Comte in minor matters, which no doubt saved him trouble, though in my opinion, his book would have been very much as it now is had Comte's never been written.[6] The points of resemblance are mostly necessary deductions, such as the value of the inventions of gunpowder, the compass, and printing;[7] that the standard of clerical recruits is not as high as it was,[8] that the supposition that morality is identical with religion is ruinous to the former;[9] and others, together with certain deductions which at first sight seem to be identical, such as their common neglect of metaphysics, but which, in reality, are fundamentally different: since Comte refuses to have anything to do with metaphysics on the ground that the mind is unable to observe itself,[10] and that transcendental views are unprovable; while Buckle on the other hand, does not

[6] This is not M. Littré's opinion, who says: "Il n'aurait jamais écrit un tel livre, s'il n'y avait pas eu avant lui le livre de M. Comte." —*La Philosophie Positive*, p. 55, vol. ii. Jan. to June, 1868. To which we may oppose M. de Remusat, who is at least unprejudiced: "Et cependant nous pencherions à croire qu'il lui doit peu de reconnaissance. Rien ne nous prouve qu'il n'eut pas trouvé de lui-même ce qu'il lui emprunte."—*Revue des Deux Mondes*, p. 19, vol. xviii. 1st Nov. 1858. But this is a minor consideration; it is sufficient that no one can justly say that Comte was Buckle's 'master.'

[7] *Philosophie Positive*, vol. iv. p. 104.

[8] *Ibid.* pp. 422, 423.

[9] *Ibid.* p. 554.

[10] *Ibid.* pp. 483, 488.

discard metaphysics altogether, but points out that the method of observing individual minds is not trustworthy, and the right method is to study first the manifestations of the mass of minds, and then only confirm these observations by the former method.[11]

Of course Buckle would have been the last to claim for himself originality in the sense that he owed nothing to his predecessors, to whom he was indebted in the mass, and without whose labours he could not have written as he has. To point out the particulars of his indebtedness, or whose was the ore from which any grain of metal has been extracted, is, however, beyond the scope of this work, and would, moreover, be as difficult and unsatisfactory as to endeavour to point out in what Praxiteles' Venus was indebted to each of the hundred models. In each and every of Buckle's predecessors we must of necessity find some points of resemblance; but it will be sufficient for us to consider his real predecessors, or those who have taken an important step in advance, and leave out of account the feudal crowd who can only follow whither their knightly leaders have gone before.

Now the really important ideas which have made a science of history possible are extremely few. These are firstly, That man's course on earth is orderly and not erratic; first really propounded

[11] Buckle, *Hist. Civil.* i. 151, 152.

by Vico. Secondly, That man is governed by natural laws; a proposition really due to Montesquieu. Thirdly, That the laws of history are to be looked for in the actions of the mass of mankind, and not in those of the individual; propounded by Kant. And lastly, that moral laws are dependent on intellectual, a proposition first enunciated and established by Buckle.

The great sceptic Vico was the first who fairly grasped the view, that we must look for the laws of history, not in divine interference, but in natural and earthly circumstances. And though so great an opponent of Descartes, he nevertheless lays down the same fundamental proposition, that the machine of life, once started, goes on without the constant interference of heaven. This view, which his position at Naples made dangerous, and his religion perhaps made him unwilling to express, he concealed under the veil of that very Providence which he denied, saying that man was so constituted by it, that he must move in a constant direction. He generalizes history. He saw that the history of the Roman empire, the only history he knew, was not a solitary and peculiar instance of growth followed by maturity and decay, but the result of general laws. That the minds of men were everywhere the same, and the same circumstances would produce the same history. That individuals do not shape laws, but laws shape

individuals. Nay, so bold were his generalizations and so sceptical his mind, that he denied that Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Solon, and Dracon had had any existence, and averred that their codes were first produced by the wants of man, and then ascribed to them, by that tendency in ignorant ages to ascribe everything great to individuals. In the same way he anticipates the criticism of the present day as to the personality of Homer, of Orpheus, and of Hercules; allowing, in some cases, a slight personality which has been beplastered with all the great deeds of the like kind which really happened afterwards, or which the imagination of succeeding generations considered would render the image more symmetrical. His method is the same as Comte's. He has inherited of the classical period with its successive metaphysical developers the theory of stages of development, and shows that he has rightly conceived the possibility of a science of history, by applying them, all imperfect as they are, to the history of ancient nations, and more particularly to that of Rome; where he again anticipates the criticism of Niebuhr in his denial of the early myths and in their rational explanation. And though he himself is not guiltless of the production of mythological history, and we may now smile at his thunder-storm theory of civilization, we must remember that it does not materially differ from

the tone of thought which produced the geological catastrophe theories prevalent before the era of Lyell.

Justly therefore has Vico been styled the father of the philosophy of history; in the sense established by literary usage, which, however, is in the same sense that some type of Lemur is the father of mankind. He is the ancestor up to whom we can trace the lineage; but he is not the father. Though he had glimpses of truth, there was much worthless matter together with that which was good. He seized the fact that civilization is not due to individual lawgivers, who are merely the expression of the age; that progress is due to the natural satisfaction of human needs, for which he was to some extent indebted to Machiavelli's axiom that each man seeks what is best for himself; that given the same circumstances, the same history will be evolved; but owing to the age in which he wrote and the consequent narrowness of his view, he thought that the same circumstances did sometimes recur, and hence his well-known historical *corsi* and *ricorsi*. With little more than the Roman history and the Italy of his day in view, he thought the only possible change was to some form which had existed before; and for this again he was indebted to Machiavelli, who was to Vico much the same as Alexander Bodin to Montesquieu; that is, both Bodin and Machiavelli

revived the classical tone of thought and amplified it. But the sixteenth century was too early, and those who might have succeeded were necessarily doomed to fail in an enterprise which was reserved for the genius of the eighteenth. Before Vico everything was considered from a supernatural point of view; a method of treatment of which Bossuet is the most perfect exponent, notwithstanding that he lived a hundred years later than Bodin. Had Bossuet not been a priest, and Louis XIV. not been his king, it is possible that his great powers might have earned for him the title which Vico subsequently won. His circumstances, however, overcame his genius, and the work which professed to be a history of the causes of the rise and fall of nations, from the earliest times down to Charlemagne, turned out to be simply so many instances, made to fit in from history, to his leading idea that the world exists for the sake of the Catholic church.[12]

[12] I have hardly found in Professor Flint's *Philosophy of History*, or in his account in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, a single word in Buckle's praise; and not only does he practically adopt many of Buckle's views without a reference to him (e. g. *Phil. of Hist.* pp. 7, 27, 94, 101, 104, 128, 129), but actually goes out of his way to accuse him of unfairness and dishonesty in his account of Bossuet. Mr. Flint's accusation is this: that it is untrue that Bossuet neglected the Mohammedans, or overrated Martin of Tours; and he maintains that the Jewish nation is the most remarkable in antiquity. Now, in the first place, though Bossuet does say that he has deferred all consideration of Mohammed for his subsequent work, yet it is indisputable that he has written a scheme of what he considers the

Vico, like Comte, has not taught us laws of civilization. But he has taught us to look for them in

history of civilization, without any mention of Mohammedan learning. Mr. Flint says Bossuet did not profess to write a history of civilization. I answer, then, what is the meaning of "je reprendrai en particulier, avec les réflexions nécessaires, premièrement ceux qui nous font entendre la durée perpétuelle de la religion, *et enfin ceux qui nous découvrent les causes des grands changements arrivés dans les empires*"? He certainly puts religion first; but as certainly professes to treat of the *causes* of political and social changes. I doubt, moreover, that even if he had written the continuation he proposed, from the time of Charlemagne to Louis XIV., which "vous découvrira les causes des prodigieux succès de Mahomet et de ses successeurs," he would have done more than give some account of the Crusades. It is indisputable again that Bossuet when he does mention Mahomet gives a very clear idea of what he considers the "False Prophet" had to do with civilization, which was simply to inflict a great evil on the Christian religion. Does Professor Flint really think anything further entered into Bossuet's mind? Again, as to St. Martin, I have yet to learn that an author is to be blamed because he cites in a note his authority for the text. "All that Bossuet has written in his *Discours*," says Professor Flint, "is just the two lines which Mr. Buckle quotes." Well, and what then? Buckle does not accuse Bossuet of saying more than he has quoted of Martin of Tours. What he does say is: "When he has occasion to mention some obscure member of that class to which he himself belonged, then it is that he scatters his praises with boundless profusion." But Professor Flint does not consider that to say of an ignorant priest who is now deservedly forgotten that his "unrivalled actions filled the universe with his fame, both during his lifetime and after his death," is scattering praise with boundless profusion; nor does he mention that this is only the most striking instance among many. And lastly, if Professor Flint holds the Jewish nation to have been the "most remarkable in antiquity," I would ask him on what grounds? They *were* ignorant, and *were* obstinate, as Buckle says. Their morals, their learning, and their laws were obtained from their neighbours. Their monotheism was perhaps independently evolved, but the Buddhists at least showed a contemporary monotheism, and it is probable that the early Assyrians were also at one time monotheistic. The Jews naturally had a good deal of influence on

the doings of mankind, and not in the doctrines of any theology. Therein lies his merit, which is rather a negative than a positive one.

Montesquieu was the first comprehensively to treat the phenomena of civilization according to natural laws. There had been attempts before him, and especially by Bodin, to connect human affairs with external nature; but these treatises are analogous to the sensations of a man who has lived

Christian thought, but certainly not so much as Platonic, Persian, Buddhistic, and Egyptian Theology. But the subject is too large for my space. I will merely add that both Professor Flint and M. Mayer have read Buckle carelessly if they suppose that he is unjust to Bossuet in not making allowance for the age in which he lived. Buckle is not writing a biography of Bossuet illustrated by history, but a history illustrated by Bossuet. His narrowness and credulity are solely referred to as an illustration of the fact that under Louis XIV. even the "towering genius" of Bossuet could not overcome the tendencies of the age. "In no instance," says Buckle, "can we find a better example of this reactionary movement than in the case of Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux. The success, and indeed the mere existence, of his work on Universal History, becomes from this point of view highly instructive. Considered by itself, the book is a painful exhibition of a great genius cramped by a superstitious age. But, considered in reference to the time in which it appeared, it is invaluable as a symptom of the French intellect; since it proves that towards the end of the seventeenth century, one of the most eminent men in one of the first countries of Europe could willingly submit to a prostration of judgment, and could display a blind credulity, of which, in our day, even the feeblest minds would be ashamed; and that this, so far from causing scandal, or bringing a rebuke on the head of the author, was received with universal and unqualified applause."—*See* Buckle's *History of Civilization in England*, vol. i. pp. 721—729. Flint, *The Philosophy of History in France and Germany*, pp. 89—92. Mayr, *Die Philosophische Geschichtsauffassung der Neuzeit*, pp. 20, 21.

all his past life in ignorance at home, and who suddenly finds himself in a foreign country where every custom is new to him. He cannot think himself into his subject. So Bodin, the ablest of Montesquieu's predecessors, who had been accustomed to see the finger of God in every trifling event, suddenly finds in the writings of Plato, Hippocrates, Polybius, and other ancient authors, the very obvious remark that the customs of men are adapted to the climate in which they happen to dwell. He attempts to graft these original ideas upon those amidst which he had grown up, and necessarily and inevitably fails. But Montesquieu, on the other hand, enjoyed the immense advantage of living two hundred years later than Bodin. He was thoroughly imbued with the truth enunciated by Machiavelli and Vico, that mankind were perpetually seeking to satisfy their wants ; and educed from it that customs and laws were made to suit these wants, or, in other words, that every law is the result of the circumstances by which its makers are surrounded. This is a discovery which had never been anticipated, and for which he will ever live. Nor is his conception of the origin of laws, great as it is, his only merit, for he also was the first completely to separate history from biography. Voltaire had already insisted on the necessity of a reformation in the manner of writing history, by paying more attention to the history of the people, and

less to that of their rulers, and this improvement, as Buckle further points out, "was so agreeable to the spirit of the time, that it was generally and quickly adopted, and thus became an indication of those democratic tendencies, of which it was in reality a result. It is not, therefore, surprising that Montesquieu should have taken the same course, even before the movement had been clearly declared; since he, like most great thinkers, was a representative of the intellectual condition, and a satisfier of the intellectual wants in which he lived. But what constitutes the peculiarity of Montesquieu in this matter, is, that with him a contempt for those details respecting courts, ministers, and princes, in which ordinary compilers take great delight, was accompanied by an equal contempt for other details, which are really interesting, because they concern the mental habits of the few truly eminent men, who, from time to time have appeared on the stage of public life. This was because Montesquieu perceived that, though these things are very interesting, they are also very unimportant. He knew, what no historian before him had even suspected, that in the great march of human affairs, individual peculiarities count for nothing; and that therefore the historian has no business with them, but should leave them to the biographer, to whose province they properly belong. The consequence is, that not only does he

treat the most powerful princes with such disregard as to relate the reigns of six emperors in two lines, but he constantly enforces the necessity, even in the case of eminent men, of subordinating their special influence to the more general influence of surrounding society."

"In his work on the *Spirit of Laws*, he studies the way in which both civil and political legislation of a people are naturally connected with their climate, soil, and food. It is true, that in this vast enterprise he almost entirely failed; but this was because meteorology, chemistry, and physiology were still too backward to admit of such an undertaking. This, however, affects the value of his conclusions, not of his method;" which, as Buckle proceeds to point out, is not affected by the truth or falsehood of his illustrations. "The difficulty is, not to discover facts, but to discover the true method according to which the laws of the facts may be ascertained. In this Montesquieu performed a double service, since he not only enriched history, but also strengthened its foundation. He enriched history by incorporating with it physical inquiries; and he strengthened history by separating it from biography, and thus freeing it from details which are always unimportant, and often unauthentic. And although he committed the error of studying the influence of nature over men, considered as individuals, rather than over men, considered as an

aggregate society, this arose principally from the fact that in his time, the resources necessary for the more complicated study had not yet been created. * * * He failed partly because the sciences of external nature were too backward, and partly because those other branches of knowledge which connect nature with man, were still unformed."[13]

Montesquieu's mistake of studying the influence of nature over men as individuals, was remedied by Kant, the greatest of German thinkers, with the exception of Göthe. He it was who first pointed out, that in a large view of human affairs, free-will can be left out of account, and necessity take its place. He even adduces the tables of births, deaths, and marriages, in support of the fact that human affairs are subject to natural laws.[14] He clearly sees that history is governed by circumstances, and, indeed, has anticipated Laplace's doctrine of necessity in the simile of human progress to trees in forests which can only grow upwards because their companions determine their growth.[15] He points out that though we can trace no general laws of civilization in individuals, we can see a tendency in

[13] Buckle: *Hist. Civilization in England*, vol. i. pp. 752—756.

[14] Kant: *Idee zu einer allgemeinen Geschichte in weltbürgerlicher Absicht*—"Was man sich auch in metaphysischer Absicht für einen Begriff von der *Freiheit des Willens* machen mag; so sind doch die Erscheinungen desselben, die menschlichen Handlungen, ebensowohl, als jede andere Naturbegebenheit, nach allgemeinen Naturgesetzen bestimmt."—*Werke*, vol. iv. p. 293.

[15] *Ibid.* p. 299.

the mass, which, he thinks, is to express an entity, an ideal man in humanity, brought about not by his desire to do this or that, but by the pressure of circumstances which leave but one course open to him. Kant's merit is to have perceived that the force of circumstance is too strong for free will, and that laws may be traced in the conduct of the mass of human beings, which are invisible in the individual. Yet he, like so many others, must conceive a goal towards which all men are striving. It is this assumed necessity for an aim in civilization beyond the present—even in the remote future—which marks how little the true laws of civilization have as yet sunk into men's minds, a badge of slavery to the old idea that mankind are extra to the rest of nature, and not subject like the rest of the universe to general laws. Hence it is that so many reviewers have complained that Buckle has left civilization undefined. Define civilization? as well might we attempt to define the Deity, or think it necessary that He should be defined before the laws of morals could successfully be investigated! When will mankind cease talking of humility and be really humble? When will they allow the universe to be something more than a mere pedestal for their display? When will they admit that they are but a part of a grand whole, and that, perhaps, not the apple of the eye? No one thinks it necessary to look for a *Summum Bonum* in Mathe-

matics, Chemistry, or Geology, and if they do look wistfully to the future for a time when all sciences shall be displayed, they know they do but dream, and such speculations are not necesssary to the perfection of any science. Why then should it be so difficult to conceive, that the laws of history may satisfactorily be studied without first determining whither man's steps are tending or where his progress shall be stopped?

Kant, however, confined his speculations rather to the political side of progress than the material, and this is always apt to lead to those dangerous assumptions as to imaginary perfection such as misled St. Simon, Comte, and others. He saw that history *might* be predicted, and above all, saw that to do so required a large historical knowledge; and hence, though he failed in giving a forecast of the way in which history should be written, he has contributed to its philosophy important and original truths, without attempting an elaboration, in which he certainly would have failed.

Finally came Buckle, who, with a precision hitherto unknown, has pointed out the real laws which govern human affairs. He is the first to have raised history to a science, because he first wrote it scientifically. He pursues the same method as scientific workers in other branches of knowledge, and substantiates his researches in the same way. Here there is no groping in the dark,

no ideas thrown out of which the author does not know the full value, no hap-hazard and uncorroborated statements. Everything is strictly logical: not a mere logic of words, but a logic of facts. Compare him with whom you will – compare him with Comte—and how striking is the difference. The latter may be challenged at every step; the former, armed from top to toe, is invulnerable. They were contemporary, and, if anything, Comte with his foreign education, to whom speculations on the laws of civilization were open from his childhood, had the advantage over the English thinker, to whom these things must be new. But mark the difference. The great Frenchman, sagacious, quick, and extremely self-confident, chooses his course while his mind is yet green and unformed, and deliberately shuts himself off from all further knowledge, in the vain hope that his views would by such means be more logical; and that since he would not hear conflicting opinions, neither would he be influenced by wrong ones. Vain hope! He only succeeded in shutting out those views which might have corrected and broadened his field of humanity. There is hardly a note to his *Physique Sociale*, never a confirmation of a fact; and, having adopted the three-stage theory from his predecessors, and modified it to truth, he treats it as an hotel-keeper does his wine labels which, he considers have the power of changing the quality of

the wine. Instead of looking upon the three stages as mere descriptions of an invariable sequence of ideas, he makes them dynamical, and refers everything to their action, rather than to the action of general laws, to which he assigns a very subordinate position.

Buckle, on the other hand, might have been writing the elements of Euclid, as far as his method is concerned. In his proof that men do not act without motives, that these motives are the natural result of their circumstances, and so on through his book, he proceeds step by step, eliminating, as a chemist during an analysis, law after law. He then begins to confirm these laws by pointing out how every action of mankind is explained by them. Though he probably has not connected man with nature as intimately as hereafter he will be,[16] he did connect for the first time all the known sciences with history; and is therefore just as much the founder of the science of history in the true sense of the word, as Adam Smith was of political economy. Both had predecessors in their work, and both, unlike their predecessors, left the foundation of their subjects so sound and sure, that though they may be added to, the foundation itself need never be altered. Much will no doubt be added to Buckle's work, as much has been to Adam Smith's,

[16] As, for instance, in the probable effects of astral influences on meteorology and economical affairs.

but nothing will be taken away. He has left the main part unfinished, but it will have to be finished in the way he has indicated. The general laws, not merely evolved out of his inner consciousness, but discovered by patient investigation, are there. Some, of course, were known before, but they have been relieved of their superincumbent mass of useless matter, so as to have acquired a new, an increased, and a far more general force. Others, and some of the most important, he has enunciated for the first time: such as the dependency of morals upon the intellectual state of the people;[17] the greater value of popularization of knowledge as compared with its concentration; and above all he has shown, what Montesquieu and his disciples could only indicate, the impossibility of escape from general laws; not that he taught man to be permanently subject to them, as so many of Buckle's reviewers have carelessly conceived; but that it is useless to draw off the water of a dropsy until the heart is cured; it is useless to amend the proximate agent, unless the higher and governing power is altered.

[17] Comte certainly pointed out that moral truths are useless without some civilization; and that the value of morality depends upon the way in which it is practised (*Philosophie Positive*, v. 416—419). But he did not see that moral truths are stationary, and dependent upon the state of intellectual knowledge for their interpretation. There have, besides, been many other approaches; but none come near to Buckle. What Condorcet says, for instance, was simply to show how small is the power of the Church when not backed by public opinion.

I know well that I shall be accused of the common fault of the biographer, that I have gazed upon the brightness of my hero until I can see nought else. And truly there is so much of goodness and greatness in mankind, that the character of any one who towers above the rest must necessarily and honestly be most worthy to him who studies it most. To others, his light is obscured by the multitude of other lights; in some cases the nearer appear to the careless observer the brightest; in others he may ascribe mysterious magnitude to the distant twinkle which has shown from time long gone, through all the time ensuing. I cannot say. My judgment may be affected as the judgments of others have been before now. But looking at those things on which our judgment should be based, it does seem to me that reason, at least as much as affection, have governed me in my estimation. Consider his youth, his delicate state of health, his self-education, the enormous drudgery he went through, and vast amount of reading he achieved; his self-denial, his love of truth, his kindness to others, his charity and warmth of heart. These raise him personally above the average of men. Consider again the breadth and depth of his speculations, his wonderful memory and vast power of assimilation, which gave him in every book he read a new soldier in his army of truth; an army in which every man was effective because Buckle

knew how to use him, while another would have been simply confused, each individual would have impeded the other, and the greater the army the more hopelessly would they have been clubbed. This gift of generalship, and the still higher and rarer gift of generalization which Buckle possessed in so eminent a degree, when found together with that quality which is best defined as strong common sense, are so rare and valuable that we cannot choose but allow him greatness who possesses them. It is proved when a man of small fortune, without assistance from friends, is suddenly sought after and caressed by all that is best in his native country, his fame spreads to the four quarters of the globe, his name long after his death constantly appearing in the literature of the day, and his works translated into the chief European languages, continually being reprinted, and creating a literature of their own.

And these works, what are they? But a fragment of a fragment.

CHAPTER V.

THE full recognition by society in London of the value of Buckle's work, had hardly time to show itself before its ebb. But with the returning flood at the beginning of 1858, the tide of honours began rapidly to rise. Having been put up for election at the Athenæum, it soon became evident that this election would meet with considerable opposition; the clerical element, which had not been lovingly treated in the *History of Civilization*, did not propose to return good for evil, but would do their utmost to avenge his trespasses against their profession, and prevent the purity of their club from being spotted by the membership of such a sceptic: insomuch, that Buckle was even advised to allow himself to be elected by the Committee rather than run the risk of failure, which his friends, numerous as they were, believed to be imminent. But this was not Buckle's way. Great as the honour of election by the Committee is, it would have been contrary to all self-respect to shirk the battle. His friends did their

utmost; and when the time came, it became clear that he had nothing to fear. Some there were who knew him; many who admired his book, and many more who could not brook the disgrace which the action of a mere cabal sought to bring upon the club. One gentleman told an active supporter of Buckle's that he had been asked to go down to vote against him 'because of his religious views.' 'If that is your reason,' he replied, 'I shall certainly go and vote—for him.' Indeed, so invisible had the opposition become, that many of those who had feared it most, began to doubt whether it had ever existed; yet it was the opinion of a member of no mean authority that the party had had a very substantial existence, but had drawn off on seeing the strong general manifestation in Buckle's favour—probably from a proper respect to the wishes of the club, though a different reason has been assigned for it.[1] It is fair to say, however, that the greater number of clergy were in his favour, and in the result he was triumphantly elected by 264 votes to 9. The Political Economy Club spontaneously elected him a member,[2] and finally he was invited by the Secretary of the Royal Institution to lecture there.

[1] It has been said, with how much truth I know not, that the majority gave the cabal pretty clearly to understand that if Buckle were black-balled, they would do the same for every clergyman put up.

[2] Dec. 2nd, 1868: "Dined for the first time with the Political Economy Club, which elected me a member spontaneously."

With the knowledge that we have since the publication of his Posthumous Papers, we see how he thought much on the "Influence of women on the progress of knowledge," and would naturally choose that theme for his lecture. "Most able men have had able mothers," he remarks as an accepted axiom in his mind; and adds, "I shall hereafter from a vast collection of evidence, prove that the popular opinion is correct, that able men have able mothers. Women ought to educate their children, and, in fact, nearly always do so after a fashion; for education is not books."[3] He felt what an inestimable benefit the atmosphere of a cultivated mother had been to him, and he wished to point out—perhaps influenced by Miss Sheriff's work—how mankind is harmed by neglect of women's education.

Expectation was on tiptoe. The novelty, the great reputation of Buckle, and the fact that he had never spoken in public before, excited the liveliest curiosity. He began preparing his lecture on January 18th and worked daily at it up to the 21st February, writing out the main points, and then (as he calls it) studying it, or, in other words rehearsing. He also, very wisely, attended the Friday evening lectures at the Royal Institution, which he had never been to before, in order that he might accustom himself to the theatre and the

[3] *Posthumous Works*, vol. i. pp. 325, 326.

audience. On the 9th he began writing it out for the press, as Mr. Parker was anxious to publish it in *Fraser*; but broke off, writing to Mr. Parker:—

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, 10*th March*, 1858.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot make up my mind to write the lecture, because, if I were to do so, I am sure that new views or expressions would open themselves to me in speaking, and I should deliver something quite different from what I had written.

"But I intend to take notes, and as I have a pretty good memory, I am certain that with their aid I could write out the lecture in two days after it was delivered; and, as you appear anxious [to] have it, I should not object to do so. The only proviso I would make is, that I do not forfeit the copyright in it by your printing it in *Fraser*. Of course I have not the least intention at present of exercising such power, and I need hardly say that I would do nothing to affect the sale of *Fraser*, if you print the lecture there. Only as a principle, I have determined never to surrender the copyright in whatever I write.

"Have you succeeded in getting a ticket for the 19th? If not, I will if I possibly can send you one; but I cannot promise till three or four days beforehand. Please let me know as soon as you can.

"If the lecture is printed in *Fraser*, could I have eight or ten copies struck off separately, or would this be inconvenient or unusual?"

Numberless applications for tickets had to be refused, and even Buckle could not get as many as he wanted. As Mr. Barlow writes to him: "It is very hard that you should be limited because of your just popularity. But what can be done? I cannot expand the lecture-room, nor prevent members from exercising their right to indulge themselves and their friends with a high intellectual gratification."

On the evening of 19th March the doors of the Royal Institution were opened some time before the usual hour, to admit the throng of fashionable people who had collected, and by the usual time for opening, the theatre was crammed from floor to ceiling by a brilliant and excited audience, of which ladies formed a by no means inconsiderable portion. As the hour struck, and Mr. Buckle walked in, the loud buzz of conversation was drowned in a burst of applause, which in turn gave way, as the lecturer opened his lips, to a silence in which one might have heard a pin drop. Beginning in a somewhat low voice, to husband his power, he soon warmed up, and spoke on with great energy and action in that beautifully modulated voice so well known to his friends, without

pause, without even hesitation, for an hour and forty minutes. He had written the heads of his lecture on a card, at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Barlow, who warned him how terrifying he would find the fixed gaze of nearly a thousand people, and how probable it was that the sight of his first expectant audience would unnerve him; but he never once took it out of his pocket. This thorough success of his maiden lecture gave Buckle the greatest pleasure, which he did not attempt to conceal. Faraday, Owen, and Murchison, severally thanked him for the great treat they had enjoyed; and from all sides he received letters of congratulation and of thanks.

Notwithstanding the letter to Mr. Parker, he had already written the lecture out before it was delivered, and immediately after he set to revising it. On 22nd March he writes again to him:—

"I have, by sitting up very late last night and working hard to-day, succeeded in writing out the lecture. I am really so tired that I can't read it over, and I send it to you as it is, feeling quite unequal to make a better copy, as I had intended. You will, of course, let me see the proof *with* the MS.

"I have received the most gratifying letters from men of influence as to the effect produced by my lecture—all regarding it as an epoch, and urging me to have it published. From this I have reason

to believe that the demand will be considerable. Possibly you may think it worth while to print a hundred, or a hundred and fifty, more copies of *Fraser* than usual. I do not mean this in regard to myself, as I don't intend to give more than four or five copies away.

"Yours very truly, &c."

"*23rd March.*—I was unavoidably prevented from sending this last night, and I now open my letter, to add that, since writing it, I have received such a quantity of fresh communications as proves that the effect produced is far greater."

Immediately after the publication of his first volume he had begun to work at the second, for which he had already got the greater part of the material by his previous reading. Yet even while engaged upon this, and also on the preparation of his lecture, he could still find time to help his friends. We have already seen one letter for help for Captain Woodhead; he also helps Miss Shirreff:—

"HALSTEAD, *19th June*, 1857.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—I am very much distressed to hear from Mrs. Bowyear so poor an account of your health; and what I regret, if possible, more, is, that your letter, as she tells me, shows symptoms of a want of confidence and a disheartening feeling respecting your work, and the

probability of bringing what you are engaged on to a successful issue. What this is, I have experienced, though happily only for a short time, and at long intervals; but when, as in your case, it is aggravated by sharp physical pain, the combination must indeed be hard to bear. The best way for you to console yourself is to reflect that the mental depression is mainly *caused* by the state of the body; that it will pass away; and that it is essentially unfounded, because on comparing what you can do with what others have done in your field, you have every right to feel sanguine. You know that I make it the business of my life to study what pertains to the intellect, and I may therefore venture to believe that on such a point I am a fair judge; and I do honestly and deliberately say that what you can and will do *must* be valuable—looking at the amount of careful thought and of natural power you have already expended on the subject of education. I hope you know me too well to hold me capable of the baseness of flattery; but firmly as I am satisfied of the truth of what I am saying, I would not say it except that I fear you are flagging in mind as well as in body, and my regard for you is too sincere to let me think this without doing what I may to remedy this case—so far as the want of confidence is concerned. If I can possibly help you in any way, if you want my opinion respecting any educational books, or others

which I have not read; I will get them, read them carefully, and let you know what I think. Pray give me something to do for you. I am now pretty well, my time is my own, and a few weeks' delay in preparing my second volume would be as nothing compared to the pleasure of furthering your labours and cheering you in the prosecution of them. Any MS. you have prepared I will read through carefully, and would play the true part of a friend in criticizing it *closely* and *severely*. But pray keep up your spirits, and remember that the subject you are engaged on is one of the noblest that could possibly be selected; and that I am as certain as I am of my own existence that you will succeed.

"I am enjoying myself here very much, and instead of the two or three days I meditated, shall remain till the beginning of next week."

But while in the very noontide of his fame, strong in the citadel of his reputation, honoured, fêted, and feared, he saw only too clearly that happiness would nevermore be his. He had had hardly time to sip the cup before it was dashed from his lips. As he turned homeward from those gatherings of all that was of worth in London, the contrast was great indeed of what was and might have been; another's loss too clearly shadowed forth his own:—

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *5th August*, 1857.

"MY DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—I am shocked indeed at this melancholy event. Poor Mr. Grey! how deeply I feel for him—to lose his mother thus suddenly—I wish you had told me how he bears it. What anxiety, too, for Mrs. Grey! But I think more of her husband. She loses only an aunt; he, a mother. Poor Grey! I wrote a few lines to him the moment I received your letter. I much wish I could have seen you this evening, but I dine at Mrs. ——'s, with little heart however either for that or anything else. I am broken spirited and care for nothing—but I would not put off my engagement: I am easily excited, and excitement just now will do me good.

"To-morrow I go to Herne Bay. My mother is miserably feeble; but the threatening symptoms have all disappeared, and they assure me that there is no cause for present apprehension. This is what they say—*present* apprehension! I know the meaning of that, and I see the future but too clearly."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *5th August*, 1857.

"MY DEAR GREY,—Perhaps I ought to abstain from intruding on your grief, while sorrow is still so fresh; but we have been for some time on such intimate terms, that I cannot resist the impulse of my heart, which urges me to express the deep and

earnest sympathy which I feel for you under your irreparable calamity. Not that I, or indeed any one, can offer consolation: for I have more than once undergone in anticipation what you are suffering in reality, and it has always seemed to me that consolation may be for the dead, but never for the living. Still, you are not, as I should be, you have not lost all, you do not stand alone in the world. At all events, if I may judge of my own feelings of what would be precious to me had I received so heavy a blow, you will not think that in saying, how, from the bottom of my heart, I sympathize with you, I am unduly trespassing on what is sacred to yourself. You will rather believe that I write to you because my mind is overflowing, and because it seems to me that I have need to tell you what I feel."

"HERNE BAY, 11*th August*, 1857.

"MY DEAR MRS. GREY,—Your few lines with Mr. Grey's note have been just sent to me from Oxford Terrace; and glad as I am to hear of you, I am almost sorry that at such a moment he thought it necessary to answer what I wrote, as I am fearful of ever seeming to intrude on the thoughts of one bowed down by so grievous an affliction.

"I left town early on Thursday morning for Herne Bay, and found my mother very weak, but

calm, and perfectly happy. Month after month she is now gradually altering for the worse—at times slightly better, but on the whole perceptibly losing ground. Her mind is changed, even since I was here last ;[4] she is unable to read, she confuses one idea with another, and nothing remains of her, as she once was, except her smile and the exquisite tenderness of her affections. I while away my days here doing nothing, and caring for nothing—because I feel that *I have no future.*

"Dear Mrs. Grey, I did not intend to write a note to make you feel uncomfortable ; but my mind is now full of one idea, and I cannot help dwelling on it. When you too are suffering, it seems selfish in me ; but you would not care for my writing if I did not speak what was within."

"HERNE BAY, *5th September*, 1857.

"MY DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—You will no doubt have received through Mrs. Grey a message from me. To that I have now nothing to add, except that all remains the same—the mind (at least the intellect) irretrievably shattered ; but what remains s apparently safe for the present ; at least, there is no reason for apprehension beyond the constant uncertainty incidental to such a state. For the future I shall say nothing upon this, unless, con-

[4] June 30th.

trary to all expectation—I had almost said contrary to all possibility—there should be a favourable change; in which case you shall know immediately.

* * * * *

"Your account of the progress of your own work is very cheering. Any parts of it that you wish me to see in MS. I will gladly read and give my very best attention to. Do not scruple about this, as to help you would give me real pleasure; and although I am still unable to write, I am as equal as ever to reading and thinking. If you could send it in the form of a *registered letter*, I would keep it with my own papers till I had read it, and return it to you *registered;* in which case there is, I believe, hardly an instance of loss, so many precautions being taken. I am very anxious that you should execute this work really well. Much will depend upon it, both for your sake, and for the sake of the important subject of education. I do not for a moment suppose that I should be able to suggest to you new ideas on a subject you have so deeply pondered, but possibly something might occur to me (if I saw the whole work) as to the *arrangement* of the topics or chapters; and I need not remind you how dependent all books (and particularly one like yours) are, on this almost mechanical consideration.

"Perhaps too, other little points might be brought out; at all events, whatever the length of

your MS. may be, I should like to see the whole of it (if you are willing that I should do so) when and how you think advisable. As soon as I know full particulars I will take the first opportunity of speaking to Parker, and I believe I can answer for his acceptance of what I shall strongly, but most conscientiously, recommend to him.

* * * * *

"I receive from all quarters the most favourable accounts of the success of my work—and strange enough, even at Oxford amongst the High Church party. This passes my comprehension: but the *Gentleman's Magazine* is entirely in the hands of the Oxford people; and yet see what they say of me in the number for September just published."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *26th October*, 1857.

"MY DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—I received your letter yesterday, and though very glad to hear from you, the pleasure was somewhat lessened by the account you give of your work. What! Faint at the eleventh hour! Impossible! Surely you do not mean that you despair about your book because it cannot be all that you wish. And as to your other objection, that your system of education is different from others and that therefore you will not get a hearing; I do not believe that these are days in which a view of education (or of any

other subject) can be suppressed because it is new. Pray go on: then let me see it: and trust the rest to me, to Mr. Parker, and to the public. *Me* first! and the public last! Observe the vanity of the man. Seriously, I want to know that you are advancing, as the right publishing season will soon be at hand.

"I am better; and able to work, and even to write a little. * * * We are now settled in town. We have never returned home so early, and I do not know how so much of London will agree with me. For my mother I make no doubt it is the best plan, as we dare not risk for her the chance of taking cold in travelling, and she always seems happier here than anywhere else. * * *

"My book is selling extremely well."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *4th February*, 1858.

"MY DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—I am delighted. You have come up to my expectations, and that is saying much. I have now (2 p.m.) read to page 70, and therefore will delay no longer telling you what I think. When I saw you last night I purposely abstained from giving you an opinion, though I saw that you wanted one. I abstained because your opening did not satisfy me and does not quite satisfy me now; and seeing you so unwell I could not find it in my heart to tell you so: and

I should ill repay the confidence you place in me if I were to flatter you; therefore I said nothing. But the latter half of Chapter I. and what I have read in Chapter II. is truly admirable. But the opening is weak: I mean weak, not in conception, but as a work of art. I intend first to finish the whole; and then carefully read again, and if necessary, study the first chapter and we will then look it over. It is *possible* that I may change my mind: but I do not think I shall. You may rely upon my giving your work such earnest and patient attention as real friendship can secure.

"Remember that I am only discontented with a small part; and that only because I compare you with yourself. I would have called to-day to tell you all this, but am obliged to go in a different direction; and as I dine out at a distance and must be home earlier than usual to dress."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *5th February*, 1858.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,— * * * Since writing to you yesterday I have read about 20 more pages, *all good:* clearly arranged, clearly written, and sometimes eloquent. I have no alterations to suggest beyond a few trifling matters solely in regard to style. If you have written the remainder in the same way, I shall venture to pronounce it much superior to anything you have yet done."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *15th February*, 1858.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—I send with this note your first *four* chapters. The fifth I have nearly finished; but, as I am reading the MS. with great care, I go on slowly, especially as I can do nothing to it by candle-light. The style is on the whole *very good;* indeed, your choice of words is admirable; and the only fault is, that the sentences are *too long*.

"Don't be alarmed at my lengthy list of corrections; I have simply done for your MS. precisely what I would have done for my own. Some of my suggestions you will no doubt disapprove of: in such case, let them stand over till we meet.

"I have proposed no alteration rashly: but the reason of the proposal may not be at once apparent.

"The arrangement is good, clear, and symmetrical. I am sorry I can't find more fault, it is so pleasant to be spiteful—at least, I enjoy it."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *22nd February*, 1858.

"MY DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—I return Chapter I., which I have read through twice, once to-day and once yesterday. I have, moreover, very carefully thought it over, and although I cannot pretend to think it equal to the other parts, still I now believe that it had better not be altered, because I do not think alteration would improve it.

"My impression is that your mind is better calculated to work out principles deductively (as you do in the body of the book) than to rise to those principles by an inductive and historical investigation such as that contained in Chapter I.

"The best of us cannot do all things equally well, and I only dislike Chapter I. when I compare it with what you do in other matters. If I were to compare it with what other writers on education have done, I should not have a word to say against it. Still, I clearly see that the chapter is essential to what follows: therefore it must stand, and I would let it remain as it is. Another remark I ought in justice to make is, that perhaps I am too harsh towards Chapter I., because to me the whole matter seems so obvious that I tire of an elaborate proof of a truism. It is very difficult for me to forego my own point of view, and (as it were forgetting my knowledge) put myself in the point of view of the majority of your readers. Yet this is what I ought to do to give a sound judgment. You must therefore take what I have said with this allowance, and not affix too much value to my slight censure, which is, after all, a *relative* censure rather than an absolute one.

* * * * *

"To-morrow, or next day at the latest, you shall have Chapters V., VI., and VII.; and the other two I hope by the end of the week.

"I have not the slightest doubt of the success of your work.

"Your reasons for the word "*Intellectual*" in the title-page seem satisfactory; but you had better consult Mr. Parker as to this."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *3rd March*, 1858.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—I send Koch, three volumes. Your latter chapters I like quite as much as the others. Some parts are admirable, but, looking at the book *practically*, and as a work of *art*, I am of opinion that it is rather too long. Still, I am not sure about this, and it may well be that I am wrong.

"Are you serious in thinking to decoy me into writing a dissertation on the professional employments of women? for you certainly know that *without* a dissertation it would be impossible for me to write anything. The subject is too large, and any opinion I might give would require to be limited. All I know is that the matter is one of extreme difficulty.

"The Dr. Smith, editor of the Dictionaries, is Dr. *William* Smith. He very civilly called on me the other day, and that's how I know the name so pat.

"What you say in your letter about Smyth's Lectures is quite true; and as you have modified the praise, there can be no objection to it.

"I do heartily rejoice to think that I have been of use to you, and to hear you say so gives me real pleasure.

"Sincerely yours, &c.

"My mother is quite as well as usual. Dr. Bright was much pleased with her to-day."

But her health nevertheless was in a very critical state, and in July he stayed with her and his sister, Mrs. Allatt, at St. Helena Cottage, at Tunbridge Wells. Besides looking through Miss Shirreff's MS., he was bringing out a second edition of his first volume, and writing his second.

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. HELENA COTTAGE,
"*21st July*, 1858.

"MY DEAR SIR,[5]—Thanks for the cheque for 665*l.* 7*s.*, which I have just received as balance due for my first edition. The account is quite satisfactory, and the charge for advertising very moderate.

"When you pay the 500*l.* for the second edition, please to pay it into the London and Westminster Bank, to the account of my cousin, Henry Buckle, of 40, Westbourne Terrace.

"The fact is that, my income consisting entirely of dividends, which I draw as I want them, I have

[5] Mr. Parker.

no Bankers, but my cousin, Mr. Henry Buckle, who is one of the directors of the Westminster Bank, always manages for me the very few business transactions which I have. I shall write to him by to-day's post to tell him that you will pay 500*l.* to his account shortly, but I am not quite sure what I had better do with the cheque you have sent me, as my name must be put on the back of it before it is presented, and in that state [if] it falls into improper hands, the law is so uncertain about crossed cheques that I might be running some risk. Would it be the same thing to you if you paid the *two* sums into the Westminster Bank to my cousin's account, leaving me either to destroy the cheque or to return it to you by post, if it is quite safe to transmit it in that way, which, from your sending it, I presume to be the case?

"I shall take no notice of the *Quarterly*. The animus is too evident to do any harm. Besides, there is really nothing to answer. The reviewer has had a year to examine my notes and authorities, and neither he, nor, indeed, any of my opponents have even accused me (much less convicted me) of incorrect or garbled quotations. As to the general principles at issue, they can never be dealt with in a controversy; and having said in my work all that I can say, I must leave men to decide between them and the opposite views.

"I am glad to hear that you are about to take a holiday. I hope it will do you good. I am working closer, and more successfully than I have been able to do for the last three years."

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. HELENA COTTAGE,
"*27th July*, 1858.

"MY DEAR SIR,[6]—I am really so very busy on 'Scotland,' and it would take so much *thought* as well as time to write a proper review of Miss Shirreff's book, that I cannot undertake it, at all events at present. I saw the *Saturday Review*, and a miserable article it was, written in a bad spirit, and by a man evidently incapable of taking a grasp of the subject. I am inclined to agree with you, that there *are* rather too many books recommended, but that is at worst only an error of detail, and a work of so much power must stand or fall according to the soundness or unsoundness of its general principles. Besides, it is a mistake on the right side; for it is easier for a parent or governess to curtail a good list of books than to add to it.

"Thanks about the cheque. A day or so will of course not be important, but the fact is that I wrote last Saturday giving a commission to buy 1000*l.* of this New Zealand Loan, which is just

[6] To the same.

issued and guaranteed by government, and, as Mr. Henry Buckle pays for it, I do not like him to be without funds. When I wrote to him I mentioned that you would pay 1165*l.* 7*s.* to his account. I have had a good laugh at Daniel—some people are so funny.

"Sincerely yours, &c.

"I hope you do not take it ill that I should again decline writing a review of Miss Shirreff. But I really find that I have more to do than I expected; and I am determined that if possible my second volume shall not disgrace the first. I have about two hundred volumes on Scotland down here to get through."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, 25*th September*, 1858.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—I will send to Chester Street either to-day or to-morrow a Dutch work in two vols on the History of Manners, which I think you will like. If you have it sent down to Twickenham, please to give particular orders about the packing, as I value it very much; it being out of print in Holland, and entirely unknown in England. It will give you a fair specimen of those curious parts of Dutch Literature of which your industry has supplied the key. I am truly glad to hear of your progress. * * *

"Your book is selling steadily, but of course

slowly. At this time of the year it is much for a book to sell at all.

"The *g* in Dutch is always guttural even at the beginning of words.

"* * * I am remarkably well and able to work with perfect comfort upwards of eight hours, so that vol. ii. is happy in its mind. My mother sends her love. We shall, I hope, in about a week go to Brighton for two months.

The old Dutch spelling (i. e. of 17th century or even part of 18th) is more like the present Flemish. *Now* the spelling is nearly always the same ; and your eye will soon get used to the very slight difference—the principle being *ij* for *y*."

"BRIGHTON, 13*th October*, 1858.

MY DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—After your truly kind letter I cannot delay letting you know that we arrived here Monday,[7] and that my mother was less fatigued by the journey than I had expected ; and, as coming here has done no harm, the hope remains of its doing good. But I am not sanguine, I have been too often and too cruelly disappointed for that.

"I hope you will like the Dutch books. There is a noble field open there for anybody ; and yet, strange to say, no Englishman has cultivated it. I

[7] Oct. 11th.

was thinking that a Life of Grotius would not be a bad enterprise. He has deservedly a great name and his career was full of adventure. But we wil talk of this when we meet, and as to the practical part of the question, I should like to hear what Parker says.

"You had better get from the London Library Davies' *History of Holland*, and use it as a text book, i. e. make systematic notes from it, so as to thoroughly master the leading events in Dutch History. I would also recommend your drawing up an abstract of the somewhat scanty notices of Dutch Literati in Hallam's *Literature;* reading each life in *Biographie Universelle.* There is nothing like taking a *general* survey before doing any one thing. If you could get hold of Paquot, *Hist. Lit. des Pays Bas*, you would find it useful."

"*October*, 1858.

"DEAR MRS. BOWYEAR,— * * * For the last three weeks I have been unable to write a single line of my history, and I now confine myself to reading and thinking, which I can do as well as ever, though I am too unsettled to compose. My mother is just the same as when I wrote last, caring for nothing but seeing me, though she is too unwell to converse. * * *

"While she is in this state, nothing could induce

me to leave her, even for a day, without absolute necessity. She has no pleasure left except that of knowing that I am near her, and as long as that remains, she shall never lose it.

"* * * I want change, for besides my anxiety I am vexed, and to say the truth, a little frightened at my sudden and complete inability to compose."

"BRIGHTON, *5th November*, 1858.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—The only good history of Holland in Dutch that I know of is by Wagenaar, with Bilderdyk's continuation. You would probably not read the whole of it, as it is in sixty-one volumes—about twice the size of Sismondi, *Hist. des Français.* You will however have to *use* it: and fortunately I have a complete copy.

"I don't agree as to the circulating libraries being the main support of a Life of Grotius. Such a biography, if done carefully, would be very valuable, and would be purchased by many persons for their own libraries. But more of this anon. I have at home some valuable materials for you. In the meantime, try and get Burigny's Life of Grotius (about 1750), written in French, but perhaps the English translation may be easier procured. We shall be in town, I hope, the first week in December. During the last ten days my

mother seems to have rallied a little, but—I cannot tell.

"There is a Life of Grotius by Charles Butler—very poor."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, 23*rd December*, 1858.

"MY DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—* * * Both in Dutch and Spanish there are many openings; and when I was thinking about you the other day, it occurred to me how much remained to be done for the early geography (fifteenth and sixteenth centuries), and the adventurous lives of the explorers—men half geographers and half missionaries. Above all in reading Dutch, remember that nearly everything is new to the English; and therefore take copious and precise notes of *all* curious matters. They are sure to come in usefully.

"You will be shocked to learn that Mr. Petheram died suddenly a few days ago. As soon as I heard of it, I thought of *Self-Culture:* and I made every necessary inquiry yesterday afternoon. It is difficult to arrive at the truth: but, unless different parties have deceived me or are deceived themselves, you are quite safe—i.e. his affairs are not left embarrassed. The business will be carried on for at least some time. You must take this information for what it is worth. I have collected it from booksellers whom I *think* I can rely upon.

Still, you had better write to Mr. Petheram (his son, quite a youth, has the management of everything), and say that he is no doubt aware that your book was published on commission *only;* and that as you suppose the business will not be carried on, you would wish the remaining copies to be returned to your house. This I advise as a matter of precaution. The burial is to be to-morrow; and I would write on Monday morning.

"Will you tell Mrs. Grey that Dr. Addison is to be here to-day at four o'clock (do you know Dr. Bright died suddenly?) and therefore I cannot call upon her as she wished. Neither could I yesterday: for having only just heard of Mr. Petheram's death, I was engaged the greater part of the day in collecting such information as would be useful to you to know.

"Thanks indeed! real warm thanks to you for all you say and feel.

"You might leave a *few* copies of *Self-Culture* in case the business should be carried on: but I would *by all means* keep the larger part of the impression in your hands. You might mention (as it were casually) that you had not received an account of the sale."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *5th January*, 1859.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—I return Simpkins'

letter. As a matter of *equity* they clearly have no right to the extra ten per cent, unless they take the trouble off your hands.

"But what you have to consider is the expediency, not the justice; and the question is, will any other house equally respectable grant you more favourable terms? This I rather doubt, because, in every trade, traders refuse to deal with private persons as they do among themselves; and if Simpkins was *not* to charge the ten per cent., he would be dealing with you as he did with Petheram.

"My advice is to accept Simpkins' offer on condition that he will take 100 copies at a time, and bind them, charging you as Petheram did for the binding. In regard to advertising, I think you had better keep it in your own hands, and then you are sure that the advertisements you pay for are inserted.

"If you are reluctant to adopt this course, I will *most willingly* make any inquiries that you desire respecting other publishers.

"Should you conclude with Simpkins, let it be clearly understood that the title-page remains unaltered (for you need not be put to that expense), and that you are not charged for insurance of stock, or for anything beyond the binding and ten per cent. You will, of course, keep a copy of your letters to them."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *6th January*, 1859.

"MY DEAR MRS. GREY,—I will call upon you between 3 and 3.30, on either Monday or Tuesday, whichever will suit you best. I name that hour because I intend to have a long talk with you; and because, not being very well, I must be home by five o'clock, to have rest and a cigar before dinner.

"I shall keep your MS. till I see you; as I wish to turn the subject over in my mind. At present I see no difficulty which you cannot conquer. Great preliminary knowledge will have to be acquired, but, speaking hastily, I should say ten or twelve years would suffice. The main thing will be to study *economically*, letting no time run to waste. I need not assure you that all that I know, and have, and can, will be at your disposition.

"I liked your letter very much. You approach such an undertaking in the manner most likely to succeed—i. e. with a knowledge of its real difficulties."

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *14th January*, 1859.

"DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—As you don't tell me what Messrs. Simpkins say about advertising, I cannot give an opinion about their advice; but my own impression is that you had better confine yourself to the *Times*, considering its universal circulation. I suspect publishers insert advertisements

in the smaller periodicals, mainly with the view of keeping up their connexion.

"I am quite distressed to hear of poor Mrs. Bowyear's illness. One feels for her and her husband in every way—as it were, exiled and shut out from all their friends. The next time you hear from Clifton, do, pray, send me a few lines to say how they are; and when you write to Mrs. Bowyear, say with my love everything that is kind, and which in truth, I really feel. If I were differently situated I should be tempted to run down for a couple of days to the hotel at Clifton, to try and cheer them both up a little. As soon as I hear that Mrs. Bowyear is tolerably well again, I shall write to her; but I don't like to trouble her husband (as I did before) with inquiries which he has to answer, now that he is necessarily much occupied.

"I have not seen Bohn's edition of Butler's *Analogy;* but it cannot be so good as the old one, because something is in such cases always added by inferior men under pretence of illustrating or correcting. In all really great works, the best editions are those published under the author's own eye. A good copy of Butler published in the middle of the last century, can be bought for about *2s. 6d.*"

As his mother's state grew worse and worse, his anxiety began to tell upon his health, and he was

quite unable to write. But his nature was so sanguine that he never could quite realize how dangerous was the case and how imminent the end. For the last six months of her life she was from time to time delirious, but such was her strength of mind, that always when her son entered the room she became perfectly rational. Well might he say with Young,—

> "How oft I gazed prophetically sad!
> How oft I saw her dead while yet in smiles!
> In smiles she sunk her grief to lessen mine.
> She spoke me comfort, and increased my pain.
> Like powerful armies trenching at a town,
> By slow, and silent, but resistless sap,
> In his pale progress gently gaining ground,
> Death urged his deadly siege; in spite of art,
> Of all the balmy blessings nature lends
> To succour frail humanity—."

Sometimes, indeed, a sentence would escape her showing that her mind was wandering a little; and he would seize up his hat and rush out of the house, unable to endure it.

As some relief from the torment of his thoughts, he dined out frequently. In February he writes to Mrs. Bowyear:—"I am still immersed in Scotch Theology, for I am more and more convinced that the real history of Scotland in the seventh century is to be found in the pulpit and in the ecclesiastical assemblies. A few days ago I tried to compose, and with better success than previously. I wrote

about three pages that morning, and this has given me fresh courage. But it is only after the great excitement of conversation that I can write in the morning. Nothing now stirs me but talk. Every other stimulus has lost its power. I am dining out a good deal, and hear much of my own success; but it moves me not. Often would I exclaim with Hamlet, 'They fool me to the top of my bent.'"

On the 9th December he had written to Mr. Parker offering to undertake a review on Mill's *Liberty*, which he felt would be a new stimulus to him:—"If Mr. Mill's forthcoming work on 'Liberty,' is what I fully contemplate it will be, it will be intimately connected with some views of my own concerning the influence of legislation; and, in such case, I would give you a review for *Fraser*. But as I write nothing hastily, and look forward to reproducing some day my miscellaneous contributions in a permanent form, I should wish (if my proposal is agreeable to you) to stipulate once for all that I retain the copyright of whatever I send to *Fraser*. My object in writing so soon is that I may have leisure to meditate the subject of Mr. Mill's book; and I would beg of you to consider this letter as *strictly confidential*, because if the work on 'Liberty' is different to what I expect, I shall not review it. As between you and me I shall require no engagement respecting the copy-

right, so perfectly am I satisfied that you could do nothing but was not only just but liberal. But as a matter of business, and looking at the uncertainty of affairs, I would ask for a line from you to acknowledge that I retain the copyright of whatever I give you for *Fraser*. If you have the *smallest objection* to this, I shall not feel at all hurt by your frankly saying so. Whatever I publish in *Fraser*, or elsewhere, I shall sign with my name."

Mill's *Liberty* did fully answer his expectations, and he began to prepare his notes on 3rd February. On the 9th March he writes:—

"MY DEAR SIR,[8]—I am now engaged in earnest on the Essay on Mill, and if you wish to announce it, you can do so for *Fraser* of 1st May; as, if I remain pretty well, it will be ready for the press by the middle of April at the latest. I am afraid you must make up your mind for a long article, both the subject and the man being of the highest importance. Had I foreseen the labour it costs me, I confess that I should not have undertaken it; as for the last month, it has engrossed my thoughts. However, I shall do my utmost not to discredit your magazine.

"The *Saturday Reviews* I wish to keep until I have finished my article, when they shall be returned to you.

[8] Mr. Parker.

"At p. 55 of Mill *On Liberty*, a case is mentioned of a person in 1857 being 'grossly insulted' by a judge. Will you be kind enough to ascertain for me where I can get a *printed* account of this in detail? Also please to let me have the new volume of Transactions of Social Science, and the last edition of Whateley's *Logic*, provided there is much new in it, since the *sixth* edition, which I possess, published by Fellowes, 1836. I see that you publish Whateley's *Logic* in two different forms: the cheaper one will do for me, if it contains the same matter as the larger octavo.

"Yours very truly, &c.

"I should be glad to know the date of the *first* edition of Mill's *Logic*."

He also writes to Mrs. Grey:—

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, 18*th March*, 1859.

"MY DEAR MRS. GREY,—I have delayed answering your note until I had time to consider it: though, before you called yesterday, my mind was so much shaken about your plan that I had meditated writing to you.

"First of all in regard to my name being in the prospectus. I have long felt that men, perhaps from kindheartedness, or as I rather believe from want of firmness, think too lightly of giving their names to charitable proposals, and are unwilling to refuse

what seems so slight a matter. To me, however, it appears that no man should give his name to any plan unless he is *thoroughly* convinced of its propriety, not merely because he *thinks* it good. When I first heard of this scheme, I *thought* it good; but on further reflection I more than doubt of its propriety. I look much to the influence of women for the future advance of society; but I am convinced that anything which makes men and women *compete*, or which diminishes in the slightest degree the pecuniary profits of a profession by throwing part of those profits into the hands of women, will tell fearfully against women's power. At present the two sexes do not *envy* each other; but if the stronger sex should envy the weaker, it must happen that the weaker will go to the wall.

"Again, this is not a spontaneous *English* movement; it is of American origin, and in America women have more influence than in any other country, ancient or modern. In the United States, women being so respected, an experiment may be safe, which here would be hazardous. The institution would be covered with ridicule; and although this, generally speaking, would be no objection, it is in the highest degree objectionable when the ridicule is directed by men against the plans of women. That you would do good, I make no doubt, as I can see many strong arguments in

favour of such an hospital. But I firmly believe that the *large* results would be mischievous.

"These things have passed through my mind in the last few days, and you must forgive me, dear Mrs. Grey, if I say that, on account of these, I can neither give my name, nor can I, as I at first promised, ask my friends to do so.

"But although I disapprove of it, I admit the difficulty of deciding how far the remote mischief will outweigh the present good. I can only say, therefore, that if you still persist in it, and if you find that more money will be wanted, I will give to it any donation that you like to name, simply because I wish to further what interests you; but in such case the gift must be anonymous and *through* you. I cannot openly countenance what I believe to be an extremely bold experiment, of which the evil (to my mind at least) is greater than the good. On the other hand, I cannot bear to appear uncomplying and ungracious to a friend whom I really value; therefore I do most heartily offer to you any donation you like or think proper, if under these circumstances you are willing to accept it.

"It gives me great pain to refuse to you the use of my name; but I can honestly say that I am acting according to the best of my judgment, and certainly in opposition to my first impression."

But the siege was now fast drawing to a close, and he knew it :—

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, 8*th March*, 1859.

"MY DEAR MRS. WOODHEAD,—I almost fear from your letter that you did not receive the one which I wrote to you some seven or eight weeks since, in answer to yours, * * * and that explains my silence. If you knew all, you would pity me. Certainly, no one has less cause for elation than I have. What can I care about fame, when I see the only person who would have gloried in it perishing before my eyes, her noble faculties wasting away, the very power of expressing her affection almost gone? And this is called success! Rather call it cruel and bitter humiliation, and failure at the last moment of all my cherished hopes.

"When I tell you that for three months I have not written six pages, you may imagine what I have gone through and what I feel. I can work, and think, and talk, as of old; but the creative power seems to have gone from me. I have only a chapter and a quarter to finish; when it will be done I have no idea. Nothing does me good but excitement, and the excitement I relish is conversation. Burn this when you have read it and shown it to your husband. I am not wont to say

thus much, but I am not willing that friends whom I care for should be misled into thinking me changed.

"My mother is slowly but incessantly degenerating, mind and body both going. I have been lately reading with intense interest John Mill's new book on 'Liberty.' Pray get it, and study it well; it is full of wisdom. Mr. Capel, seeing how it roused me, and how I was stagnating at my old work, suggested to me to write a review of it. This I have begun to do, and am feeling more pleasure in it than in anything for a long time. If I complete it, you will find it in *Fraser* for May.

"I am very glad to hear that your husband is getting on with his work. Give my kind love to him, and say that he has only to write to me about any difficulty which he thinks I can clear up; and even without that I am pleased to see his or your handwriting."

The end was not far off. Mrs. Buckle was so much worse on 31st March, that her son telegraphed to his sister. On April 1st is written in his diary: "Mr. Morgan came, and said it is now only a question of hours with my darling Jenny. * * * At 9.15 my angel mother died peacefully, without pain."

We shall draw a veil over the last sad minutes, the last tender pressure of the trembling hands,

the last fond look of the fast-dimming eyes, the frantic grief of the survivors. "Consolation may be for the dead, but never for the living." He had lost his all, and stood in the world alone.

And when the last sad offices were rendered to the mother he had loved so well, and he sat down in the "dull and dreary house, once so full of light and love," the first thing he wrote was his proof of the immortality of the soul from the universality of the affections :—

"Look now at the way in which this godlike and fundamental principle of our nature acts. As long as we are with those whom we love, and as long as the sense of security is unimpaired, we rejoice, and the remote consequences of our love are usually forgotten. Its fears and its risks are unheeded. But, when the dark day approaches, and the moment of sorrow is at hand, other and yet essential parts of our affection come into play. And if, perchance, the struggle has been long and arduous ; if we have been tempted to cling to hope when hope should have been abandoned, so much the more are we at the last changed and humbled. To note the slow but inevitable march of disease, to watch the enemy stealing in at the gate, to see the strength gradually waning, the limbs tottering more and more, the noble faculties dwindling by degrees, the eye paling and losing its lustre, the tongue faltering as it vainly tries to utter its words

of endearment, the very lips hardly able to smile with their wonted tenderness ;—to see this, is hard indeed to bear, and many of the strongest natures have sunk under it. But when even this is gone ; when the very signs of life are mute ; when the last faint tie is severed, and there lies before us nought save the shell and husk of what we loved too well, then truly, if we believed the separation were final, how could we stand up and live ?[9] "We have staked our all upon a single cast, and lost the stake. There, where we have garnered up our hearts, and where our treasure is, thieves break in and spoil. Methinks, that in that moment of desolation the best of us would succumb, but for the deep conviction that all is not really over ; that we have as yet only seen a part ; and that something remains behind. Something behind ; something which the eye of reason cannot discern, but on which the eye of affection is fixed. What is that which, passing over us like a shadow, strains the aching vision as we gaze at it ? Whence comes that sense of mysterious companionship in the midst of solitude ; that ineffable feeling which cheers the afflicted ? Why is it that at these times our minds are thrown back on themselves, and

[9] Mr. Glennie, in his *Pilgrim Memories*, p. 76, misreads this passage as follows : "And wonderful it seemed to me that any one acquainted with the facts of Existence could dare to make so much of *himself* as to found an argument for the truth of a belief on *his* 'inability to stand up and live' were he to find it false" ! !

being so thrown, have a forecast of another and a higher state? If this be a delusion, it is one which the affections have themselves created, and we must believe that the purest and noblest elements of our nature conspire to deceive us. So surely as we lose what we love, so surely does hope mingle with grief. * * * And of all the moral sentiments which adorn and elevate the human character, the instinct of affection is surely the most lovely, the most powerful, and the most general. Unless, therefore, we are prepared to assert that this, the fairest and choicest of our possessions, is of so delusive and fraudulent a character that its dictates are not to be trusted, we can hardly avoid the conclusion that, inasmuch as they are the same in all ages, with all degrees of knowledge, and with all varieties of religion, they bear upon their surface the impress of truth, and are at once the conditions and consequence of our being."

Alas! alas! would that this proof were as clear to us as to his grief-wrought heart! Bereaved and lonely man that he was, we might perchance think his mind was at that time too readily open to such transcendental reasoning; and yet it was no new idea with him, for he had already enunciated the thought in his first volume.[10] But, seeing, as we

[10] Talking of the institution of priesthood, he says, "We may, if need be, remove some of its parts; but we would not, we dare not, tamper with those great religious truths which are altogether independent of it, truths which comfort the mind of man, raise him

do, that though the universal emotion of love is a possible indication of immortality, love would exist just the same were our death absolute,—we cannot hold it proof. Indeed, this present world could not exist without the binding principle of love, without which every organized being would be swept away and effaced from the earth. It is too plain that its existence is as necessary a concomitant of our own as the air we breathe, and cannot, as such, be held a proof of our immortality.

But the emotion being the result of the stored-up knowledge of our lives—of that knowledge which is not only learnt from books and learned conversation, but from the experience of the feelings, of the void in our being, of the sympathies and laws of intercourse of mankind,—these indeed may be trusted to indicate the truth, and pioneer the way for surer generalizations from proven facts. As Buckle himself writes,[11] "The emotions are as much a part of us as the understanding; they are as truthful; they are as likely to be right. Though their view is different [from that of the understanding], it is not capricious. They obey fixed laws; they follow an orderly and uniform course; they run in sequences; they have their logic and method of inference."

above the instincts of the hour, and infuse into him those lofty aspirations which, revealing to him his own immortality, are the measure and the symptom of a future life."—*History of Civiliz.*, vol. i. p. 695.

[11] *Hist. Civiliz.*, p. ii. 502.

He kept very quiet for twelve days after his mother's death, working about six hours a day, chiefly in finishing his *Essay on Mill.* On April 13th, having heard of a severe illness in Mrs. Grey's family, he visited her, "for the first time," he writes, "since my darling mother's death." But the memories of his mother which this visit called up were too much for him, and he could not repeat it :—

"59, OXFORD TERRACE,
"[*Between 13th and 23rd*] *April*, 1859.

"You would not ask me, my dear friend, if you knew what my visit to Cadogan Place cost me. I cannot: everything which brings up a former association unhinges me. I overrated my own strength—I deemed myself more than I am: do not, I pray you, think me unkind. Perhaps I may yet see you, for I promised Mrs. Bowyear to call on her in Chester Street if I could—but that must be the only visit I make before I leave this house, where everything is hateful to me. Do not be uneasy about me: I am quite well; and within such limits as are left to me, I am happy. I can work freely and well. Beyond this there is nothing for me to look for, except the deep conviction which I have of another life, and which makes me feel that all is not really over."

And under like circumstances he wrote to Mrs. Bowyear, after his visit :—

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *April*, 1859.

"* * * I cannot, my dear friend, come to you, for there is a mass of business to finish, and which would be at a standstill were I to leave town. I have promised my aunt that I will visit her before I go elsewhere; and I could not, at such a moment, find it in my heart to disappoint her. I remain quite well; but my grief increases as association after association rises in my mind and tells me what I have lost. One thing alone I cling to—the deep and unalterable conviction that the end is not yet come, and that we never really die. But it is a separation for half a life; and the most sanguine view that I can take is, that I have a probability before me of thirty years of fame, of power, and of desolation. * * *"

The *Essay on Mill* was published on May 1st, 1859, and led to consequences which it will be necessary to dwell upon, as they relate to the most important event in Buckle's public life—his accusation of Mr. Justice Coleridge. In Mill's *Liberty*, which he reviewed, he had come upon the following passage:—"Penalties for opinion, or at least for its expression, still exist by law; and their enforcement is not, even in these times, so unexampled as to make it incredible that they may some day be revived in full force. In the year 1857, at the

summer assizes of the county of Cornwall, an unfortunate man, said to be of unexceptionable conduct in all relations of life, was sentenced to twenty-one months' imprisonment for uttering and writing on a gate some offensive words against Christianity."

"It was with the greatest astonishment," writes Buckle, "that I read in Mr. Mill's work that such a thing had occurred in this country, at one of our assizes, less than two years ago. Notwithstanding my knowledge of Mr. Mill's accuracy, I thought that in this instance he must have been mistaken. I supposed that he had not heard all the circumstances, and that the person punished had been guilty of some other offence." He accordingly carefully investigated the case, and read all the reports he could find, with the result that the following are the facts of the case, as stated by Buckle, and they have never been disputed:—"In the summer of 1857, a poor man, named Thomas Pooley, was gaining his livelihood as a common labourer in Liskeard, in Cornwall, where he had been well known for several years, and had always borne a high character for honesty, industry, and sobriety. His habits were so eccentric that his mind was justly reputed to be disordered; and an accident which happened to him about two years before this period had evidently inflicted some serious injury, as since then his demeanour had become

more strange and excitable. Still, he was not only perfectly harmless, but was a very useful member of society, respected by his neighbours, and loved by his family, for whom he toiled with a zeal rare in his class, or, indeed, in any class. Among other hallucinations, he believed that the earth was a living animal; and in his ordinary employment of well-sinking he avoided digging too deeply, lest he should penetrate the skin of the earth, and wound some vital part. He also imagined that if he hurt the earth the tides would cease to flow, and that, nothing being really mortal, whenever a child died it reappeared at the next birth in the same family. Holding all nature to be animated, he moreover fancied that this was in some way connected with the potato-rot; and in the wildness of his vagaries he did not hesitate to say, that if the ashes of burnt Bibles were strewed over the fields the rot would cease. This was associated in his mind with a foolish dislike of the Bible itself, and an hostility against Christianity; in reference, however, to which he could hurt no one, as not only was he very ignorant, but his neighbours, regarding him as crack-brained, were uninfluenced by him, though in the other relations of life he was valued and respected by his employers, and indeed by all who were most acquainted with his disposition.

"This singular man, who was known by the

additional peculiarity of wearing a long beard, wrote upon a gate a few very silly words expressive of his opinion respecting the potato-rot and the Bible, and also of his hatred of Christianity. For this, as well as for using language equally absurd, but which no one was obliged to listen to, and which certainly could influence no one, a clergyman in the neighbourhood lodged an information against him, and caused him to be summoned before a magistrate, who was likewise a clergyman. The magistrate, instead of pitying him, or remonstrating with him, committed him for trial, and sent him to jail."

Thomas Pooley was brought before the Judge; there was no counsel for the defence, but there was for the prosecution. The attorney who prosecuted knew well all the history recounted above, with the exception as he asserts that he was ignorant that Pooley was deranged. The spectators and reporters noticed the incoherence of his speech, his restless manner, and glaring eye; but the Judge writes in an official letter, "There was not the slightest suggestion made to me of his being other than perfectly sane; nor was there anything in his demeanour at the trial, or in the conduct of his defence by himself, which indicated it." The result was that Pooley was convicted.

Quite recently there was a case remarkably similar: a man named Sullivan was charged with

annoying the inhabitants of a part of London by chalking up words in public places, such as "The Power of Prayer." He had habitually offended in this way, as Pooley had been in the habit of doing in his way. It is needless to say that Sullivan was not committed for trial, much less punished with twenty-one months' imprisonment. The magistrate told him "he had no right to chalk up any words on private property. * * * He ought to have the sense to see he was doing more harm than good by persistently breaking the law;" and the man was discharged, with a caution that if brought up again he would be fined.[12] So Pooley might have been cautioned and discharged, or sentenced to a nominal punishment; he ought, indeed, never to have been convicted. But he was sentenced to imprisonment for one year and nine months—an imprisonment which he soon exchanged for the madhouse.

Such a case was indeed likely to arouse all the generous indignation of which Buckle's nature was capable. Like Voltaire, he preferred the heat and dust of the combat in the cause of justice and freedom, rather than to consult merely his own comfort, and remain mute and quiet. But he only did once, what Voltaire did many times. Voltaire stood up for liberty, where liberty was hardly

[12] See the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 16th March, 1878.

known. Buckle stood up for liberty, where indeed she was in danger of being driven from her natural abode. Voltaire saved Sirven and La Barre, and defended the reputations of Calas, De Lally, and even Byng, an alien and an enemy, simply because he loved freedom and could not look quietly on the perpetration of injustice. For this he has been honoured and revered; and shall we deal out a different measure to Buckle?

That the conviction was unjust, or at least that the punishment was monstrous, the free pardon—that ridiculous and insulting fiction of the law to screen itself from an acknowledgment that it has been wrong—sufficiently proves. As for the Judge, his friends are placed in the dilemma of either acknowledging that he committed an injustice, or that he was incapable; that he did not observe those signs of lunacy which were patent even to the reporters; that he was so careless to sift the evidence against an undefended, ignorant man, that nothing was brought out at the trial concerning Pooley's hallucinations and his blameless life. It is no excuse for the late Sir John Coleridge, as the *Law Magazine*[13] hints that it should be, that, like the Inquisitors of Spain, his motives were unimpeachable. Their excuse was ignorance; but no man, least of all an Eng-

[13] For August, 1859, p. 280.

lish judge, would care to plead that excuse to-day. Mill himself pointed out the danger in such prosecutions to personal liberty, and Buckle saw and attacked it. He told his friend, Mr. Henriquez, that "he saw no guarantee that the age of persecution was passed for ever; and could quite conceive that, in times of great civil commotion, if a religious party got the upper hand persecution would be recommended and acquiesced in. Only one party, indeed, could be trusted not to abuse power and never to persecute, and that was the sceptics." Buckle attacked the Judge, because, as he justly points out, "it is impossible for us by any effort of abstract reasoning to consider oppression apart from the oppressor. We may abhor a speculative principle, and yet respect him who advocates it. This distinction between the opinion and the person is, however, confined to the intellectual world, and does not extend to the practical. Such a separation cannot exist in regard to actual deeds of cruelty." This personal attack was, however, resented by most of the papers of the day, because they were not able to think themselves into the position of the poor and oppressed. They could see the position of the Judge, but not the full danger of intolerance and interference with liberty.

"The circumstances," says Buckle, "to which I have directed public attention were not sought for

by me. I did not go out of my road to find them. I had never heard of the case of Pooley until I came across it in the book which I was reviewing. As it had fallen in my way, I thought it my duty first to investigate it, and then to expose it. In exposing it I denounced the principal actors, especially him who gave the finishing touch to the whole. By doing so I have incurred the hostility of his friends, and I have, moreover, displeased a large class of persons who consider that an English judge occupies so elevated a position that he ought not to be made the object of a personal attack. To me, however, it appears that his elevation and his name, and the pomp and the dignity and the mighty weight of that office which he held, are among the circumstances which justify the course I have taken. If he had been a man of no account, it would hardly have been worth while for me to pause, in the midst of my solitary labours, that I might turn aside and smite him. For what is he to me? Our ways of life and our career are so completely different that between us there can be no rivalry; and the motives which commonly induce one man to attack another, can have no place. I cannot envy him, for I see nothing to envy. Neither can I fear him; nor can I expect to derive any benefit from hurting him. Unless, therefore, it is supposed that I am actuated by a spirit of pure, naked, and motiveless malignity, I

have a right to be believed when I say that in this matter my sole object has been to promote the great, and, to me, the sacred cause of liberty of speech and of publication. This, indeed, lies near to my heart. And it is this alone which gives to the present case its real importance, and will prevent it from sinking into oblivion. Yet a few years, and Sir John Coleridge and Thomas Pooley will be numbered with the dead. But though the men will die, the principles which they represent are immortal. The powerful and intolerant judge, seeking to stop the mouth of the poor and friendless well-sinker, is but the type of a far older and wider struggle. In every part of the civilized world the same contest is raging; and the question is still undecided whether or not men shall say what they like; in other words, whether language is to be refuted by language, or whether it is to be refuted by force. Disguise it as you will, this is the real issue. In this great warfare between liberty and repression, Sir John Coleridge has chosen his side, and I have chosen mine. But he, being armed with the power of the executive government, has been able to carry matters with a high hand, and to strengthen his party—not indeed by arguments, but by violence. Instead of refuting, he imprisons. My weapons are of another kind, and shall I not use them? Am I for ever to sit by in silence? Are all the blows to be dealt from one side, and

none from the other? I think not. I think it is but right and fitting that Sir John Coleridge, and those who agree with him, should be taught that literature is able to punish as well as to persuade; and that she never exercises her high vocation with greater dignity than when, upholding the weak against the strong, she lets the world see that she is no respecter of persons, but will, if need be, strike at the highest place, and humble the proudest name."[14]

Some even of his own friends were shocked by the violence of his language; but the following letters will explain themselves:—

"59, OXFORD TERRACE, *20th April*, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR,[15]—There are so many corrections in the enclosed proofs that I must see another revise, which please *by all means* to let me have not later than 4 p.m. to-morrow (Thursday). I shall remain in town till Friday afternoon, in order to finish the *whole;* and then you will only have to send to Brighton a proof of the last three pages and the Greek notes. I send herewith the Greek notes. The proofs which I now enclose please to return to me on Thursday, with the revise. The headings will, I think, do very well as you have put them. One or two of your words in the proof,

[14] *Letter to a Gentleman.* [15] Mr. Parker.

and a small part of your letter, I was unable to decipher; but in truth I am half stupid with work and nervousness.

"Sincerely yours, &c.

"I wish you would send copies of *Fraser* to Mr. Sandars and to Mr. Fitz-James Stephen, with my kind regards—as well as to Mr. Kingsley.

"I cannot alter the passages about Coleridge. The mischief he has done is a thousand times greater than any punishment which I can inflict on him. On reading over the proof, I feel fresh indignation."

Mr. Charles Kingsley evidently did not approve of the attack. Buckle answered his remonstrance, but only a fragment has been preserved :—

"* * * you suggest about asking his opinion. What I have written above is very hurriedly, amid the pressure of many matters, and it is flatly put; but the result has been long meditated. Can you put to me any case in what you would punish a man for using or writing words, if such words could not produce a breach of the peace? I do not say that you or I would strike or collar the scoundrel who used the language—though, maybe, if it [had] been used before one's wife or daughter, we should do even that. But it is enough if a reasonable apprehension exists that the peace *may* be broken. Whether or not the apprehension be reasonable, the

magistrate can, I suppose, be the only judge. Do think this over, for I am deeply interested in the question, and try if you can put a case fit for punishment which my definition does not include. Perhaps at your leisure you may write to me again. * * * Much do I hope that at some not very distant time we may be brought into closer contact. At present I have no pleasure but when I am alone."

To Mr. Parker he writes again :—

"49, SUSSEX SQUARE, BRIGHTON, 11*th May*, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Thanks for the cheque for 34*l.*—which I have just received for my essay in *Fraser*.

"I do indeed regret that anything I have written should expose you to annoyance; but it is surely unfair to hold you responsible for an article signed by me. Three weeks ago I said, what I now repeat, that I wished you to state to whoever it might concern that you suggested my softening the expressions respecting Sir John Coleridge, and that I refused to do so. As I said then, I would far rather have withdrawn the whole article than cancel a single word I had written on a transaction respecting which I felt so strongly. In justice therefore to your own interests you ought

to make this known, and I hope you will. You can keep this letter, and show it to whoever you like. I wrote the remarks on Sir John Coleridge deliberately. I carefully considered them afterwards. I consulted upon them a friend in whose judgment I repose great confidence; and now that I read them again in print, I have nothing to withdraw or regret. I have some little knowledge of the history of England, and I do deliberately say, that, considering all the circumstances of Pooley's case, the sentence passed by Sir J. Coleridge is the greatest crime and the foulest cruelty which has been perpetrated in any country under sanction of the law since the seventeenth century. Holding this opinion, I have stated it with the indignation which I felt, and still feel. The fact that the culprit is powerful and influential produced no effect, except to make me apply to him stronger language than I would have done had he been weak and insignificant. There are, unhappily, innumerable instances of religious intolerance in our judicial history; but in such cases the age was intolerant, and public opinion sanctioned the cruelty. The peculiarity of this case is, that a judge drives a poor man to insanity, and beggars his family, for the sake of enforcing a persecuting principle with which men have lost their former sympathy. He goes out of his way; he runs counter to the liberal tendencies of his time; and in

doing so perpetrates an act of cruelty. I ask, 'Is that act a crime? and, if so, is it wrong to denounce the author of it as a criminal?' Our laws do not call it a crime; but God forbid that we should form our notion of crime according to the maxims of criminal law. As to motives, these lie out of our reach, and no human eye can discern them. But if intolerance and oppression are crimes, I do not see how the act of Sir J. Coleridge can escape that appellation.

"Whatever any one may write against me, in this or any other matter, pray publish it in *Fraser*, without thinking it necessary even to inform me. I am very glad that the judge's son has taken it up, because it is right that both sides should be heard; and I shall be only too glad if some redeeming circumstances are brought out to make the case appear less nefarious. This is the first personal attack I ever made; and I can conscientiously say that I have been actuated to it by no mean or unworthy motive. In my judgment, Sir J. Coleridge committed a great and grievous crime, which the interests of toleration, of liberty, and of true religion, required to be punished, but which, being committed under shelter of the law, could only be punished by a man of letters writing in a free country.

"Whatever you communicate to me in this matter, I shall consider strictly confidential; and as

I hold that a great principle is at stake (viz. how far an author is justified in using strong language to express strong abhorrence), I should be really glad to hear some further particulars. I should particularly like to know what the chief objections are—whether as to the epithets of 'criminal,' &c., or whether the general statement is deemed unfair. I suppose that no attempt will be made to impugn the facts as I have put them. I have evidence at home for all I have said."

"BRIGHTON, 10*th May*, 1859.

"MY DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—I need not tell you how much pleasure your truly kind letter has given to me, for you know that I am sensible of and value your friendship. I am quite well, working very busily, and doing all in my power to keep myself well. More than this is impossible either for me or for any one else, as we do not make events, but are made by them.

* * * * *

"Neither do you say anything about your own work. Can I be of use to you? I suppose you can now read Dutch with tolerable fluency, and you ought to select some one subject. I have already mentioned the *most* interesting, and probably most important subject, in Dutch biography —Grotius. You and Mrs. Bowyear, I remember, laughed at me for this; but that does not prevent

it being advisable for you to take it up, as I don't think either of you much understood what you were laughing at. Before I go to the north of Scotland I shall be in town for a day, and would send to you any Dutch or other books you needed.

"I am glad you found my account of Mill's Logic clear. His profound views respecting co-existences, and also respecting the difference between induction and deduction, are so very far in advance of the public mind that probably I have done some service in popularizing them; as, though I have often talked to men on these matters, I have never found any one who was really on a level with the actual state of our knowledge of method.

"What you say about my notice of Justice Coleridge does a little surprise me. I knew at the time that most persons would think I had shown too much virulence; but I believed then, and believe now, that in this case, as in other cases, when I have taken an unpopular view (such, for instance, as the absence of *dynamical* power in morals), those who object to my treatment have not taken so much pains to inform themselves as I have done. You know that I have no personal animosity against Coleridge; and yet I do say, that to the best of my judgment his sentence on Pooley is the most criminal act committed by any English judge since the seventeenth century. Most acts of

religious cruelty have been in *compliance* with the temper of the age; but here we have a man going out of his way, and running counter to the liberal tendencies of the time, in order to gratify that malignant passion—a zeal for protecting religion. I have felt all I have written; and I should be ashamed of myself if, on such a subject, and with my way of looking at affairs, I had expressed less warmth. Of course I may be wrong, but it seemed to me that the influence, the name, and the social position of the judge, made it the more necessary to be uncompromising, and to strike a blow which should be felt. And that it *has* been felt the letters I have received within the last few days have proved. I believe that the more the true principles of toleration are understood, the more alive will people [learn] to be to the magnitude of that crime. At all events, I know that even if I had used still stronger language, I should only have *written* what a powerful and intelligent minority *think*. And I have yet to learn that there are any good arguments in favour of a man concealing what he does think. I never have, and never will, attack a man for speculative opinions; but when he translates those opinions into acts, and in so doing commits cruelty, it is for the general weal that he should be attacked. A poor, ignorant, half-witted man sentenced to be imprisoned for a year and nine months for writing and speaking a

few words against the Author of the Christian religion! And when I express only a part of the loathing and abomination with which I regard so monstrous an act, you, my dear friend, 'regret the extreme violence' of my expressions. To me it appears that your doctrine would root out indignation from our vocabulary; for if such an act is not to rouse indignation, what is?

"With all honesty do I say that I attach the highest value to your judgment, and therefore it is that I should really be glad if you would let me know *why* you dislike the remarks on Coleridge. On my part there is no personal feeling, no rivalry, no jealousy; but I felt great indignation. I believed that the indignation ought to be expressed; and I knew that many who agreed with me would shrink from compromising themselves, and incurring the hostility of Coleridge's numerous and powerful friends. For that I care nothing; but for the opinion of MY friends I care a great deal, especially on a matter of this sort."

"BRIGHTON, 13*th May*, 1859.

"MY DEAR MISS SHIRREFF,—I am very glad that you have written so fully and freely, as, indeed, I felt little doubt that you would do. But, though I admit the force of all your reasoning, I am not convinced by it, simply because our pre-

mises are different. We look upon affairs from an opposite point of view, and therefore adopt opposite methods. My habits of mind accustom me to consider actions with regard to their consequences; you are more inclined to consider them with regard to their motives. You, therefore, are more tender to individuals than I am, particularly if you think them sincere; and you hold that moral principles *do* hasten the improvement of nations. I hold that they do *not*. From these fundamental differences between us, it inevitably happens that we estimate differently such an act as the sentence on Pooley.

"We are both agreed that the sentence was wrong; but you consider that the judge, not having bad motives (but who can penetrate the heart and discern motives?), and not being a bad man, diminishes the *criminality* of the sentence, and therefore should have prevented me from using such strong language. Now, in the first place, hardly any amount of evidence would induce me to believe that, in THIS AGE, a judge who could pass such a sentence on such a wretched creature as Pooley could have either a good heart or a good head. He may be *clever* and *emotional;* an accomplished scholar, a good administrator of the law in ordinary cases when there is no room for prejudice; and it may also be true that when he passes sentence of death his sensibility, is (as you

say it is) so shocked as to make him ill. But neither this nor a hundred similar facts would prove as much of his moral nature (putting aside his intellectual) as his treatment of Pooley proves against it. The largest and finest natures do not reserve their sensibility for great occasions, but expend it also on small ones. None but real and undoubted criminals are now executed; and I do not see that, even in a moral point of view, it is anything in favour of a judge that he is made ill when he leaves a man for execution who has shown himself unfit to live, and whose death will benefit society. Such feelings proceed as often from effeminacy of understanding as from kindness of heart. My analysis may be wrong; but I think that, while it is quite possible for a bad-hearted man to weep when he has ordered an execution, it is hardly possible for a good-hearted man to have sentenced poor, ignorant, demented Pooley to twenty-one months' imprisonment.

"However, I would prefer resting my view upon grounds still broader than these: as a public writer (not as a private or practical man) I estimate actions solely according to their *consequences.* The consequence of this sentence I deem far more pernicious than I have been able to state in my Essay, because I could not, for want of space, open up all the topics connected with it. Dealing, as I always do, with the interest of masses, and striving

to reach the highest view of the subject, I hold that when an act is pernicious—when it is done in the teeth of the liberal tendencies of the time—when the punishment far exceeds the offence—when it is not only cruel to the victim, but productive of evil consequences as a public example,—when these qualities are combined in a single transaction, I call that transaction a great crime, and therefore the author of it a great criminal.

"Now, in commenting upon such an act how should the principal actor be treated? You say that I should not have used language which one 'gentleman' would not have employed to another in conversation. Here we are altogether at issue. My object was not merely to vindicate the principle of toleration (for that, to all persons of competent understanding, was done before I was born), but to punish a great and dangerous criminal. Whether I am able to punish is another question. If I am not able, my remarks are ridiculous from their impotence, and I have been foolish from incapacity, and not wrong as to intention—that is to say, not wrong in intention, unless my way of looking at affairs is wrong; and this is the very point on which we disagree, and which your letter does not touch upon. At all events, starting with this view (which is precisely the theory of method which underlies everything I have ever written), it formed no part of my plan to use nice and dainty words. Instead

of confining myself to writing like a *gentleman*, I aimed at writing like a *man*. I intended to smite Justice Coleridge, and the anger of his friends is one of many proofs that I have succeeded. Had I, or had I not, a right to smite him? Is it the business of literature to chastise as well as to persuade? I think it is; and I follow the example of many who have done the greatest good and left the greatest names. You would have me expose the crime and yet spare the criminal. But I cannot stop at the act of oppression; my mind goes on to the oppressor. And yet you say, 'The personality of the attack is the only thing I regret.' Most truly do I know that you speak out of the very fulness and kindness of your heart; and I value more than I can tell you a frankness which proves your friendship, if I needed new proof. But I cannot conceal from you that we are in this matter as asunder as the two poles. As an author, I will always say what I think; and when an act of cruelty comes across my path, perpetrated by a powerful and influential man, I will never let conventional and 'gentlemanly' considerations restrain the indignation which I feel. You also think that I weaken my own influence and reputation by making such an attack; and in that respect I am inclined to agree with you in part. Many will be offended; but it is not the verdict of London drawing-rooms that can either make or mar a man

who has a great career to run, and a consciousness of being able to run it. I would not willingly seem arrogant, but I think you will understand me when I say, that I feel that within me which can sweep away such little obstacles, and force people to hear what I have to offer them. Whether I am right or wrong in this opinion next year[16] will probably determine. Meanwhile I may say, that what I have heard from the boldest and most advanced men has proved that my attack upon Justice Coleridge has secured for me the sympathy of those whose opinions are constantly gaining ground, and are in the van of their age. More than this I could never have expected. And, in forming your final opinion upon what I have done, forgive me if I say that you should not try me by a standard which I do not recognize. My views as to the propriety of a liberty of expression which many would term licence may be wrong, but they are honestly mine; I act honestly upon them; and I think that the few friends I have should test me by them.

"I am deeply interested in this matter, and I will ask you to be kind enough to show this letter to Mrs. Grey and to Mr. and Mrs. Bowyear, and, when you have an opportunity, to Mr. Capel. These include nearly all whom I really love, and who I believe love me—if indeed, with my now ruined and shipwrecked affections, I can expect

[16] When vol. ii. of the *Hist. of Civiliz.* was to be published.

such a feeling. I wish them to be in possession of my views on what is not only of the greatest moment to me, but involves principles which lie at the very root of my mind, and which, if they are wrong, the sooner they are refuted the better."

"BRIGHTON, 30*th May*, 1859.

"MY DEAR CAPEL,—You seem to forget that you at first approved of those remarks on Coleridge which you now condemn, and at all events regret. The new *Fraser* will, I suppose, be here to-morrow morning. Whatever Mr. Coleridge may write, I shall make no reply."

"BRIGHTON, 49, SUSSEX SQUARE, 31*st May*, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR,[17]—I received *Fraser* last night, and your letter this morning. I need hardly assure you that I fully approve of your inserting the two articles attacking me.[18] Indeed, under the circumstances you were bound to do so; and, under any circumstances it is advisable that the fullest latitude should be given to the expression of all opinions, however offensive and unreasonable they may be to those who dislike them.

[17] Mr. Parker.

[18] "Mr. Buckle and Sir John Coleridge," by J. D. Coleridge; and "Concerning Man and his Dwelling-place," by A. K. H. B. *Fraser's Magazine*, vol. lix. pp. 635—645, and 644—661; June, 1859.

"My present disposition is *not* to answer Mr. Coleridge's letter. What is your impression about my doing so? Before deciding it may be well to see what the next two or three days will bring forth in the shape of comments &c., respecting which I shall trust to your usual kindness to supply me with information. I shall be in town on business for three or four days on or about the 14th of June, and I will let you know, that we may talk this matter over. Meanwhile, please to send me such criticisms as you may meet with."

In reply to this Mr. Parker strongly advised him to silence. But he was so excited that he had already begun an answer "which, however," he writes 31st May, "I am not certain if I shall publish." On June 1st, he writes: "Continued reply to J. D. Coleridge, though still doubtful as to publishing it." June 2nd: "Continued answer to J. D. Coleridge; which I think I *shall* publish." It was finished on the 8th; and he wrote to Mr. Parker on the 9th: "You know that I dislike controversy as a waste of time, and that I have always abstained from replying to attacks made upon me. But the tone of the daily press, and my own private letters, convince me that it is absolutely necessary to take notice of what Mr. Coleridge has said. He has imputed to me many things which I never meant, and which I desire to state

that I never did mean. I also wish to withdraw the language which I have used in intimating that Sir J. Coleridge *knew* of Pooley's madness: while, on the other hand, I shall sum up, and state more clearly the evidence that he *was* mad. To do this is for my interest, and what is for my interest is also for yours. My letter will be *under* four pages, and it will be such as Mr. Coleridge will hardly deem it necessary to answer. If, however, he should answer it, I promise you to trespass no more in *Fraser;* for your Magazine would be injured by a long personal controversy; and, independently of my sense of justice to you, I feel that your undeviating courtesy to me, and indeed, friendliness, would be ill returned by my causing you annoyance. Therefore, in case the matter should go further, I will publish a pamphlet, thoroughly investigating the whole subject; and I make no doubt that the members of parliament and others who have furnished me with private and local information (which I *hold in my hands*) will allow me to mention their names and quote their authority. At present there is no necessity for this, and I do not wish to compromise my friends in an unpopular question; but some of them would, I know, run any risk sooner than see me branded as a libeller when they could prove the contrary.

"I should wish, if you please, an advertisement

put *at once* into the *Times*, stating that a letter will appear from me to the Editor of *Fraser*, because that may delay the summary which, you say, the *Times* is preparing, and which I should like to be delayed until my letter appears. I shall, I think, be able to recall the public mind to the *real points* at issue, which Mr. Coleridge has perplexed with extraneous matter. Besides, I could not reply to the *Times*, and nothing would induce me to answer an anonymous writer. If I did, there would be no end of it."

"BRIGHTON, 49, SUSSEX SQUARE, *9th June*, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR,[19]—Perhaps you are right in supposing that it will not be necessary for me to sum up all the evidence of Pooley's madness, though, from what I hear, the assertions of Mr. Coleridge and of the magistrates' clerk (whose testimony he quotes) have produced a certain effect. However, your note in *Fraser*,[20] with the medical opinion, was very useful as a counteraction.

"If I abstain from going at length into the question of insanity, about two pages and a half will be all the space I shall ask for. Mr. Coleridge has quietly imputed to me a number of

[19] Mr. Parker.

[20] At the end of Mr. J. D. Coleridge's Letter, *Fraser's Magazine*, vol. lix. p. 638, June, 1859.

accusations which I never made. What can he mean by talking of my imputing a 'conspiracy' between Sir George Grey and the Judge?

"I shall be in Oxford Terrace on Saturday next, the 11th, for about a week. Perhaps you will do me the pleasure of calling the first morning you can, before 12.30 (on Sunday if you like). I shall be full of business, or else would call upon you.

"As you say that the *Times* has given up its idea of a summary, it will not be worth while to notice my letter by separate advertisement; for that would give needless prominence to a personal matter. The usual advertisement of the contents of *Fraser* would suffice—at least I should think so; but you are the best judge.

"I received yesterday a proposal for a public meeting to be convened on Pooley's case; but I have thrown cold water upon it, and at all events I shall take no part. I have all along had no personal feeling, and I have none now. I should not be surprised if in a few days you see an advertisement for a meeting; but, if so, you may rely upon my not coming forward.

"Thank you for your kind inquiries. I am much better and stronger in every way, and working at [my] next volume."

END OF VOL. I.

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